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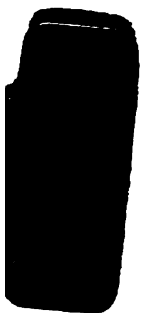
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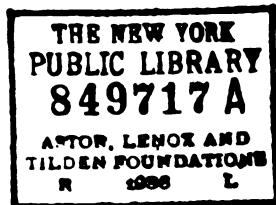
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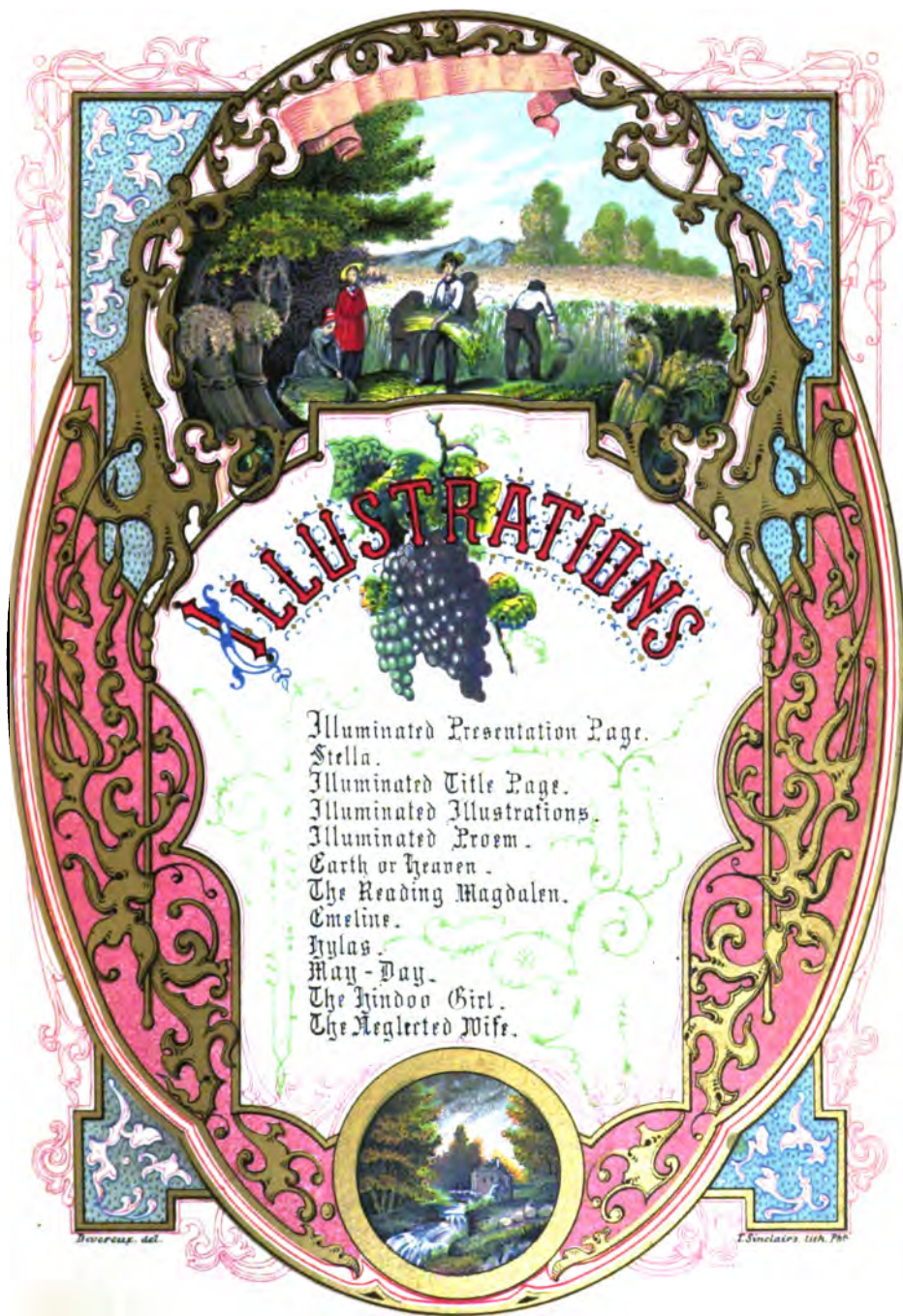
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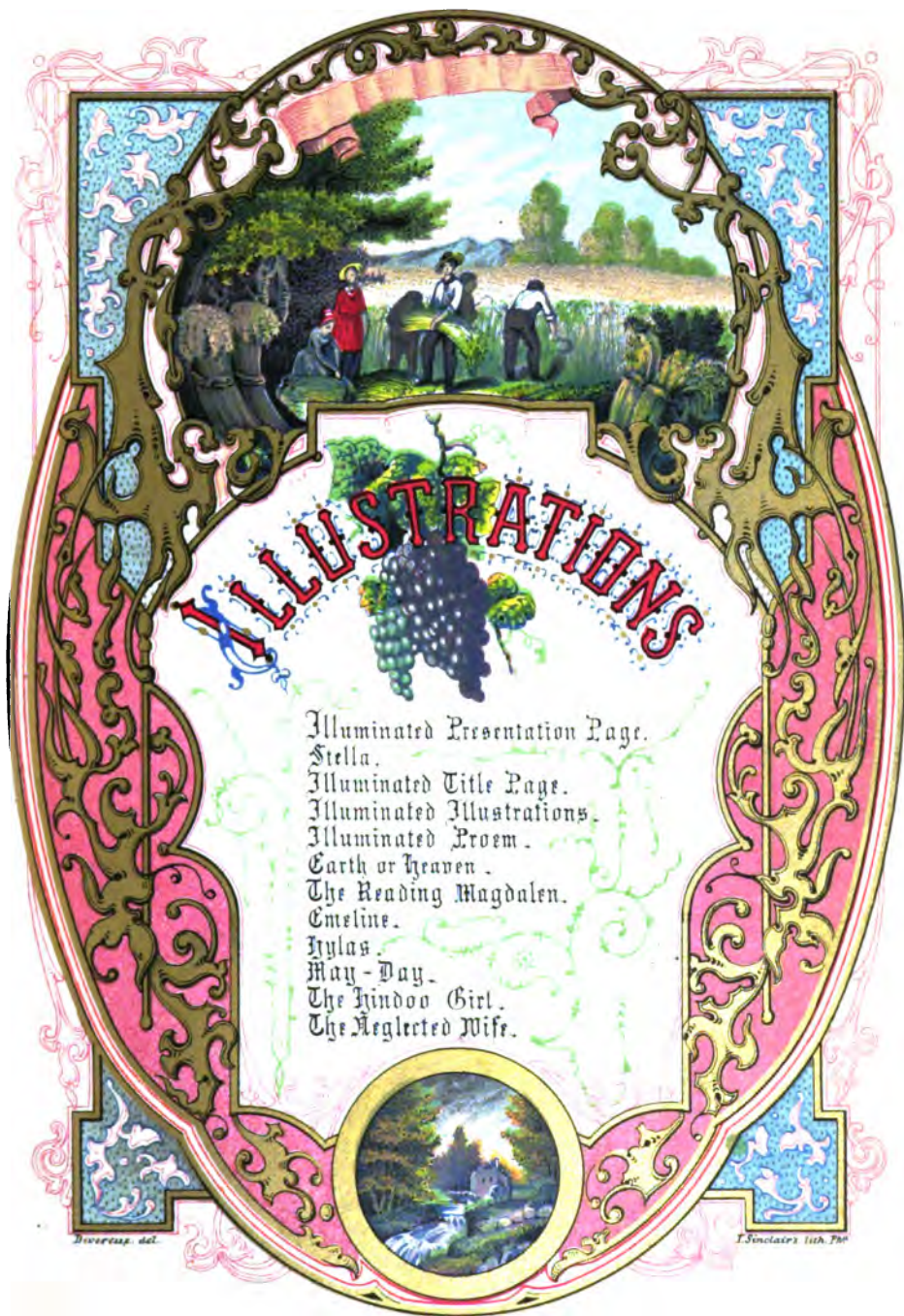
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Advertisement.

THE present volume of the Leaflets of Memory is the seventh ✓
of the series, and previous success assures the publishers that this
annual is firmly and permanently established in public favour.
Again to bestow praise upon the artistic and literary illustrators
of the work would be now a useless form. Mr. Devereux, the
designer, and Mr. Sinclair, the printer of the Illuminations, Mr.
C. Sherman, the printer of the letter-press, Mr. Altemus, the
ornamental binder, Mr. Sartain, the engraver, and Dr. Reynell
Coates, the editor, have, each in his department, reputations
too widely extended to require our superscription, and in ten-
dering our respects and the compliments of the season to the
patrons of "The Leaflets," the publishers feel confident that they
have succeeded in the fulfilment of their purpose and pre-ex-
pressed determination, "to place and preserve this work at the
head of the literature of the country."

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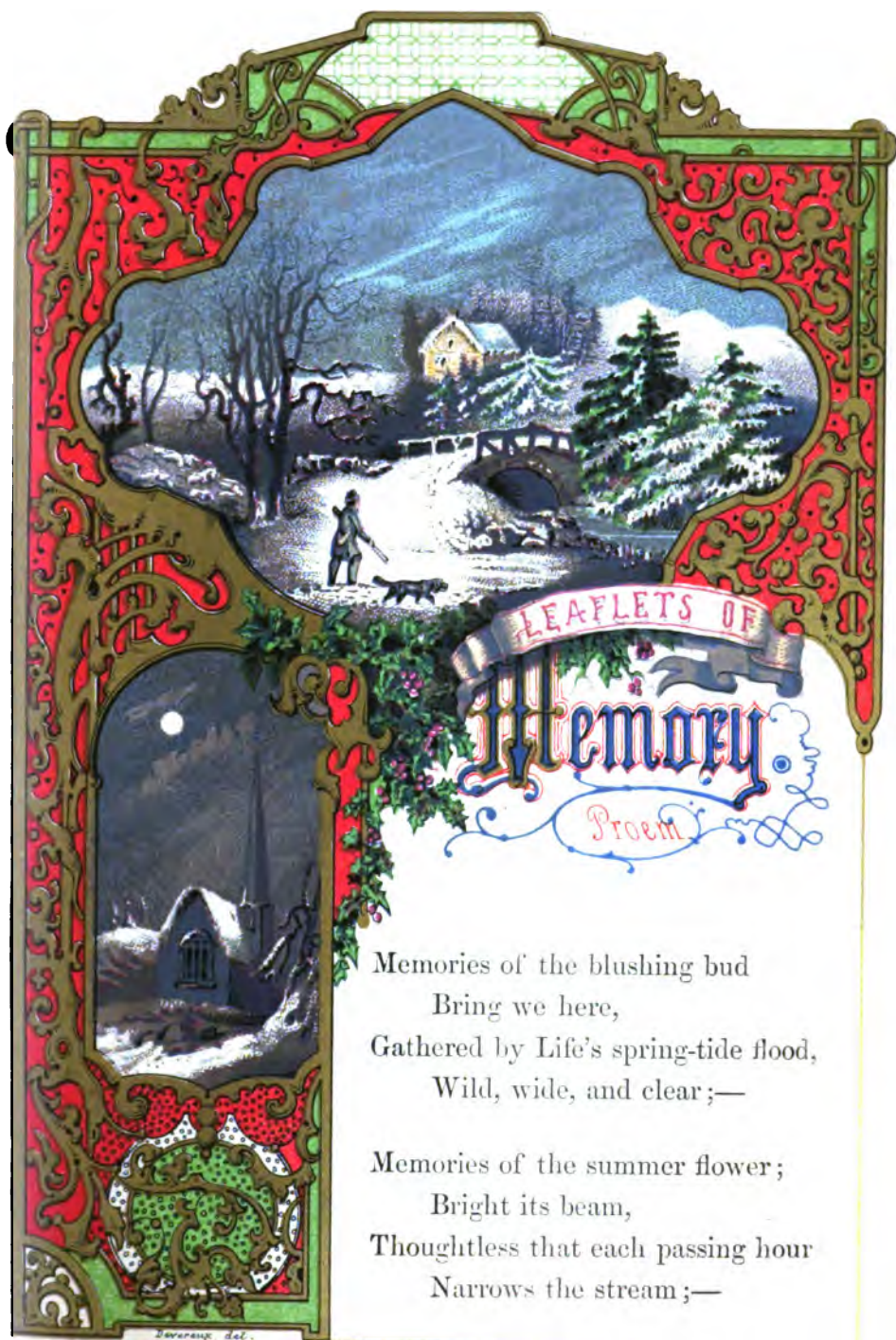




Contents.

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
PROEM.	EDITOR.	17
STELLA.	EDITOR.	19
THE PARTING.	R. M. MILNES.	21
THE SIGNAL.	AUTHOR "ROMANCE OF FR. HIST."	29
THE FIRST VIOLETS.	BULWER LYTTON, BART.	54
EARTH OR HEAVEN.	EDITOR.	59
THE RING.	ARTHUR HUME PLUNKET, ESQ.	80
THE READING MAGDALEN.	EDITOR.	107
MEMORY.	E. W. BARNES.	110
THE OLD LADY AND THE YOUNG LAWYER.	ABBOT LEE.	114
EMELINE.	EDITOR.	141
TO LAMARTINE.	AMERICUS.	150
PARTHIAN DARTS.	AUTHOR "THE LOVERS' QUARREL."	153
SONG.	MRS. C. GORE.	172
HYLAS.	EDITOR.	175
CALIFORNIA.	O. H.	181
THE PEARL-HILTED PONIARD.	ARTHUR HUME PLUNKET, ESQ.	185
THE BEE AND THE FLY.	LORD JOHN RUSSELL.	199

SUBJECT.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
THE CLOAK.	W. H. WILLIS.	202
AN OLD MAN'S MAY-DAY REFLECTIONS. . .	EDITOR.	211
AN ADIEU.	T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.	216
STEPHANO THE ALBANIAN.	ANONYMOUS.	218
ON A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT.	ANONYMOUS.	245
THE HINDOO GIRL.	EDITOR.	251
THE BRIDAL OF ST. OMER.	E. R.	254
ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.	WINTHROP M. PRAED, ESQ.	271
THE HERO OF THE COLISEUM.	M. J. J.	274
WOMAN'S WRONGS.	EDITOR.	287
AMY.	COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.	293
THE EXILE OF DEIRA.	S. C. HALL.	295



Memories of the blushing bud
Bring we here,
Gathered by Life's spring-tide flood,
Wild, wide, and clear;—

Memories of the summer flower;
Bright its beam,
Thoughtless that each passing hour
Narrows the stream;—

Memories of the Autumn fruit,
Which we save
Till, from round the naked root,
Shrinketh the wave;—

Memories of stem and bough,
Stripped and bare,
Till dreams only tell us how
Lovely they were!

Memories!—Of the loved who draw
Fleeting breath,
These, the *sole trace* Love e'er saw,
Outliving Death!

Stella.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE reader may naturally inquire why we have chosen, as the frontispiece of the "Leaflets," this beautiful, but simple portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. There is nothing striking or startling in costume, attitude, or figure on which to base a story,—nothing but unadorned ease and natural grace. In the countenance we see no sickly sentiment, such as poetasters of the "dear sensibility" school love to contemplate; no mystery to please the worshippers of *diablerie*, the penitentiary records, and "light literature;" no towering passion or fierce energy to please the imitators of Byron,

"Who, oh dire!
Must swallow lightning and spit fire,
Eat Etna," &c.

It may well be doubted whether even the admirers of the tender Tennyson could find therein matter whereof, by fancy's aid, to concoct a glass of poetical metheglin, or intellectual spruce beer. Then, why have we selected it for the first station among the gems chosen to grace this gift

of friendship? Because, in its calm simplicity, it is peculiarly appropriate to the season and our purpose. Who can gaze upon the picture, without thinking of happiness and home—home in its happiest guise? To its negative excellence,—as should ever be the case with woman basking in the sunlight of good fortune,—it owes its positive grace. Had joy sparkled in that eye, there had been less of heart: had pride curled the lip, we might have worshipped, but we could not love. Were mirth dimpling the cheek, enthusiastic passion throned upon the brow, pity trembling on the lid, or the whole form lifted to queenly majesty by the thrill of patriotic fervour,—we might revel with Stella at the ball, sigh with her by the lonely brook, or be wrapped in high imaginings, half lost to consciousness, while listening by her side to the wind roaring in the forest, or the breakers bursting on the shore. We might weep with her in the hovel of suffering poverty or by the couch of pain, or catch new energy and manlier purpose from her deep murmur of enforced applause, when the thunder of true eloquence causes the rock-hewn columns of the Capitol to vibrate to its tones. But here, in our annual salutation to those with whom we have established, by the pen, a species of spiritual acquaintance between kindred hearts and tastes, though all unknown in our corporeal garb, we would not make our present greeting in the crowded hall, the gay assembly, the chamber of the senate,—nay, nor even in the humble cottage, if grief be there, embittering poverty. All these are proper spheres for the American woman,—in all, the bright light of her smile, and the warm pulse of her

heart, should cheer, excite, ennoble, and refine the stern dictators of this commonwealth of kings—granting and taking blessings. In all these spheres we are proud to meet with her, but would not now. When the pen dips into the heart for ink, the winged thoughts seek for a calmer atmosphere.

Home is the paradise of woman, and it should be ours. The parlour is her audience-chamber, and the cushioned chair her throne. There we would hail her at this happy season, and offer her the only tribute which a genuine woman prizes,—respect for worth, admiration for the graces of the mind and person, and affectionate regard for the bright virtues of the soul.

In Stella, all these charms lie sleeping, though no music calls forth, at this moment, the poetry of motion; no conflict of sharp wit brings into play the artillery of the mind; no urgent social tie, or strong appeal of nature or philanthropy, arouses in her bosom the full swell of feeling. Yet we know that these are all her own, and wait but the occasion. Her elegant, but simple drapery hangs naturally around her faultless figure, like the vine clinging to the classic column, gracing without encumbering its strength,—not like the finery of the ambitious belle, bedizened with superfluous captivations—*seeking*, where modest merit would *be sought*. Enough of elegant pretension shines in the elaborate gem that decks her shoulder and the banded pearls that circle round her arm; while the flowers blooming on her breast attest a soul unsullied by the love of these rich gauds of art and accidents of fortune. The full sunshine of prosperity descends upon

her person; and that angelic face,—angelic not so much in beauty as in thought—glowing beneath the plain dark tresses in living silver, like the moon fresh from the shadow of a cloud—seems to reflect that heaven-descended ray, moon-like, on all who move beneath her smile.

And such, fair readers of the Leaflets, we have pictured you. Stella is but the personation of a happy woman, favoured by fortune, incognizant of evil, blest and being blest within the sanctuary of home. It is her hour of ease. The duties of the day have been concluded,—the excitements of the evening have not commenced. There she sits in all the fulness of content and conscious innocence, with an unburdened mind, round which the butterflies of fancy trip from flower to flower, sipping the honied dew of thought, and gilding every iridescent globule with new colours from the glancing radiance of their painted wings. In just such happy hours we would the Leaflets might approach you. You may not all be basking like our heroine in the golden sunshine;—you may not all be “blessed,” as the world says, with fortune, and charged with its accumulated cares and vast responsibilities, which none can gracefully or harmlessly fulfil, save those who covet not such blessings, and who wear it even as Stella wears her gems,—but there is grace in virtue in all spheres; the wild flowers of feeling are gathered beneath every sky; a heaven-born light illuminates the homeliest home; innocence reflects the ray and spreads around the moonlight of happiness alike in palace and in cottage; and wherever duties are faithfully performed, there comes, at proper times, the quiet hour. Then let us converse together

in those chosen moments. If in these pages you can find one word to plant a pang within your bosom, or wither one bright leaf of feeling, then, and then only, should we fear our frontispiece misplaced; for, where such features shine, or where their loveliness is spiritually felt, a thought unworthy of their excellence or yours would rest a stain upon the paper, dark as the slimy trail of Satan in the garden!

The Parting.

BY R. M. MILNES.

It was a meeting, such as on this earth
The bonds of time and circumstance permit
Rarely to those who feel and think as one :
A small but "sacred band," wholly made up
Of lovers—of old friends who had not met
For many weary years—of some whose names
Had to each other been familiar sounds,
And who now felt their spirits meet and join
At once, like waters—and of four who formed
Two complete beings, man and woman blent,
Ensamples of connubial unity.

This wondrous concert of internal life
Went on beneath the open infinite
Of an Italian sky, that varied not
More than the peace that dwelt within their souls;
So that when, all at once, before their eyes
The lake grew less transparent, and the leaves
Of the pale olive less distinguishable,
And the hills glowed like metal, while the snow
First turned to gold, then red, then deadly white,

They were astonished at the flight of time,
That had not struck one hour within their hearts;
And amid all the riches of that South
They grudged the North its solitary charm
Of long, long twilight, mourning bitterly
That here the day was ravished from their eyes
And bore a world of bliss along with it.

At last one rose, one younger than the rest,
One before whom life lay a glorious stream,
Flowing, by right divine, through pleasant lands
Unconscious of the fatal final sea.
He stood irradiate with that rosy light,
The funeral banner of the fallen sun,
Most like an image of incarnate Hope,
From whom no night can hide the coming morn.
Raising one arm in ecstasy, he cried,—
“Before we leave this consecrated spot,
Before this Day of Days is wholly dead,
Before the dew obliterates all our steps
From this light earth, let us record a vow!
Let us, in presence of these lasting hills,
In presence of this day’s delicious thoughts,
That yet are hardly memory,—let us pledge
Our hearts together, that on this same day
Each rolling year shall see us meet again
In this same place, as far as Fate allows.
Some may be held away by cruel chance,
Some by the great divorcer, none by choice;
And thus, at least for a large lapse of time,
One day shall stand apart from other days,

Birthday of inward Life—Love's Holyday—
The Wedding-day, not of one single pair,
But of a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys,—
The Saint's-day, in whose fair recurrent round
Each year will circle all its blessedness."

With more than ready welcome, with loud glee,
Was hailed this happy fancy; each was prompt
To press the other's hand, and, joining round
The founder of this mighty festival,
To seal the sudden contract—all save One.

This one had gazed on the impassioned youth
With tender looks, that to the rest had seemed
Fond sympathy,—but had far other sense.
And now he spoke, at first with tremulous voice,
Softened, as if it passed through inner tears.

"O Friends! dear Friends! do anything but this:
This is a deed to wake the jealous gods
Into a cruel vengeance. We are men;
We live from hour to hour, and have no right—
We hold no power, to fetter future years.
We may, if Heaven so please, preserve our loves,
We may enjoy our interchange of souls,
Long, and in many shapes of time and fate;
But to this spot, the scene of this To-day,
Let us, whate'er befall, never return!

"Never return! If hitherward your path
Should chance to lie, when seeking other lands,
Spare not the time it takes to circuit round
This scene, and gaze upon its face no more.
Say, if you will, 'It lies amid the gold
The sunset spreads beyond that purple ridge;'

Say, if you will, 'The atoms of this stream
Flow through the place I value most on earth,
And bear my yearning heart along with them ;'
Say, if you will, 'There rests my Paradise,
But there, whate'er befall, never return !'

"Never return ! Should we come back, dear Friend !
As you implore us, *we* should not return :
Came we all back, as Heaven would hardly grant,
There must be faded cheeks and sunken eyes,
And minds enfeebled with the rack of time,
And hearts grown cooler, and, it may be, cold.
The sun might shine as gorgeous as this noon,
And yet find clouds between it and our souls ;
The lake might rest like light upon the earth,
And but reflect to us sweet faces gone,
And pictures mournful as the dead below ;
The very flowers might breathe a poisonous breath,
Should we, led by false hope, ever return !

"Trust not the dear palladium of the Past
Upon the Future's breast. The Past is ours,
And we can build a temple of rare thoughts,
Adorned with all affection's tracery,
In which to keep from contact vile and rude
The grace of this incomparable Day,
We may, by heart, go through it all again ;
We may, with it, give colour, warmth, and form
To the black, shapeless, mountains far away—
Calm down the seething hyperborean waves
To the pure sapphire of this lake, and spread
Rose-trellises across the gloomy front
Of blank old dwellings in the distant town ;

But we must keep the vision fresh as morn,—
We must not risk that it should ever lose
One of its features of staid loveliness,—
One of its sweet associated thoughts.
Therefore, whate'er befall, never return !

“ Never return ! Time writes these little words
On palace and on hamlet ; strife is vain ;
First-love returns not,—friendship comes not back,—
Glory revives not. Things are given us once,
And only once ; yet we may keep them ours,
If, like this day, we take them out of time,
And make them portions of the constant peace,
Which is the shadow of eternity !”

So ended the serene Philosopher ;
And to all minds the sad persuasive truth
Found an immediate access : the poor youth,
Whose spirit was but now afire with hope,
Cast down his quenched, enthusiastic, eyes.
“ Never return !” in many various tones,
All grave, yet none wholly disconsolate,
Was echoed, amid parting signs of love,
As they went on their common homeward way.
Silent above, the multitudinous stars
Said, “ We are steadfast—we are not as ye.”
Silent the fields, up to the phantom hills,
Said, “ We are dreaming of the vanished days,
Which we shall see again, but ye no more.”
So heavy pressed the meditative calm
On those full hearts, that all rejoiced to hear
The shrill cicada, clittering from below,
Call on the fire-flies dancing through the vines.

The Signal.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF FRENCH HISTORY."

I HAD occasion in May, —, to traverse a considerable portion of the Tyrol; not on foot, however, as such a journey ought to be performed, but in the diligence. Among the finest specimens of the picturesque I saw in the whole country, was the Castle of Salurn. Some idea may be formed of the *extravagant* situation of this ruin, from a vignette in the number of Mr. Brockedon's work on the Alps, which relates to the Pass of the Brenner, but only a very faint one. The very preciseness of painting, in fact, which usually gives it the advantage over poetry in description, renders it in this case less faithful to the object. It *materializes*, as it were, what seems nothing more than an odd and fantastic *idea*, even when subjected to the scrutiny of the senses. At Salurn, all is dim, and shadowy, and visionary. The scenery is supernatural. It associates itself, in spite of our waking faculties, with dreams and nightly terrors, and the recollections of our haunted youth.

Conceive a vast range of mountains overhanging the valley of the Adige, which seems to have been formed

originally of a single rock, broken many ages ago, in some convulsion of nature, into fragments. Several of these vast masses appear to pierce the clouds with their jagged pinnacles; others, more hideous, bend over the valley as if laughing at the law of gravitation; while many, subdivided into portions, individually huge but comparatively minute, encumber the mountain side with their unwieldy ruins. One enormous cliff, however, in front of the picture, attracts more particularly the observation of the traveller. It is wholly unconnected with the mountain, with which it seems to vie in height, and is of a form singularly terrific to the imagination. Everywhere, it presents sides that appear to be inaccessible from their steepness, even to the chamois; and next the mountain especially, the gulf between, darkened by eternal shadow, looks like the entrance of hell itself. The top is broken into pinnacles, hung with ivy and lichen; and perched on these pinnacles are the ruins of the Castle of Salurn.

I could learn very little of the history of this remarkable object. Salurn, it seems, was a *ritterbourg*, or knightly castle, of some importance in the middle ages; but the immediate causes of its falling into decay are unknown. Neumaier von Ramszla, an old German traveller, says boldly, that it was impregnable till stormed by spirits; when the family immediately took to flight. A later visiter, Professor Schubert of Erlingen, assures us in his "*Wanderbuchlein*," that he himself saw *something*. For my part, I saw nothing but old walls, most romantically situated; and I should have been very well satisfied to have attributed their dilapidation to the change that has

taken place in the system of warfare and the habits of the people, had it not been for one of my fellow-travellers.

This person was a Bavarian, apparently of the military order, and bore the marks of having been handsome in his youth. He was, however, much disfigured by hard service; and over and above a most ghastly complexion, had a pair of eyes that no one could meet unmoved. What was their particular form or colour, I know not; but perhaps Mr. Coleridge might have told, for I am sure they resembled those of the Ancient Mariner. When I inquired the name and history of the Ritterbourg, he gave me a look which I shall never forget. Nay, he seemed to be on the point of speaking; but glancing suddenly at our companions, he leaned back in his dark corner of the vehicle, where nothing could be seen but the glare of his singular eyes in the gloom.

Several times in the course of the journey to Botzen, where we were to rest for the night, my thoughts recurred involuntarily to Salurn. As we left the magical influence of the place itself, however, I was able to smile at the hold which had been taken of my imagination by the stranger, in connexion with the ruined castle. It is true, thought I, he is an elderly man, but he cannot be six or seven hundred years old: in spite of his remarkable eyes, he is not the Wandering Jew! He is old enough, however, to know something which may be forgotten by other people, and that may be interesting to a dreamer like myself. I will ask him to supper.

The invitation was given and accepted. We arrived at Botzen on a cold, dark, uncomfortable night. When

entering the room appropriated to me, an object I encountered at the door, still more unhinged my feelings. It was the representation, admirably well executed, of a corpse standing erect—naked, ghastly, wounded, and dabbled with blood. From the cross and other peculiarities, I perceived that it was one of those statues of our Saviour which are met with at every turn, both in and out of doors, in this part of the Tyrol. It was the first I had seen, and made my blood run cold with horror. The room was large, carpetless, floored with tile, and without fire. The rain beat against the casements, which rattled in reply. As the wind rushed groaning down the chimney, the flames of the candles wavered, forming *winding-sheets* innumerable on the white tallow. I wished that I had not asked the stranger to supper.

He came. He was a silent, but not an unsociable man. He ate his supper without much speaking; and when the substantials had given place to walnuts and a bottle of Burgundy, he hemmed several times, and fastening his eyes upon me, awaited the signal which he knew was to be forthcoming.

"Touching this Castle of Salurn," said I, "and its history, and antiquities."

"I know nothing of its history and antiquities," said he.

"You surprise me, sir!"

"Why so? I am indeed a sort of antique myself—but I am not the Wandering Jew."

"That is just what I was thinking." The stranger smiled. "I mean," continued I, "that I should not take you to be so very elderly a personage. But the truth is,

I imagined from a certain intelligence in your expression as we passed Salurn, that you could tell something about the castle if you would."

"You were right. My story, however, is a modern one; and one that, connected as it is with my family history and reviving recollections, some of pain and all of interest, I do not choose to recite in a public company. My visit to Salurn was attended, most unexpectedly to me, with circumstances of public moment: and as you appear to be actuated by nothing more than literary curiosity, you are welcome to listen to a page of Tyrolese history." I apologized to the old man for my folly (discovering at the moment, as the warm hue of life was spread over his complexion by the effects of the wine, that his eyes were not so *very* remarkable), and requested him to proceed with his narrative, which I knew I should find—at least so I said—more interesting than all the ghost stories in the world. The following is, as nearly as I can recollect, the substance of what he told me.

My regiment was stationed at Trent, from 1806, when the Tyrol was ceded to Bavaria by the treaty of Presburg, till 1809, the commencement of the peasant war. This period, of three years, I number among the most remarkable in my life. The early part of it, however, was spent in the lassitude, both of mind and body, which garrison-troops are so liable to fall into when they find themselves suddenly in a place destitute of the unmeaning nothings,

which fill up the life of a soldier during peace, under the name of amusement. There were no balls, no dinners, no promenades; the inhabitants were either less civilized in their recreations than we of Bavaria, or even then their fit of sullenness had commenced, before they could point out a pretext for discontent.

We were in fact shunned—sent to Coventry, as the English say; and it is not to be supposed, that we received with any affectation of mildness the tacit insult. Some disorders took place not strictly in consonance with civil etiquette. The inhabitants no longer remained silent; and instead of keeping aloof as heretofore, they closed upon us with somewhat too much familiarity: in short a series of mutual aggressions took place, which kept the town in a perpetual ferment.

One day, in the midst of this anarchy, being somewhat heated with wine after dinner, it was proposed by two or three young officers to present ourselves uninvited at an evening party, which we understood was to be given at a house in the neighbourhood of the town. In a perfectly sober moment I should have thought the frolic too boyish: however, out we sallied to the number of four, and took the way to the scene of action, laughing boisterously at the idea of a Tyrolese *soirée*. Sending in our cards, we followed upon the heels of the astonished servant, and speedily found ourselves in a room filled with apparently genteel company of both sexes.

The conversation stopped; all eyes were turned upon the intruders; and after a moment's pause, the master of the house, bowing politely, asked us to sit down. This

was a very unexpected reception. We had come prepared to find informality repelled by rudeness, and after a little badinage with the "country girls," to get back to our quarters sword in hand. We indeed looked a little foolish, and had it not been for the good sense and readiness of one of my comrades—a young Frenchman—we should, perhaps, have slunk away as suddenly as we had entered. He apologized with great frankness, bewailing the dullness of a garrison life, and imploring the ladies to mediate between us and the prejudices of their countrymen; and in a very short time we found ourselves as much at home as if we had come by invitation.

There was one of the ladies to whom I more particularly attached myself. She was very young, but possessed a splendour of beauty which constituted her the star of the evening, and entitled her to the exclusive homage of the senior officer. Dorathen herself did not seem to be displeased with her conquest, but on the contrary paid me every attention that was consistent with delicacy and good breeding; and indeed the whole party by degrees began to exhibit unequivocal symptoms of good humour and cordiality, with the exception of one man. This individual, whose name was Rusen, possessed not a line of the German physiognomy, but was evidently a decided Italian, although residing here in the confluence of the blood of the two races. His features were handsome, but his complexion singularly dark, and his eyes of a fierce and sinister expression, which contrasted strongly with the ingenuous blue orbs of Dorathen. The latter was evidently his affianced bride; and there appeared to exist

between them the kind of mysterious confidence which is usually observed among lovers.

By degrees, as my sudden acquaintance with Dorathen seemed to approach towards familiarity, Rusen became first uneasy, then indignant, then cold and distant. His mistress, who treated his frowns with almost contempt, became alarmed at his desertion, and put in practice a thousand feminine wiles to lure him back to her chair. Was not this like love? And yet I could read something in her eyes that told a different tale. There seemed to be nothing tender in her uneasiness; and once or twice I detected in her stolen glance an expression of fear rather than timidity.

The hour of parting came, and I requested permission to escort Dorathen home, understanding that she resided at some distance on the Botzen road. This was declined on the plea of a similar engagement with Rusen. The latter, however, although within earshot, would not hear. He did not stir from his place; the company had almost all left the house; and Dorathen, at last, with heightening colour, put her arm within mine, and calling her servant, we went out together.

The night was dark and the way solitary. The servant walked before us with a lantern. Dorathen answered incoherently to my remarks; her thoughts seemed absent and perplexed. At last, suddenly interrupting me—

“Sir,” said she, “you are a stranger in this part of the country, and, as a Bavarian, the inhabitants imagine that they owe you no good will. For my part, I am at home; and am known both to the townsmen and peasantry; I

am under the protection, too, of a trusty servant. Return to your barracks, I entreat you—return speedily, and not too openly—and forget that I was ever so weak as to accept of a politeness which may cost you but too much !” She was agitated. She pressed my arm as she spoke, and her words came low and muffled, as if she dreaded that some one should overhear her. For my part, I was touched and interested. The intoxication of wine had passed away, and I felt that of love rising upon my heart and my brain. I attributed her fears to inexperience, and the natural timidity of a woman ; and continued, in spite of her entreaties, to enjoy my happiness.

On reaching her father’s house, all was dark. The family had retired to bed, and she tapped lightly on a window. The window opened ; and after whispering for a minute with some one within, a coarse cloak and a peasant’s hat were handed to her.

“I entreated you to return,” said she, “while yet no disguise would have been necessary. You owe it to me now, were it only for the sake of my own peace of mind, to do me the small favour of throwing this cloak upon your shoulders, and concealing your military cap with this broad-brimmed hat.”

“What is it you apprehend ?” demanded I, in some surprise ; “the Tyrolese and Bavarians are now one nation ; we are not in war ; the classes capable of forming opinion laugh aloud at their late Austrian constitution ; and even the peasants will soon get reconciled to a government which demands nothing more than order and submission to lawful authority.”

"There is no lawful authority," said the pretty rebel, "either in the sword or the pen—either in battles or treaties."

"In what then, for heaven's sake?"

"In the will of the majority of the nation."

"In the will of the majority of the nation! In the will of an ignorant and ferocious peasantry, who can neither read nor write, and who are unacquainted even with the geographical position of Bavaria and Austria!"

"I will not argue with you," said Dorathen, "on a subject on which we never can agree. I demand of you nothing more than a good night's sleep, and that is what you have no right to deprive me of."

"Alas, Dorathen," said I, "it would be in vain for me to make such a demand of you! However, I will not now dispute an authority which I hold to be more lawful than even that of the majority of the nation;" and so saying, I equipped myself in the cumbrous dress she offered.

"Now, tell me," said I, seizing her hand, and bending forward to snatch the salute which I knew the custom of the country authorized on such occasions,—“tell me, Dorathen, are you engaged to that dusky Italian?"

"Yes—no," said Dorathen hastily. I closed her lips with mine, thus accepting the negative.

I began to retrace my steps gaily. She was the most beautiful, and the most interesting piece of womankind I had ever fallen in with; and in a country like this, she seemed nothing less than an angel descended on purpose to reconcile me to life. My thoughts, however, were soon dragged down to earth by the difficulties of the road. I

had no light to guide my steps, and the night appeared to become darker and darker. Trent, however, was in view, or at least its situation was indicated by some straggling lamps in the distance, and I stumbled on without apprehension. Presently I saw something against the dull sky, which resembled the figure of a man; but as it was without the accompanying sound of steps, I was in doubt. The figure vanished; and I became convinced that it was something endowed with the faculty of voluntary motion—for there was not a breath of air had passed through the gloom. A few minutes after, I was startled by a voice close to my ear.

“Is it time?” said some one passing me from behind.

“Ay,—time to be in bed,” muttered I, catching by the hilt of my sword. The challenger passed on without rejoinder—and I confess I was glad of it, for the voice was that of Rusen. I was somewhat agitated, as you will allow the best soldier may be at the idea of midnight assassination; and determining that it was no longer safe to keep the main road, I struck with as little noise as possible into a by-path, determining to make a considerable circuit before venturing upon the highway again.

Whether it was owing, however, to my ignorance of the localities, or to my imagination bewildering itself with speculations on the revengeful jealousy of the Italians, and the dexterity of the Tyrolese at the rifle, I know not; but in a very few minutes I had regained the road. There were some ruins, apparently those of a cottage, by the wayside, and before striking out into the valley again, I determined to make use of the cover they afforded, to take

an observation. Accordingly, with my drawn sword under my cloak, for I had no pistols, I crept along the walls, and endeavoured to find some point from which I could view the road both before and behind.

The caution with which I moved was highly necessary; for another step would have brought me into bodily contact with a man who leaned with folded arms against a corner of the ruin. I was surprised that even the little noise I made did not attract his attention, but this was soon effected by the same ill-boding voice which I had heard before.

"Is it time?" said Rusen, passing—for I was sure of the voice.

"Salurn!" exclaimed the man, starting as if from slumber.

"Has he passed yet?"

"No—on my oath; not a mouse could have passed without my observation—far less a Bavarian."

"Let us go farther on then; he cannot be many minutes longer, and the more distant we are from the town the better."

The confederates moved on; and as soon as the sound of their feet died away in the distance, I stepped from my ambuscade upon the highway, and made as hasty a retreat to quarters as was ever effected by a soldier on foot.

The next day I learned that Rusen was a Veronese of considerable wealth and influence, who had settled in this part of the Tyrol, for the purpose of carrying into effect some extensive manufacturing speculation. He was publicly known to be the accepted lover of Dorathen;

although the lady's inclinations were supposed to be biassed more by political considerations than by dreams of matrimonial happiness. She, in fact, as report represented her, was rather an extraordinary character. Although quite a girl when her country was ceded to Bavaria three years before, she had distinguished herself as a member of what was called the Female Patriotic Association; and had continued to throw every impediment in the way of the execution of the laws, which female ingenuity could devise. I could hardly conceive that the Dorathen of this romance and my own was the same being. She had seemed to me to be the very beau ideal of gentleness and grace; and she had commenced her acquaintance with one of the *tyrants* by saving his life. It is dangerous for a young man, as I was then, to perplex his mind upon such subjects. My thoughts dwelt upon the interesting rebel till she became a part of myself; and at our subsequent interviews, I had the happiness to find, or imagine, that I was by no means an object of indifference to her.

At first she made use of all the little arts of a woman to elicit political information, or to convince me of the iniquity of the government of which I was an agent. But by degrees she avoided such subjects; it seemed to me that a feeling of regard for my honour began to mingle with her generous, though mistaken patriotism; she became silent, melancholy, absent; and at last she avoided my company so sedulously, that there was sometimes a week between our meetings. The morose Rusen, in the mean time, whom I sometimes saw, had apparently become more reconciled to my rivalry; and he even attempted,

although in vain, to force his acquaintance with me into intimacy. This of course I attributed to political motives; for although at that time we did not dream of actual insurrection, we were aware of the existence of a party hostile to Bavarian interests.

I was ordered to Botzen with a small escort party for the protection of some specie, which was to be transmitted by the way of that town to the capital. It was long since I had seen Dorathen; and certain rumours of her approaching marriage, although I could not believe them to be true, gave me much uneasiness. Her late conduct indeed had appeared cold and capricious; and the length of time that had elapsed since our last meeting was in part the effect of a fit of lover-like sullenness into which I had fallen. I resolved, however, on the present occasion, since business would lead me past the door of her house, to condescend to enter, and afford her an opportunity for explanation.

In the first place, however—and I am ashamed to confess it—I was guilty of the boyishness of riding past the windows with my party, in the expectation of being called in. The manœuvre either being unobserved or misunderstood, I was fain to order my lieutenant to proceed to Lavis, and there wait for me; and turning my horse, I went leisurely back. Dismounting a little way from the house, I entered a footpath which conducted to the parlour door; and finding the door open, and no servant at hand, I was just on the point of entering when arrested by the voice of Rusen.

"To-morrow night then," said he, addressing some one in the room, "in the Castle of Salurn."

"Agreed. But hark!"—

The voice which answered was Dorathen's. I know not what idea passed through my mind at the moment; but in a few seconds I found myself again on horseback, and riding like a madman after my party.

We were far on our way to Botzen before I recovered my faculties sufficiently to reason calmly on what I had heard. The purposes of conspiracy, even did one exist, could scarcely be supposed to require the meeting of a young female with one of the other sex in a situation so wild and so remote as the Castle of Salurn. In the Tyrol there is plenty of waste ground, in the neighbourhood even of the most thickly inhabited places, for any reasonable secrecy; and indeed at the very moment when I heard the rendezvous appointed, the parties were, or imagined themselves to be, in the most entire solitude. A meeting of mere love or gallantry, in a place that the owls themselves must have been afraid to inhabit, was out of the question. At times I endeavoured to persuade myself that what I had heard was some nightmare creation of my own jealous brain; but at all events I determined, in conclusion, in case any actual appointment had been made, to be of the party.

On our return from Botzen on the following evening, I halted my party in the village of Salurn, and ordering some refreshment for them and our horses, walked out alone on pretence of inquiring into the destinies of the weather. It was now dark; and as I entered the wilder-

ness of rocks on the side of the mountain, I found that their shadow brought on a premature night, which rendered it difficult for me to distinguish the path. The ruined fortress, however, was full in sight, towering far above my head; and it was bright with the rays of the sun, that were altogether lost to the lower world. I had never seen this magnificent object so near, or in a light so well calculated to assist its effect; and I lost some time in contemplating the remarkable scene.

I was startled from my revery by the appearance of a little girl emerging from one of the innumerable creeks among the rocks, and running across my path. As she passed, she threw a small piece of paper towards me from a handful she carried, and immediately vanished on the opposite side. On eagerly picking up the document, which, in the absorbing selfishness of love, I imagined to contain a solution of the enigma that perplexed me, I found written on it, in the patois of the country, *S'ist zeit*, "It is time." Was this the answer to the challenge of Rusen—"Is it time?" The affinity between the expressions struck me with a kind of panic, and I endeavoured, in startled haste, to recall to my remembrance what had been the appearance of the people as I passed through the country.

I recollected that I had observed, in the course of the day, various knots of peasants gazing into the waters of the Eisak; and that once, when a sudden shouting arose from one of the groups, it seemed to have been caused by the appearance of a quantity of sawdust floating down the torrent. The people, however, had dispersed to their

homes as usual, when the evening set in ; and on leaving the village a quarter of an hour before, no sign of tumult had been visible, and, indeed, no appearance of the inhabitants at all, except about half a dozen conversing behind one of the houses. These last were gazing earnestly towards the Castle of Salurn ; and at this moment it struck me, but not at the time, as being strange that their attention should have been attracted so forcibly by so familiar an object. They appeared to be gloomy and discontented ; and I heard one of them say, in the constantly recurring form of expression—"It is *not* time."

These things, even when put together, were too slight to amount to much ; for even the words of the written note, and its mode of delivery, might have referred to some festival of the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, an indefinite feeling of alarm began to rise in my breast, and I debated for some moments whether I should not return at once to my party. Love triumphed, however, assisted perhaps by curiosity ; and I determined, since the way was now so short, to climb the castle rock before returning to the village.

The way was not so short as I imagined. Rock after rock was passed—sometimes scaled, and sometimes coasted round—and still the castle appeared to be as distant as ever. By degrees, the portion of its walls that was illumined by the sun grew less and less, and at last, as the light faded altogether, I could only recognise it by its outlines, faintly traced against the dull sky. Plunging on in desperation, I at length reached the base of the enormous cliff on which the castle is built, when there was only

light enough to distinguish that I had thus far succeeded in my undertaking.

The grand difficulty now was to find the path, or stair, which led to the building above; and the search for this object led me nearly all round the rock, and wasted so much time, that it became almost pitch dark. It is impossible to describe the state of my mind at this period. Independently of the struggle between public duty and private interests, there strangely mingled with my knowledge of the reality of the rendezvous between Dorathen and her suitor, an idea that the whole was nothing more than a dream and a delusion. As the night wind that had now arisen began to sigh among the cliffs, it seemed to me to convey a sound resembling marching; and when raising my head, I half expected to see between me and the dim sky, some grinning faces looking down in derision. In the midst of these absurd fancies, engendered by the strangeness of my situation and the loneliness and wildness of the place, I heard, with a distinctness that at once recalled my wandering senses, a human voice.

It was the voice of Rusen, and so near, that I instinctively curved my fingers to return his grapple. The next moment, however, I remembered, that he must be wholly unconscious of my presence, while I, on the contrary, might have expected him; and, coasting cautiously round a jutting point of the cliff, I endeavoured to steal unheard towards the sound. A gleam of light presently fell, although only for an instant, upon one of the rocks before me; and I conjectured that he was provided with a dark lantern. It had revealed enough of the locality to enable

me to gain, without noise, a spot from which I could see the bearer.

Rusen was not alone. Two female figures stood near him; in one of which—notwithstanding that the only light was a reflection from the rock, of the flame of the dark lantern—I recognised Dorathen. The whole three preserved a profound silence for more than a minute; during which, they might have seemed to be a group of statuary.

“Hear me!” cried Rusen, at length, in a stern and almost fierce voice, “let us understand one another. I am no Tyrolese; I have no interest, real or sentimental, in setting this unhappy country in a blaze; but on the contrary, such peaceable schemes as mine can only flourish where public tranquillity is maintained under the safeguard of the laws. I well know the reason why your Association pitches upon me for this service. It is necessary for your success that I should be pledged beyond recall; that the weight of money, influence, and mercantile credit and solidity should be thrown into the scale. Be it so: I consent. But, if I this night set in jeopardy my character—my fortune—my life—it is for your sake, Dorathen, in your cause and no other; and it is to you I shall look for my reward! Say but the word, not equivocally as you have hitherto done, for I will not be trifled with *here*, but openly, distinctly—say that to-morrow you will be my wife; and that instant I shall scale the rock and do—what is to be done.”

It was some moments before Dorathen replied; but when she did so, her voice was so low and tremulous, that I could not catch a single word.

"She consents!" cried her female companion: "away if you be a man!"

"I did not hear her," remarked Rusen, sulkily and suspiciously.

"I tell you she has consented—I am your witness."

A stir took place among the speakers, but as the flame of the lamp suddenly disappeared, I could not see of what nature. My feelings were by this time excited to a pitch of frenzy. Everything that had seemed strange in the conduct of Dorathen was now accounted for. Her love—her hopes—her happiness—all were to be offered up with a blind but beautiful piety on the altar of her country. This was the high-place of the terrible superstition—this the moment of sacrifice! I rushed around the point of the cliff, hardly thinking of caution, and only anxious to interpose, I knew not in what way, between her and her fate. Her name was just about to escape my lips, as I groped for her in vain, when I felt my hand seized by some one in the dark. It was Dorathen herself!

"Forgive me!" said she, speaking quickly but distinctly, "in such moments it is only your sex that can be calm and resolute. I do not hesitate! At a time like this, love and hate are alike to me. The first man who reaches the Castle of Salurn is Dorathen's husband! Away!" I looked up involuntarily, and saw the lantern gleaming like a star far above our head.

"Agreed!" said I in a whisper; and pressing her hand, I sprang upon the stair. The steps were steep and rugged, being roughly hewn out of the rock; but, like a man walking in his sleep, I seemed to hit by instinct the proper

place for my feet, and ascended with rapidity and safety. I neared the light, and my strength seemed doubled by the common tiger-feeling of our nature when within spring of a deadly foe. The path, however, became more difficult; all trace of hewn steps disappeared, and I imagined that I must have wandered in my excitement, from the track. The light, however, seemed to be stationary, not many feet above my head; and, although a considerable distance from the surface of the earth, as I knew that it could not have reached the castle wall, I conjectured that the steps in this place had really disappeared, through the effects of time and war, and that the climber was obliged to make one of the projecting points of the rock assist him in his ascent.

This I thought was rather fortunate than otherwise; for if the stair had been the only means of access, the struggle—for I knew that a struggle must come—would take place on the bare side of the steep. Endeavouring, therefore, to get round my enemy, and reach the brink before him, I pursued my way more slowly and more cautiously than before. When I approached near enough to the light to see the dim figure of the Italian, and gain some idea of the localities around him, I found that he was standing on a tabular piece of rock, which seemed to have been one of the landing-places of the ancient stair. He was occupied in scraping out with his knife a hole in the side of the cliff that was choked up with sand and moss. This apparently was a place for the foot; for a very short distance above, the stair recommenced with greater regularity than ever, and ascended till it was lost in the darkness.

The tabular rock proved indeed to be a landing-place, and the only point at which further passage could be effected. The cliff was purposely smoothed all round it in a manner that, before the invention of gunpowder changed the art of war, must have made the place defensible by a single man against a thousand. The operations of Rusen were just completed, and he was in the act of raising his foot to the hole, from which a slight effort would lift him to the stair above. I felt that I grew pale. The next instant I sprang upon the rock, and caught him by the throat.

"Jesus Maria!" cried he, returning the grapple, "is it time?"

"Yes, it is time!" said I; and as the light of the lantern revealed my features to him, I could see a gleam of mingled joy and terror light up his swarthy countenance.

"I arrest you as a traitor," said I, "in the name of the Bavarian government! Do you yield?"

"Yes! take your prize!" replied he, with a grin of mockery and a gripe like that of death.

"I arrest you as an intended assassin! Do you yield?"

"No."

"Down then—first to earth, and then to ——! Die, dog, in your guilt!"—and with a painful effort, I bent him down over the abyss, and at the same instant caught by the rock with one hand, to save myself from perishing with my victim. He yielded to the force which, perhaps, he could not at any time have withstood; and I thought for an instant that I held him suspended over the gulf, into which I could spurn him with my foot. In a mo-

ment, however, the wily serpent twined his arms round my legs, and dragged me down with him, upon the edge of the cliff. No situation could be more helpless than mine. Victory indeed was easy, but only in union with death; and it appeared, from the frantic efforts of my enemy, that he himself was content to die, so that we died together.

I was deceived. The next moment he loosed his hold of my legs, and threw himself on the rock, only clinging by the hands to the ledge, till he had secured a footing below. This was instantaneously effected; and with what seemed to be the same motion, he caught me by the foot and dragged me over the precipice. I clasped him in my arms as I fell, and tore him from the rock. A yell of rage and terror burst from his lips. The providence of God interfered miraculously between me and what seemed inevitable destruction; for my strongly-embroidered military jacket was caught in a point of the cliff, and I hung for some time helpless—*and alone*.

When I descended to the surface of the earth, I found the two females hanging in distraction over the mangled body of Rusen, to the breast of which the lantern was still fastened and uninjured.

“Dorathen!” said I.

“You here! merciful God, is this a dream?”

“Yes—it is a dream which we must all forget.—Away! *You*, at least, should have nothing to do with guilt and death.”

She did not reply, but stooped down, and unfastened the lantern from the dead body.

“Unhand me!” said she, in feverish agitation, “I have

a sacred duty to perform.—Since Rusen failed, I will myself undertake the adventure!”

“This is madness! You are not in a condition to act, or even to think at present; and I must charge myself with your safety. Come, let us leave this accursed spot, and speedily,—for I, too, have a duty to perform.”

“What!” said she, with sudden animation, “to disclose the conspiracy of women, and send the Dorathen whom you affected to love to the scaffold?”

“No, by Heaven! not a word—not a look—”

“But there are other witnesses! The castle above contains a—a—paper, which I must burn to ashes, before I can sleep again in this world.”

“I myself will do it. Give me the light.”

“You! Oh, no—no—no!”

“Time presses—give me the light, Dorathen, I entreat—I insist!” She wrung her hands, and wept.

“Do you fear that I shall read the document, and betray your accomplices?”

“Yes, I fear it!” said she quickly.

“Shall I swear?”

“No!—promise on your faith—on your honour—on your love! The document lies upon a small box, on a table near the window of the tower. Promise, that without reading its address, without touching it even with your finger, you will set fire to it with this lantern, and see both box and paper consumed to ashes. Do you promise?”

“I do, so help me heaven!” I seized the lantern, and sprang for the second time upon the stair. I reached the

giddy height of the castle without accident, and ascended the crumbling staircase of the tower. In the highest apartment, I saw the fatal packet, as described by Dorathen, and looking beyond it to the window, that I might not read the address, I fixed my eyes upon the dark valley below me, surrounded by its darker mountains.

I could not readily touch the packet with the flame of the lamp without looking, and turned my eyes for a moment upon the table. The packet had *no address*. A nervous tremor seized me at this instant, I knew not why; but the paper had already ignited. It blazed like gunpowder; and the fire communicating to the box, a column of steady flame rose up. I overthrew the table, in a transport of rage and terror, and trampled the fatal apparatus to pieces. But it was too late. The SIGNAL had been given! From every rock—from every mountain top, answering lights glared forth, like spectres in the night; the roll of the drum—and the shrill call of the bugle—and the thunder of artillery, echoed through the valleys. That night the Southern Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

I descended the rock, I know not how. I broke from the arms of Dorathen, and rushed like a madman towards the village. I arrived in time to see my brave fellows cut in pieces by the infuriated peasantry. Everywhere the cry resounded—*S'ist zeit—S'ist zeit!* It is time! It is time! I remember no more:—when I awoke from a raging fever, the Tyrol was again in the arms of its beloved Austria. Dorathen was my nurse. Soon afterwards Dorathen was my wife!

The First Violets.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell ?
Whose youth has paused not, dreaming in the vale
Where the rath violets dwell ?

Lo, where they shrink along the lonely brake,
Under the leafless, melancholy tree ;
Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee !

Yet at their sight and scent entranced and thrilled,
All June seems golden in the April skies ;
How sweet the days we yearn for, till fulfilled !
O distant Paradise,—

Dear land to which Desire for ever flees,
Time doth no *present* to the grasp allow ;
Say, in the fixed Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting Now ?

Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders (maze without a clue).
Give their true witchery to the flowers ;—thine own
Youth in their youth renew.

AVARICE, remember when the Cowslip's gold
Lured, and yet lost its glitter in, thy grasp ;
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old ?
Those withered in thy clasp.

From these thy clasp falls palsied !—It was *then*
That thou wert rich ;—thy coffers are a lie !
Alas, poor Fool—joy is the wealth of men,
And care their poverty !

Come, foiled AMBITION, what hast thou desired ?
Empire and power ?—O wanderer, tempest-tossed,
These once *were* thine when life's gay spring inspired
Thy soul with glories lost !—

Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime,
When o'er the stars rapt Fancy traced the chart ;
Thou hadst an angel's power in that blest time,
Thy realm a human heart !

Hark ! hark ! again the tread of bashful feet !
Hark ! the boughs rustling round the trysting-place !
Let Air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Earth fair with one dear face !

Brief-lived first flowers, first love! The hours steal on,
To prank the world in Summer's pomp of hue;
But what shall flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft, by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that charm us most:—Retrace
Thy life,—recall its loveliest passage;—look,
Dead Violets keep the place!

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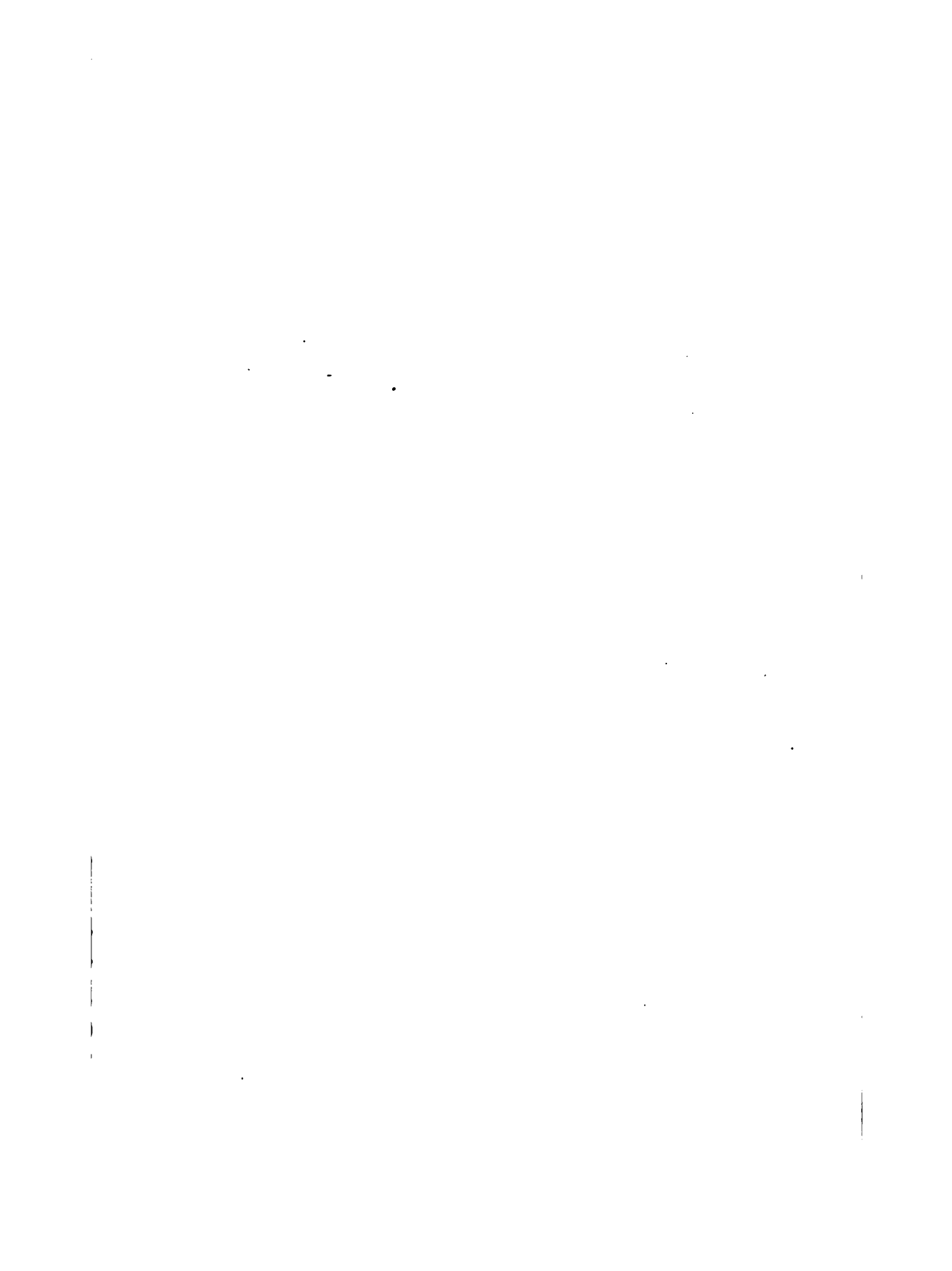
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Earth or Heaven:

THE WORLD OR THE CLOISTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"It is too late, dear mother!" said Mary, as the old lady sat by the bedside of her daughter, on the evening before her intended entry on her noviciate in a neighbouring nunnery. "It is too late! My heart is not here. Cold! cold! cold!—I feel how cold it is down under the deep waters!"

"What do you mean, my child?" exclaimed the mother in alarm, for she thought reason was deserting its throne—that these wild words were spoken in the delirium of incipient fever.

A smile sat on the cheek of the maiden as she replied. It cast a momentary gleam upon her eyes,—eyes that ached for tears, but found them not; but the smile was colder than her words, and the hand that sought her mother's was colder still.

"Have I not given my heart to Charles? Have we not sat together on the long moonlight evenings, and looked, and looked, without a word, up to the stars for

hours?—and then, when I have turned to him and said, ‘A penny for your thoughts, Charles,’ did we not always find that we were thinking of the selfsame thing? Have we not gone to church together for two whole years?—and when we asked each other what we had prayed for, were not our prayers always the same?”

“I know that two more true hearts never came together than yours and Charles’s, Mary; but, alas! I cannot understand the meaning of your words. What do you mean by being down in the deep waters? My poor, poor child, sorrow has turned your wits!”

“Ah, no—I almost wish it had, my own dear mother! It is not my body, but my heart I spoke of. What I said is reasonable. I am not delirious; but old people forget what they were when young, and I do not wonder that you thought so. I know you loved my father as well as I loved Charles; but then, mother, you never lost him before you had a right to show to all the world how proud you were of him. You never sat longing, and longing, and hoping, and hoping, till there was no more hope—till your heart seemed to leave your bosom, and go wandering over the world, through the dark woods, across the great wide sea, hunting for him, and hunting for him, but knowing it could never find him. He is down under the deep sea, mother, and my heart is with him—but you cannot understand me!”

The girl threw her arm around the old lady’s neck, as she leaned over her. The daughter fixed upon the mother her burning eyes, with all the tenderness that settled sorrow would allow; and there was silence for

many minutes, broken only by an occasional sob from the latter, that seemed to rise from the very depth of her bosom, so strongly did it shake her frame. At length she arose from the embrace, gently unwinding the arm that held her, and said :

“I will not trouble you any longer to-night, my child ; I have done all that a fond mother could do to dissuade you from your purpose—perhaps more than I had a right to do ; for when God calls to us in the heart, it is our duty to obey. Even a parent must not interfere between her child and Him. Yet it seems strange to me that He should have planted in the very soul of parents this yearning love for their offspring that will not be satisfied, if that love be ever inconsistent with our duty to each other. Does not the same holy word that commands us to love God, say also that we should love one another ? But God forgive me if my selfishness blinds my judgment in this matter : I must leave it to Him and his appointed ministers, for it surpasses my understanding.”

There was another silent pause, and the same burning orbs continued their fixed gaze upon the widow’s face, until she had once more spoken.

“I had thought,” said she, with a deep-drawn sigh, and in tones of great emotion, “that He who had taken to himself the right arm of my strength, and stripped me of my other little ones by death, would have left to me the last, the dearest, upon whom I have bestowed the sum of all my love for all my little flock. And now He calls *thee* to himself. Alas ! my pride has made thee miserable, and I cannot say that I am smitten unjustly. I could

better have borne to follow thee to thy grave, than thus to see thee buried in a living tomb—to know thee still breathing the same air, still treading the same earth, and yet cut off by the most sacred vows from human sympathies! If thou wert an angel in heaven, I might think that God would yet permit thee to look down upon my lonely home; I might feel that thou wert near me still, and think, when I heard the little spring-birds singing in the trees, that I was listening to thy light laughter, as it was used to ring through the woods in thy infancy. When the autumn wind came moaning through the casement, I might think it thy voice, speaking the language of heaven's pity to my solitude. But a nun!—Mary, it will be thy duty not to love me—thy heart must be all God's—not to love even the memory of—My heart will break!—Good night!”

As the old lady left the chamber with this passionate burst of feeling, the mist gathered over those burning orbs,—the fire that seared them was extinguished, and, a burst of tears succeeding, the young girl wept herself to sleep.

Mary De Lane was an orphan descendant of a highly respectable family in the southeast of France, once possessing considerable, although moderate wealth, and a title of sufficient grade to confer on it the prejudices of aristocracy, without its more substantial privileges. There are few positions in life surrounded by more mortifications than *mere* respectability; but M. De Lane, the grandfather of Mary, was not destined to suffer under such inconveniences long after his marriage with one of his own

rank and similar fortune. Almost immediately after he had established what the world calls "a settlement in life" (a term that often applies itself very happily in a satirical sense), the storm of the old revolution—(it is necessary to be special in designating which, for the term has become generic)—burst upon France.

M. De Lane fled with his wife and infant son to America, and his estates became the prey of an outraged people, rendered savage by oppression. But a Frenchman is a citizen of the world. He bent himself cheerfully to circumstances, and contrived to support and educate a family, at first as a fruiterer in New York, and afterwards as a teacher in Philadelphia.

The latter city, it will be recollected, was decimated again and again, towards the conclusion of the last century, by that terrible plague, the yellow fever. Philadelphia was then the largest capital in the United States, the centre of wealth, as also of that paramount commercial influence which has since passed over, more or less permanently, to her rival, and that ascendancy in learning and science which she still retains. M. De Lane was anxious to reap the many advantages of a residence in that city, but was deterred by the awful ravages of the prevailing epidemic, until its apparent subsidence in 1800, when he unfortunately resolved to execute his plan. Alas! just two years afterwards the disease broke forth again with the momentary energy of the expiring lamp, and he fell, among the last of its victims, leaving his son, then about nine years old, to the care of his ill-provided but energetic widow.

In America, at that time, industry was always sure of its reward; and Madame De Lane found means, not only to support but to educate her son. With all the fervour of "the religious sex," she strove to train him up in the faith of her country and her family; and when, as he advanced towards his third decade of years, she discovered, almost to her despair, that the natural levity of the French character, coupled with the free opinions and still freer habits of this bustling, self-sufficient, money-making, unrestrainable "*logocracy*," had so far overcome the moral influences—unfortunately somewhat bigoted—by which she had surrounded him, that he was in danger of falling into the opposite extreme of infidelity, it was with a feeling of exquisite satisfaction that she saw love brought to the aid of religion, and her darling boy united in matrimony to the daughter of another exile, whose education had been nearly as guarded as his own. Having witnessed with unalloyed delight the results of this union, and the birth of several lovely grandchildren, she quietly blessed God, and died.

Young De Lane, notwithstanding the losses he had suffered from the consequences of democratic madness among an oppressed and grossly ignorant people, drank in with truly French facility the spirit of genuine republicanism, and while canvassing with American freedom the faith of his fathers, and rejecting from his mind what he was induced to consider the errors engrafted on that faith by time, he retained his adhesion to the fundamental tenets of the oldest extant Christian church, and continued a communicant within its pale. Unhappily for

our heroine, his wife partook very strongly of a remarkable peculiarity of the female sex, who, swayed often to a fault upon most other subjects, are usually exceedingly intractable upon religion and politics, when the training or circumstances of early life have induced them once to take ground thereupon ; and, to her energy in inculcating in the minds of her children the rather ultra notions on both these questions which she had received from her parents, she owed, unconsciously, the sufferings under which she has been introduced to the reader. But we anticipate.

While young De Lane was approaching the maturity of manhood, great changes had been in progress in his native land. Napoleon had risen ; the nobles of the *ancien régime* had been readmitted from their exile ; the Emperor had fallen, restored himself, and fallen again ; a Bourbon first, and then an Orleans sat in apparent security upon the throne of France. Finding a little family growing up around him, he bethought himself of their increasing wants, and crossed the ocean, not on his own account, but theirs, to attempt the recovery of some portion of the family estate.

But the revolutions that transpire in families are hardly less numerous in these revolutionary days, than those which occur in states. M. De Lane had barely time to institute proceedings, when he received a letter informing him that the most treacherous scourge of families, the scarlet fever, had swept away three of his little flock, and left him only Mary, the youngest of them all !

In a state verging on distraction, he hurried back to

the West, and, in the despondency consequent to this bereavement, coupled with the natural tardiness of law, years rolled away before the settlement of his affairs.

At length the necessary steps were all completed, and he received notice that a rural patrimony, reduced and slender it might be, but still sufficient, now awaited him. He gathered together the remnants of his family, and sailed for "home."

M. De Lane enjoyed for a few summers the ease of rural life; and under a father who had become at heart a genuine republican, Mary enjoyed a liberty unknown to the unmarried female of respectability in France. The mother, more wedded to the influence of opinion, frowned; but her husband insisted; their foreign accent excused them to their neighbours, and society looked smilingly upon "American manners" which it would have deemed reprehensible in a more purely Gallic circle. The heart of the American girl remained unchecked by the stern laws of an absurd and really demoralizing conventionalism that prohibits the formation of mixed circles among the youth, and aggravates most severely the false position that woman holds in Europe—the inevitable consequence of a false political system.

It chanced that, among the young associates of Mary, was a fair lad only two years older than herself; of German blood and German poetical enthusiasm. They were thrown together, in the first instance, as schoolmates; and the fair-haired boy and the little maid of darker locks, were permitted, arm-in-arm, to wander on the banks of

the beautiful Rhone, or sit together in the edge of the shady grove, and watch the beams of the retiring sun glowing upon the eastern hill-tops that shut out the view of the more distant Alps, till twilight changed to gray.

But Old Time spurs his steeds from twelve to sweet sixteen. The fair-haired boy became the promising young man, and the little maid of darker locks was changed into the budding beauty proper to the heir of the De Lanes. The mother objected to the close intimacy of the children; she remonstrated — protested — but the father only laughed, and inquired what evil could ensue.

“What evil! Why, is he not the son of a simple agriculturist?”

“And was not the last De Lane a simple teacher, and a proscribed exile, on the banks of the Delaware?”

“But he had a title!”

“From the king! Charles takes *his* from God!”

“And what is that?”

“Talent, and soul, and honour. By so much may the noble man exceed the nobleman!”

“But he has no wealth, to match the advantages of family!”

“When we were married, Jeannette, you had one thousand dollars—our families were equal—what had I?”

The lady sighed, but was silent!

Encore des révolutions! But a few days elapsed, after this consultation, before business called M. De Lane to Paris. The times were troublous, and the old system of royal encroachment upon popular rights,—so often punished, yet seemingly so vainly,—had again commenced. News

travels slowly from the capital towards the provinces of France; and although rumours of these renewed assaults had already fired his temper, the idea of an impending crisis had not impressed his mind. Strange blindness to the future! The outbreak happened on the very day of his arrival; and, with the national fervour of his race, he plunged into the fray, fell at the storming of the *Tuileries*, and Mary was an orphan!

Throughout the first days of her mother's widowhood, no change took place in her domestic freedom. Grief, for a time, controlled the original hardness of the widow's character, and the girl's sorrow naturally sought sympathy from Charles.

'Tis dangerous, that community of sorrow between the young; but yet it was only brotherly regard that called forth tears from Charles when they first met after the fatal news—warm, deep, respectful, tender, yet brotherly regard. Had no opposing influence waked the dreamers, they would probably have slept till the bright vision changed, and other parties had accomplished what the really fond mother foolishly desired. But, the first burst of feeling past, she roused herself to the responsibilities of her position—responsibilities exaggerated, in her mind, by a faith unduly rigid, acting on one who had known, in her own youth, the weight of stern control (for, the oppressed most generally become oppressors), and who, by the absence of mental power or poetic elevation of soul, lay open to the danger of blind credence in the heartless *dicta* of society. She woke the sleepers, and their waking was the ruin of her hopes.

In Mary's mind, the seeds of enthusiasm and romantic thought, implanted there by Charles, had found a fertile soil. Well might she say her mother could not understand her: she inherited the far loftier qualities that characterized her father; but, by a singular though real difference of the sexes, those feelings which had given him a more rational faith and warmed him into patriotism, had elevated her ideas of religion into a bigotry more noble, lofty, spiritual, than that of her surviving parent; and, for that very reason, more firm, uncompromising, self-devoted. Like causes were about to prove like influence on her love.

Within a few months after the death of the father, Madame De Lane took occasion to expatiate, in conversation with her daughter, upon the importance of their social position. The dignity of the house of De Lane, and that of another house also, which she esteemed not less worthy of consideration, rested upon them.

True it was, she admitted, that republicanism now unhappily ruled the hour, and all titles were again abolished; but, to-morrow, "the king might come to his own again,"—a real king of the original Bourbon stock. True, her poor deceased husband, when he reclaimed his estates, had seen fit to waive, for the present, any attempt to regain his title. Perhaps this was well; for Louis Philippe was not of the proper branch, and his reign was even longer than his right; but had M. De Lane been spared to see a righteous king upon the throne once more, no doubt he would have reassumed his house's honours. It was the duty of his family to carry out his views; and, as

wealth was indispensable to the maintenance, perhaps even to the restoration of those honours, the means of accomplishing these ends lay chiefly in the hands of Mary. She trusted that her daughter would act in such a manner as to secure this consummation when the time arrived and the proper person should present himself. She trusted one so faithful to the strictest rules of her religious duty, would not be wanting in filial duty to so kind a mother.

Poor Mary knew that it would be in vain to oppose these views: and indeed, why should she oppose them? She felt bewildered and distressed, but found no reason for the feeling. She waited for the evening, and then went to the grove, to seek from Charles that real sympathy, which a misguided parent had failed to cultivate. Need I describe how deeply that interview affected all their future lives?

Charles listened to the tale with flushing cheek—but when, upon the full completion of the narrative, poor Mary sought an answer—the answer came not! She looked up in his face,—there was anger in his eye—there was fierce pride on his curled lip—there was stern resolve in every firmly-drawn muscle of his figure, as he sat statue-like in stillness by her side. Uttering a slight scream, the astonished girl cried out, “What ails you, Charles? My brother—my dear brother!” She laid her hand upon his shoulder—there was no motion in his frame—no sign of recognition—nothing but anger, pride, and stern resolve. The unhappy girl let fall her hand upon her lap and gazed in speechless wonder.

At length, the slightest possible tremor shook the lip—the slightest possible moisture dimmed the eye—she felt her hand suddenly seized—the grasp was rude and painful. There was a moment of awful silence—then came, in husky and unnatural tones, these words: “Mary! we meet again! And if——” Charles sprang from his seat, and rushed like a madman from her presence.

“What a brute!” many a fair reader will exclaim; but we shall see. Love, in strong characters, speaks a strange language, and there is no exaggeration in this picture.

The acme of fierce passion cannot long endure, and when Charles reached the farther end of the grove, and a turn of the path was about to shut off from his view the bank where they so often sat together, he turned to cast one parting look upon the scene. There, an unmoving image, Mary stood; her foot advanced—her arms thrown wide—her head projected forward—and on her face the cataleptic spasm of intense astonishment.

If his retreat had been rapid, his return was not less prompt; but the whole man was changed. Approaching with a firm, but unexcited step, this time he took her hand with the most marked respect. “Mary!” said he; but now the poor girl seemed as insensible to surrounding things as he had been but a few minutes previously, though at his touch the rigidity of figure suddenly gave way, and the limb seemed to follow the impulse of his will unconsciously. He gently drew her towards him, and looking into her eyes with an expression which, once seen, engraves itself for ever on the heart, implanted on her ashy cheek a kiss. The warm blood rushed over

bosom, face, and brow! "Mary," he said, once more; but ere he could add a word, the fair girl sank into his arms lifeless, and pale as death.

"Then there was a dashing of cold water, and a few deep-drawn sighs, resuscitation, and explanation," says some male reader, well versed in the light literature of the day. Not so, my amiable young man-about-town; such scenes as I describe are neither unnatural, unusual, unmanly, or unwomanly, but they are only witnessed in a region all unknown to thee—the region of the heart.

When Charles found the fainting form of Mary in his arms, he did not pause from his own purpose to pursue the usual efforts of recovery, but raising her light weight, he carried her rapidly towards the villa, and when returning animation enabled him to place her feet once more upon the ground, he supported her faltering footsteps more slowly to the presence of her mother.

"Madam," said he, "your daughter has been strangely agitated; I return her to her *natural* protector;" and he strongly emphasized the word; then, with a flashing eye and hissing utterance, he added, "Should I ever return to France, it will be to offer her a better!"

The rage of Madame De Lane, the terror of poor Mary—the one excited by what she deemed the outrageous insolence of such a speech, the other by the announcement of a sudden and perhaps eternal separation—remained all unexpressed except by countenance. Before words could be found, our hero strode away with the proud step of a chieftain. The boy had become a man; and from that hour, for years, his voice was no more heard in the place

where he was born : only at the midnight following that eventful day, there came up from the grove a wild strain of the cornet. It was one of the wildest of the Switzer's calls, but it was played with such a depth of pathos, such eloquence of the broken heart, that anger sunk to grief in the breast of Madame De Lane, and Mary sobbed till morn.

It must not be supposed that the widow was lacking in real love for her child, or that she intentionally carried either her influence or authority beyond reasonable bounds. Her false idea of the religious duty of a parent was to exact obedience to the literal law, rather than to train the heart, through the agency of the spiritual principle of that law, which operates to vastly nobler purpose upon all minds that are capable of the higher spiritual impressions. In pressing sternly upon her daughter the claims of rank and wealth as motives in that most critical and all-important transaction in feminine affairs, a matrimonial connexion, there was, at the very root of her seeming hardness, a real modesty. Divested of originality of character, she was, in matters of opinion, the slave of the circle in which she moved, and acted with the most sincere regard to what she believed to be that daughter's interest. When undeceived by the fatal consequences of her course upon a mind of far higher order, modelled as the female mind most generally is, by the blood of the father rather than the mother, her distress was as great as her astonishment. But in this instance, love, by a natural law, had linked the loftiest reverentiousness with

its fitting mate—the loftiest pride : and the discovery of her error came too late for remedy.

From the hour when the rude parting just described took place, and Mary found herself so strangely separated from the object of her love, in the very moment that discovered its existence to her hitherto unsuspecting heart, she was as another being. She did not fall, after the fashion of heroines, into a nervous fever, to the loss of her reason and her beautiful dark curls. Such a result would have been perfectly natural; but, while that thrilling look which terminated the interview in the grove was ever floating before her, and the idea of what she had lost came over her soul, like the dark cloud of despair to the condemned, there was still a little hope in the last words of Charles, “*Should I ever return.*”

That hope and that despair, contending for the mastery with alternate sway, had wrought her feelings up to such intensity, on the first night of separation, that reason tottered; but at the critical moment there came up from the grove that tremulous midnight music of the cornet. A deep truth lies concealed in the mystic legend of Orpheus charming even Hell with harmony. The tempest in her soul was hushed, and she was saved.

Ever and ever those notes still sounded in her ears, fading away in distance, but still audible and sweet. She heard them in the crowing of the village cock, in the song of the birds, in the murmur of the river, in the rustle of the wind in the trees, in the dread silence of the night, when the air stirred not and the stars were hid.

She heard them still retreating, as the months swept by, farther and farther off, but yet still magically sweet, until they seemed to come down from heaven itself; and her soul rose to meet them.

Many were the schoolings which poor Mary received from Madame De Lane, before she realized the deep affliction of her child, or noted the gradual paling of the cheek down to the semi-transparent whiteness of the lily—before she felt the gradual waning of the intellect in those gentle eyes down almost to fatuity, and started at perceiving how thought, concentrated within the brain, unlocked the electric chain that binds it to the organs, and cut the cord of her relations with external things.

“Why, Mary, how dowdily you are dressed to-day! I declare your appearance is a disgrace to the family. Come here and let me hook your dress.” But there came no blush of shame. “My child, I find your chamber in a sad condition: such carelessness, if you were younger, should be punished!” The harsh rebuke produced neither resentment nor apology. The work-basket fell from the table, and the goblet slipped from the hand; but the scattering spools or the crashing glass aroused no consciousness. Still the calm eye gazed on, and the deep thoughts awoke no ripple on the surface. The widow became greatly alarmed. “I must bring religion to the aid of affection,” said she; “Mary has always been observant of its precepts.” But the religious lessons of Madame De Lane were merely *precepts*. She dwelt on the requirements of duty, not on the persuasions and the promises of divine love. She addressed her nostrums to

the head, while the disease lay festering in the heart : and the empiric failed.

There was but one place where the mind of the unfortunate seemed to return to the full cognizance of the world around her, and that was at the humble cottage of the father of Charles. All distinction of rank and social position was lost in common grief between these common sufferers. Even Madame De Lane, though she regretted the "vulgarity" of the association, could not find it in her heart to interdict these visits, that appeared to be the only solace of her miserable child ; and the desolate old man and the still more desolate girl were permitted to mingle their tears together at discretion.

At the cottage, Mary learned from time to time the little that was heard of the *fate* of the wanderer : of his *purposes* no word was ever brought to light. The father had traced his course to Toulon, and found that he had shipped on board an English vessel, with the intent of working his passage to London, as a penniless adventurer in pursuit of fortune.

More than a year elapsed before his first and only letter reached its destination. It was dated from Boston, six months before its reception, and simply stated that the lad had shipped himself again, on board the American brig *Orestes*, on a trading voyage to the South Seas and India ; and it terminated with these words :—"My heart has more to say, dear father ; but, till I win the power to *act*, I will not *speak* !"

There was hope, even in this enigmatical conclusion. Though the old man understood it not, poor Mary did ;

and a wild pulse rushed through her frame, the lily-white cheek took the first tint of morning, and almost a smile appeared upon her lip. Though these slight signs of returning animation disappeared in the moment of their birth, it was noticeable to all that a change had come over the spirit of the girl. She attended more carefully, though mechanically, to her domestic duties and the arrangement of her dress, and her evening rambles to the grove were now renewed. The widow marked these symptoms of improvement, and her own futile efforts to redeem the consequences of her prejudice and folly were relinquished. As the daughter passed and repassed with silent lip and feeble footfall, the mother was content to look and sigh. And thus three other heavy years dragged on, and Mary reached the age at which the law placed in her own hands the reins of her own destiny. She reached the year of her majority without emotion or an added wish: she moved not as a woman, but as a child full grown.

But her cup of bitterness was not yet full. One day, as Mary sat quietly by the side of the old man at the cottage, a neighbour entered with a sorrow-stricken face, and, with evidences of deep feeling, placed in the farmer's hand a fragment of an old American newspaper. It was dated more than two years back.

"I received this," said the visiter, "as part of the wrapper of a small package of groundnuts, which my son, who has just returned from America, presented to his little sister."

The old man read the article pointed out by his friend

with a tearful eye. He was inured to the worst evils of existence, and could bear them. But when his glance turned from the paper and settled upon Mary, he trembled !

The young woman understood the appeal. She quietly took the printed fragment, and read these words :

"The Pagoda of Liverpool, reports the wreck of the American brig *Orestes*, on one of the barren coral reefs near the Society Islands. Crew and cargo evidently lost."

There was no scream—there was no convulsion. Grief had been far too long familiar to her breast to startle her again. She drew one long deep inspiration, and exclaimed, "Oh, where shall I find peace !"

There was a pause ; and the old man's voice faltered as he took her hand and whispered, "Go to the Lady Abbess, dear Mademoiselle ; she is kind to the poor and the unfortunate. If any one on earth can give thee peace, she can."

Mary arose, and with a firmer step than she had been seen to tread for years, she took her way down the shaded lane that led to the convent grounds. When she had reached the gate, she rang, and requested of the porter immediate access. In a few moments, her request was granted, and she was ushered into the presence of an elderly female whose countenance beamed with benevolence, and whose attire was simply that of a member of the Order, divested of all signs of station or authority ; for she habitually avoided the trappings of office, except when sacred ceremonies compelled their use ; and this was, fortunately, an hour of recreation.

"What would my daughter ? I know thy history, poor

child! What does the suffering Mary De Lane require of me?"

"Mother, I seek for peace!"

"Peace, daughter, Heaven alone can give in its perfection; but all that we can do on earth to approach such happiness, is to devote ourselves to God."

"Mother, I wish to do so. I wish to enter into the calm solitude of your sanctuary and prepare myself for heaven."

"This is a calm solitude, indeed, and fitted for thy purpose. But, daughter, God will not accept divided hearts. He will not receive the services of those who have left duties unperformed in the humble, but important sphere of private life. Canst thou *forget the world*, yet live in it, and breathe in it, and act in it? for even *we* owe duties to our kind, and may not shun them, even in holy and unsullied thoughtfulness on one to which the world is nothing, save as His creature—His thorny garden of probation! Canst thou do this great thing?"

"Mother, the world has nothing to deter me. I know not if I could *forget* it, but I wish to *shun* it."

"That were well, were the wish truly holy. It is not the world, dear child, but the world's love, that we should shun—that we should struggle to forget:—the ascetic and the miser shun the world, but are not thereby sanctified!"

"Mother, I seek for peace!"

"And I would give it thee, poor sufferer; but mark the sacrifice! If, in thy efforts to obtain it, the rebellious mind refuse, and thy thoughts wilfully return to the world's love, the sin is a deep sin, far deeper for thy vow,

and can be expiated only by hard penances and saving grace. Sister Agatha," she said to a young nun standing by her side, "read us the obligation of the veil."

As the attendant read the service, the Abbess watched intently the varying countenance of the petitioner. Her hands were folded on her heart, as if to check the tide of sympathy that threatened to rise and overflow her judgment, to the disparagement of that impracticable theory which inculcates the destruction of all human ties, in the attempt to become purely and totally devoted to the contemplation of the Author of those very ties. Yet the Abbess was no hypocrite; she honestly believed the doctrine that she taught, and was considering, at this moment, what penitential expiation should be self-inflicted, to expurge the crime of feeling so much for mere human ills.

Meanwhile, the reading was concluded, and the fair girl sat buried in self-examination. The joys and woes of life alternately arose before her. Could she really leave such a beautiful world for the gloom of the cloister?—But the beauties of nature were but a reflection from external things upon her own bright soul;—sorrow had breathed upon the mirror, and the world was beautiful no longer. There was stern conflict in her mind; but when the storm of conflicting emotions was at its height, there came once more upon the ear of memory those wild notes of the cornet;—and the storm was stayed. "Mother, I hear a voice from heaven! Let me sit down among you, and listen to the music till I die!"

"Daughter," returned the Abbess, "as the earth returns

the thunder of the clouds, so may the clouds which cover the face of heaven reverberate the voices of the earth. Beware! Are all thy worldly duties well fulfilled? Thy human mother, child, hath *she* no unpaid claim?"

"Alas! my presence is but an evil to her—my gloom makes all around me gloomy. She will sigh, but she will be happier for my absence."

"Sister Agatha, you may retire," said the Superior; then rising and approaching Mary in the tenderest manner, she made the sign of the cross upon her forehead as she proceeded with her queries.

"Excuse me, dear Mademoiselle De Lane; I am not your father confessor, but is there not, as I have heard, another and, in society, a still dearer tie" (here she crossed herself with a profound and long-drawn expiration) "that binds you to the world? The wanderer may return!"

Mary looked up in terror at this appeal; then recollecting that her own fatal knowledge had not yet reached the Abbess, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and held out with her left hand the little slip of paper that told such dreadful tidings.

No word broke the silence for many minutes, and when the afflicted raised her head again, she saw the eyes of the Abbess fixed upon her with a benevolent, nay even a tearful interest.

"And will it be wrong for me in the cloister to pray night and morning, and from morning till the night comes again, for the soul of my own Charles? Must I forget my love for one who is now in heaven? Mother, I could not do it!"

"Nay, my child, there may be some who would chide even this; but I cannot—no; I *have not* done it;" and her eyes were turned devoutly upwards as she added: "Our faith inculcates reverence for the saints—shall it deny affection for the angels! The sons of God no longer mingle with the daughters of men, but the day will come when they shall mingle without crime, above!"

"But," she continued, after this momentary emotion had passed, "this notice that has torn thy bosom, my poor child, is not conclusive; the crew may have escaped the wreck, and yet survive in savage slavery. They yet may reappear" (Mary started from her chair, and then fell back again as the blood rushed to the brain, and once more retreated to the heart); "and it would be fatal to thy peace, to find thyself a recluse from the world, yet knowing that he, thy earthly love, still trod the earth! Thy mind is not yet ripe for heaven, my daughter! Go back into the world for six months longer:—then, if no further news arrive, I will resist thy wish no more, but consent to thy entry as a novice within our walls. Go and wait patiently a little longer."

We will not detain the reader with the further details of this interview, nor with the full domestic history of the De Lanes during the period of additional probation prescribed by the good sense of the Abbess. Suffice it to say, that this Lady Superior had influence at court, and through the French minister at Washington, had caused a semi-official inquiry into the fate of the brig *Orestes*.

At the commencement of this story we have introduced

the chief characters, on the evening of the day on which the six months were completed. That very morning, the Abbess had communicated, as the final result of her investigations, the sorrowful intelligence that the total loss of the *Orestes* was universally accredited in the United States, and the inevitable fate of her crew confirmed.

If the unhappy widow De Lane had previously failed to persuade her daughter to forego her purpose, there was now no shadow of hope, and she retired to her pillow with fearful but vain self-upbraidings; for she felt, when it was too late, that in the attempt to secure the happiness of her daughter upon false social principles, she had brought ruin on her own cherished hopes and offered up the object of her care a monumental sacrifice to pride.

Bitter and humiliating were the feelings of the mother, as she prepared next morning to attend her daughter to the convent. Overcome by her emotions, when the coach stood waiting at the door of the villa, she drew Mary to her side upon the sofa, and in penitent tones, implored forgiveness of those errors which were destined to send her own gray hairs, justly, in sorrow to the grave, by thus condemning to a living tomb the child of her affections.

"Nay, mother; do not censure yourself thus," said Mary; "let us go down to the grove together, for the last time. I never sat upon the little grassy bank where I last saw Charles, but a strange feeling of peace and safety came over me, and those wild tones of the cornet seemed to come down from heaven to temper sorrow, till it became almost a happiness to grieve. *I have nothing to forgive,*

mother; but come and ask *him* to forgive you *there*. He will—I know he will—and then you will be comforted.”

The heart-stricken pair walked arm-in-arm together to the foot of the old trysting tree and sat there, long and silently, with interlocking arms. The horses stamped impatiently at the door of the hall, but the hours slid on unheeded. At length, far off towards the extremity of the grove, where it bordered the road to the neighbouring village, were heard the notes of a cornet. Though scarce audible in the distance, the strange wild notes of that terrible night of parting were readily distinguished.

“Did I not say so, mother?” said the excited girl; and the widow trembled. To their then agitated minds, the sounds seemed supernatural.

Gradually the notes came upon the ear more and more nearly and strongly; a material, instrumental harshness seemed to modify the melody—footsteps were heard—the musical language was no longer the soft, aerial breathing of heart-broken tenderness that was still present to her memory. There was daylight in its strength—stern will—and the unmistakeable sharp, jarring ring of manly, warlike brass!

The footfall became louder, and the notes swelled more boldly, as the ladies first looked wonderingly at each other—then mutually turned their eyes in the direction of the coming sounds—then clung to each other as if influenced by incipient terror and the need of joint protection.

Strange was the figure that presently emerged from the shadow of a by-path, and approached in open view. It

was that of a broad-shouldered, powerful young man, clad in the wide pantaloons and short blue roundabout of the sailor; somewhat bent, as if recently habituated to other labour than that of climbing shrouds; with a profusion of whiskers encircling cheek and chin; a countenance dark with exposure, through which a pair of eyes of the very deepest blue shone like two spots of the tropic sky beneath the brow of the coming monsoon; and a heavy knapsack on his back. His check shirt-bosom floated wide upon the summer wind, and displayed a portion of a chest ornamented by tattooing. He trod forward with a martial, rather than a seamanlike step, and from time to time applied the mouth-piece of a cornet to his lips, from which he drew out the notes of a wild Switzer's air, not with the pathos of a mountain echo, but with the hard, bold execution of a man that has a duty to perform and means to do it promptly. The distance he had to traverse in view of the ladies was short. They were partly shielded from view by the shrubbery around the trysting tree, and he perceived them not until he was close upon them.

Directly in front of their position, with but a momentary start of surprise, he turned and faced the group.

The first impulse of Madame De Lane was to scream for the assistance of her servants; but as she felt the form of her terror-stricken daughter sinking on her arm, her thoughts took a different course. As she bent over the fainting girl, she said, in a voice more marked by grief than anger :

"Away, thou bold intruder! Add not new burdens to misfortune!"

"Madam," said the young man, fiercely, "is that young woman married?"

"And what is that to thee, thou rude impertinence! Disturb not the destined bride of Heaven! In an hour she will be under the protection of her God, in the Convent of ——."

To dash the knapsack from his shoulders was the work of one moment—to rip open the leather with his clasp-knife, the action of the next. Over the gravel walk—over the long grass, right and left, were scattered lumps of barbaric gold and coins of many realms.

"Take it!" cried the stranger. "You would have sold your daughter for the dross of the mine. Take it! You would have driven your child into the gloom of the cloister, rather than sacrifice ideal rank without its counterpoise. Take it! I said that if I should ever return again, it would be to offer her a better protector. She is of age, and has the right to choose. Here is gold enough to lease the villa for years. In Toulon, I have enough to buy a dozen villas, and add to them a dozen titles; but I have a higher title here—the title of a self-made, honest man. *The bride of Heaven*, indeed! Heaven itself decreed her mine, long years ago; but you kept us asunder. Stand aside then! That fainting and unconscious girl is my affianced wife—affianced by her first look of love, here by this very tree!"

As he flung himself upon the grass by the insensible girl, and propping her head upon his bosom, smoothed

back her jetty curls, and fanned her brow with her own straw calash, the humbled widow knelt beside the pair, and cried in tremulous tones,

“Charles, I have sinned against Heaven, in my pride, and in thy sight.”

The young man was touched. “Nay, then,” said he, “if thou wilt be but a true mother to this girl, I will be as true a son to thee. I will, for her own dear sake! But we must away from France. I will not dwell where mock equality still prates of the distinctions of society, and denies the right of a nobility conferred by God.”

The burden of our tale is finished. Let us simply add that Charles, surviving the wreck of the *Orestes*, had been picked up from a floating spar by a war canoe of neighbouring islanders, and had been spared from the horrors of cannibalism through the favour of a chief, with whom he had remained more than a year in bondage. From this apparently hopeless condition, he escaped in consequence of the accidental visit of a passing whaler, with which the natives undertook some trade, and employed him as interpreter. Depending upon his sun-burnt face and tattooed skin to conceal his European origin (for they had, as usual, covered him with savage ornaments), and denying him the chance of boarding the vessel, they suffered him to converse freely with the crew at the distance of a few yards from the side of the ship. By this means, he was enabled to make known, by stealth, his real situation, and by fomenting hostile feelings on both sides, he contrived to bring about a collision

between the parties, in the midst of which he sprang from the canoe, and swimming through a shower of arrows, he was drawn on board, with two of them sticking in his person.

Fortune, so long wooed in vain, was won at last. The whaler touched at Yerba Buena for a supply of fresh provisions, and happening to arrive just at the moment when the fame of Sutter's golden sands burst on the astonished ears of the Californians, she was left rotting quietly in the Bay of San Francisco, while captain, crew, and passengers flew to *El Dorado*. The rest requires no words. With spade and basin, German perseverance and the example of Yankee shrewdness, he managed, through good luck and successful speculation, to accumulate nearly a million francs in gold-dust and town lots within a single year.

"Are you sure that love is *quite* worth the 'repose that it costs?' Is it not better to be the bride of heaven?" said Charles to Mary, when they had been three months married, and the steamer which bore them towards the land of the free had finished half her course.

The gentle glance of perfect happiness which met his gaze as her head leaned upon his bosom, said plainly, "Mine is here!"

The Ring.

A STORY OF THE STUARTS.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKET, ESQ.

THE evening of Wednesday, the 23d of March, 1603, was drawing to a close; a drizzling rain, which had been preceded by a cold and cheerless day, had set in, and the wind, gradually becoming higher and more boisterous, moaned wildly and mournfully through the branches of the many lofty trees which then stood upon the piece of ground now known as Richmond Green. The rain, as it momentarily increased, combined with the dark and dismal appearance of the coming night, tended to disperse several of the numerous groups of men, women, and children of all classes, who, with anxious faces and tearful eyes, were gathered around the ancient palace of Richmond.

Within its walls, after a reign of unexampled prosperity and power,—her moments numbered and her parting spirit in its latest struggle—lay the last of the Tudors, the illustrious Elizabeth. Of the few who surrounded the dying Queen, there was none who did not feel that the

awful decree had gone forth, which mortal skill or lavish wealth could not reverse, and that a few hours or moments over, and the "warrior woman" would be at rest for ever.

Night had closed in, the rain was falling in torrents, and the precincts of the palace had been for some time deserted, when a man, booted and spurred and enveloped in the thick folds of a cloak, who had been for some time hovering in the neighbourhood of the guard, managed to elude the vigilance of the sentinels, and stealing by them unobserved, to take up his station, and crouch, concealed by the darkness, beneath the dimly-lighted window of the chamber in which the expiring Queen was lying.

And within that chamber was a strange and solemn scene! Stretched upon pillows, and on the ground, lay the now passive, but so lately imperious daughter of the tyrant Henry. At her feet knelt a young and beautiful girl, one of her maids of honour, sobbing bitterly. At a short distance, occupied in deep conversation, and seated at a table, their faces turned from the Queen, were the Marchioness of Warwick, and the Lady Sedgely. The latter, whose age was nearly ninety, occasionally cast such a glance upon the speechless sufferer, as betrayed the careless familiarity which the experience of long years had wrought in her mind towards scenes of so terrible a nature. These, with one exception, which requires more particular description, were the sole occupants of the chamber.

Close to the Queen, bending attentively over her, and unceasingly regarding her every movement, was the Lady

Scroope. Several hours had elapsed since she had taken up this position. Indeed from the first moment that Elizabeth had been pronounced actually dying, she had rarely quitted her side. It was to her that in the course of the preceding afternoon the Queen, who had been for some days speechless, had by signs indicated her desire that the council should be summoned. Raised in her arms, Elizabeth had in a similar manner communicated to them her wish that James of Scotland should succeed her to the throne. It was the Lady Scroope who, at a later hour, dismissed the archbishop and chaplains, with a hurried assurance that her mistress's life was ebbing fast; and it was she who now, while the night wore on, and the storm howled without, retained her position by, and steadfastly regarded, her dying sovereign, absorbed in silence, with the exception of impatiently answering the inquiries which, at distant intervals, Lady Warwick and the others addressed to her.

"What hour is it?" she at length demanded of her companion.

"It is almost midnight," hastily answered the Marchioness of Warwick. She was listening in deep attention to the gossip of the old Lady Sedgely, and turning to her, she begged her to continue. "It was a fair show, your ladyship was saying."

"Even so—even so," half whispered the garrulous old woman, who, though she had, from her extreme age, a weak and impaired mind, yet there came across it, at times, glimpses of memory as clear and as powerful as a sunbeam breaking in on the long darkness of a dungeon

wall. "I had seen marvellously richer masques and revels than that; but now *she* brings it to my mind"—and she pointed with her bony finger to Elizabeth; "what a memory is mine! It seemeth but now that I stood beside her grace of Norfolk; it was she who carried the royal babe, and methinks 'tis but a moment past that his majesty's loud and cheerful laugh rang in my ear. He took me by the hand, and said to Cranmer—was it Cranmer the king spoke to? was he Archbishop of Canterbury then? No—yet—what was I speaking of?"

"Of the splendour of the revels which attended the birth of her majesty," answered the Marchioness.

"Marry! splendour indeed!" and Lady Sedgely laughed pettishly and feebly as she spoke. "I tell you, my Lady Marchioness, not all the stately pageants, shows, and revels that my Lord of Leicester and other braggarts made for the pleasure of the Queen, ever equalled, or approached the gorgeousness of such as I have seen! You know not what a revel is. Years—years ago, when quite a girl, what pageants, what devices of rare cunning, have not these eyes beheld! There was the day, and they tell of it still, and will for ever, when our noble Harry met the royal Francis in the valley of Aude."

Lady Warwick sighed; for the Lady Sedgely had wandered to a favourite and constant theme. She had been a witness to the meeting of the two kings on the far-famed Field of the Cloth of Gold.

"I was there—yes, I was there. Princes—ay, my lady, and those *mightier* than princes," the old woman added, proudly, as she caught the expression of Lady

Warwick's face, "have been glad to hear the story of that day from my poor lips. There are few to tell it now. I remember"—and her eyes glistened, and her shrunken and dry lip quivered with pride—"I remember, one day, at the Globe playhouse, when her majesty, having been diverted by the players, bade them summon William Shakspeare to her. I was describing to her highness how her noble father, on the eve of that glorious day, told me—she loved to hear me tell of him—and when I had finished my story of the Cloth of Gold and all its marvels, William Shakspeare, who had been waiting at an humble distance, did implore me privily to describe the scene to him again, and when I—what noise was that?"

They rose. Lady Scroope had left the Queen's side, and was standing near the window; she instantly returned to her post.

"How fares her majesty?" demanded Lady Warwick.

"She is sinking fast," was the answer.

Another hour had gone by, when Lady Sedgely, who was mumbling forth all the bygone glories of one of Wolsey's masques at Hampton, and the splendour of the velvets, satins, and cloths of gold tissue that had formed the sumptuous apparel of the actors therein, paused in the midst of a description of the vests of silver worn by the lacqueys of the French ambassador, who was present on the occasion, and exclaimed,—“Her majesty—she speaks—she hears us!”

The Queen made a slight movement, and the Lady Scroope endeavoured to raise her. Opening her eyes, and

breathing a long and deep sigh, she fell back on the pillows. Her hand, which had remained firmly fixed to her lips for the few preceding hours, drooped, and a ring rolled upon the floor at her side.

She was dead !

That was the ring which, but a short time before, in a frenzy of grief and rage, she had torn from the feeble hands of the dying Countess of Nottingham ;—that was the ring which the unhappy Essex, confident to the last of averting the blow of the headsman's axe, while it almost gleamed before his eyes, had entrusted to the care of a false and faithless woman, to remind his royal mistress of her pledge of pardon, sure and free, upon the sight thereof ;—that was the ring for which, hour from hour, the haughty and impatient sovereign had waited, ere she would exert her high prerogative, and despite the verdict of his peers, spare, pardon, and perchance recall, and load once more with especial grace and favour, her insolent kinsman and subject, Essex ;—that was the ring which, when it came, brought with it despair and mortal anguish to her heart, and hurried to her grave the last proud daughter of the Tudor line.

“ All is over ; she is dead ! ”

The young and dark girl already described, fainted as Lady Warwick pronounced these words. Lady Sedgely hurried, as fast as her age would admit of, to the pillows on which lay the lifeless Queen, and after casting such a glance on the body as assured her that she was not deceived, and that the hand of death had passed, she turned calmly and unmoved from it, as at her feet it lay, fitting

emblem of the vanity of all human greatness, and accompanied by the Marchioness of Warwick, hastened through the antechamber to the gallery beyond, where more than one courtier was awaiting their approach. Meanwhile, the Lady Scroope, stealthily watching them from the room, and ascertaining that her sole companion, the fainting girl, was still senseless, seized the ring which had fallen from the hand of the Queen, and, after making sure that the royal cipher was wrought upon it, hurried to the window at the side of the chamber, and, unperceived, gently opened the lattice.

"Carey!" she called, in a low voice, to the man mentioned as having taken his station under the window in the commencement of the evening, and who was still standing there, muffled and statue-like—"Robert!"

"I am here!" he answered, eagerly.

"The ring!" she cried, extending her hand. He raised his plumed cap, into which she threw it.

"Off! off! make all speed; my service to the King!"

"My lords, the Queen is dead!" cried Lady Warwick, as she entered the gallery. In a moment, the attendants and such of the household as were lingering near the chamber of Elizabeth, hurried to it, accompanied by the women who had sought them. On entering, they found Lady Scroope weeping and lamenting over the body of her royal mistress.

The storm of wind and rain was raging with unabated fury, when Sir Robert Carey emerged from the station he had occupied for so many hours under the window of the

Queen's chamber. Though his cloak and habit were completely drenched with rain—and from the coldness and wet of the night, he had been for some time shivering, and almost unable to keep his footing, crouching as he was, under a narrow buttress, down which the rain poured in torrents—yet such was his joy at finding the great object of his thoughts for the few preceding weeks accomplished, and that the ring which was to announce the death of Elizabeth to King James, was obtained, and in his possession, that all other evils, however great, were for the present forgotten, or as nothing. All that he had now to do was, without a moment's interruption, to hasten to Scotland, and, throwing himself at his feet, announce to the Lord of Holyrood, that another kingdom had been added to his sway.

The Lady Scroope had proved a trustworthy confidant, and had acted her part well. So many rumours had gone forth as to Elizabeth's death, so many fears had been aroused in James's suspicious and narrow mind, that her council would for their own ends delay in making him acquainted with her demise, when it should really take place, that after devising method upon method to obtain the wished for tidings without such delay, he at length settled upon a project which appeared the most feasible, and likely to answer this end. Fixing upon his faithful friend and ally, Lady Scroope (each day as the demise of the Queen had grown more certain, the number of such friends increased in a wonderful degree at the English court), it was agreed and arranged upon between her and his majesty of Scotland, that the moment the breath was

out of Elizabeth's body, she should despatch to him by a trusty messenger, a signet ring to be taken from the hand of the Queen, thereby making "assurance doubly sure," and at once relieving his mind of all doubt as to the fulfilment of his long looked for hopes; and also enabling him, without delay, to summon his council around him, and to proceed towards the necessary steps for ascending the throne of England. And Lady Scroope, ever with the interests of her family nearest to her heart, chose her brother, Sir Robert Carey, to execute the task which was to win for him and her the future favour of the king.

Pushing his horse at full speed through the narrow lanes between Richmond and Kew, Carey in a short time arrived at a ferry a little below the latter place. Crossing it, he paused at a wayside house for a few moments, and after draining an ample goblet of wine, which the rain and cold had rendered necessary, spurred his charger boldly on. Pursuing his way across the country, he avoided London, and fell into the Grantham Road some miles above the metropolis. It was yet night, and the storm and tempest were raging wilder than ever; the wind howled around, and the rain beat heavily in his face, and the darkness, as the road narrowed, grew more intense at every step. Once or twice a glimpse of moonlight streamed through the thick clouds as they hurried across the sky, which only served to make the gloom around appear deeper. The many hours of weary and painful anxiety during which he had waited under the palace windows; the dread he had incurred of being discovered or recognised by any of the persons about the

court; the strange and awful nature of the business which had kept him there—waiting, as it were, an attendant upon Death!—and the still pressing fears of being interrupted or stopped, or even worse, passed on his road by some more successful messenger,—for James, as he well knew, had more spies than one at the English court,—combined to throw him into a state of nervous and uncontrollable excitement. He closed his eyes as the trees which bordered the road waved their branches wildly before him, as though to obstruct his path. Anon the voice of the dying Queen seemed to sound in his ears; and the memories of the many scenes which he had witnessed during her reign came vividly upon him. He hastened on.

The night had grown calmer, the clouds had disappeared from the sky, the moon and stars were shining brilliantly in the clear heavens, when he entered upon a wide and open common. A thousand sad and mournful fancies again took possession of his soul, deeply imbued with the superstitious feeling of the period. He scarcely ventured to look around. Distant voices seemed to call his name. He raised his head; several persons on horseback appeared to be approaching him. Bugles sounded near, and a princely band of nobles, whose plumed and jewelled caps and smiling faces were well known to him, swept by; even as they passed, one he thought turned angrily towards him, and riveting her gaze upon him, he beheld Elizabeth!

His horse stumbled! He shuddered as he nearly fell from the saddle. The vision had vanished, and he felt

happy in his heart as the first faint streak of dawn arose across the sky.

“Yon hill is Arthur’s Seat, and those lights gleam from the windows of Holyrood Palace,” thought Carey as, on the Sunday evening subsequent to the death of Elizabeth, urging his steed forward, he approached within a few miles of Edinburgh.

He had sped well. The horses on the road had proved fleet and sure, and his purse being well filled for the occasion, the relays were ample. Neither accident nor event of any kind had occurred to detain him on his route; and, though exhausted and feverish with the tremendous fatigue he had encountered on his unparalleled journey, still the sight of the palace renewed his flagging spirits and lent him new hope. On a sudden, while revolving in his mind the best manner of approaching the King so as to attract as little attention as possible from those around him, he felt he was becoming giddy and faint, and, in endeavouring to rein in his steed, fell to the ground. Finding himself close to the door of a roadside inn, he entered, and, determining to obtain a few minutes’ rest, which in his present state was absolutely necessary, demanded such refreshments as the slight pretensions of the place afforded. Whilst the attendant, a young and beautiful woman, whose eyes were filled with tears, and whose choking sobs showed her to be almost convulsed with grief, was preparing a hurried meal, Carey endeavoured to obtain a few moments’ repose. In an instant he was fast asleep, and dreaming that he had already

entered the royal chamber, and was announcing to James the happy tidings with which he was charged. Scarcely had he done so, ere the King, advancing to him, drew the ring with his own hand from Carey's finger, and, followed by the royal attendants, quitted the chamber, leaving him alone! Starting from his slumbers, he found the moon had risen, and that the night was closing in. Hurrying out, he called loudly for the girl who had attended him; but she was nowhere to be found, and turning impatiently from the landlady, who was endeavouring to explain that the "puir bairn" had gone to the Tolbooth, to see for the last time a brother, who was doomed to be hanged on the morrow for robbery, he rushed into the stable, and, saddling his steed, galloped forward, nor paused till he sprung from the saddle at the gates of Holyrood Palace.

"Sir Robert Carey?" demanded the officer of the guard in waiting at the postern where Carey had entered.

"Ay!" answered Carey, starting at hearing his name so familiarly pronounced.

"Conduct Sir Robert Carey to the chamber of the King—it is by order of his majesty;" and the officer, while he spoke, retired through a narrow archway, from which he had emerged on Carey's arrival.

"Am I dreaming yet?" thought Carey, as with a palpitating heart he followed the attendants who were ushering him to the presence of the King, "or, good God! is all known, and am I too late?"

"Now, mon! your tidings!—quick, your tidings, mon!"

cried James, rising impatiently from the couch on which he had been lying, awaiting Carey's arrival. "By my faith! but we thought you would never come."

"James, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland!" exclaimed Carey, as he threw himself at the monarch's feet.

"We ken it mon!—we ken it mon!" exclaimed the King impatiently, and waving his hand. "Of her! tell us of her!"

"Elizabeth of England is numbered with the dead," answered Carey, as he sullenly rose, and withdrew to a short distance from James.

"What, is she dead? Is she *dead*? Can I believe it now?"

Unable to control his feelings, the King started from his seat, and paced the chamber hurriedly to and fro. For a few moments it was not in his power to conceal the emotions of joy by which he was influenced; to dissemble was completely out of the question; he therefore made no effort. Indeed, in his ecstasy of delight he appeared to have completely forgotten the presence of Carey in his chamber. Suddenly recalling himself, he endeavoured, with ill success, to wear a slight show of grief; which he might as well have dispensed with, as none knew better than Carey how ill-assumed it was. After a time, reseating himself, his mood grew calmer; and after shedding, or pretending to shed, a few tears, he commenced overwhelming his weary messenger with innumerable questions:—how he had left London?—how the news of the Queen's death had been received?—how the lords of the

council had taken her pleasure that he should succeed her?—to all of which Carey replied in the same manner that he knew not, having quitted Richmond at the moment of the Queen's demise, and at night. James heeded him not, but repeated his questions again and again. When satisfied that Carey had really nothing more to tell him, a thought appeared to strike him, and a smile quivered on his lip. Angrily approaching the spot where Carey was standing, and knitting his brows, he cried, "Your letters, sir—your letters from the council, sir? We have been deceived before."

"Your majesty, I bear no letters!"

"How?"

"Scarcely had the Queen expired ere I was in my saddle. I have ridden with these tidings, in great peril and danger of my life, in little more than the short space of sixty hours, to prove my zeal to be the first to serve the King of England."

"An' thou livest," muttered James in a bitter tone, "an' thou livest, thou wilt gallop with a speed as hot to tell my son when I am dead—the which event may God in his mercy long avert. I doubt thy word!"

The blood rose in Carey's face; but kneeling again, he solemnly exclaimed, "My lord, the Queen is dead;" and while speaking sought on his hand for the ring which Lady Scroope had thrown to him from the window at Richmond. It was not there!

The King laughed outright, and withdrawing the glove from his hand, discovered to the eyes of the astonished Carey the identical ring, which had already cost

him such anxiety, on the finger of the monarch. There it shone, the royal cipher gleaming and sparkling on it; the ring he had deemed destined to secure a high and brilliant career of fortune for him, delivered into James's hand, and, after all his toil and labour, not by him.

"Look ye, Sir Robert Carey," continued the King, when his laughter at Carey's chagrin had been somewhat subdued, "look ye, sir, how a poor Scottish girl has outwitted all the cunning of your English blood. So you must needs slumber and sleep, and dream and rave in an inn at Musselburgh, when I, your lawful King, am almost dead with anxiety and fears, awaiting your arrival! God's faith, mon! but the bairn used you rightly. She heard you as you poured forth the secrets meant for our royal ear in the room of a gossiping inn, and she made right good use of her knowledge. Why didn't you wake mon, as she took the ring off your finger? She ran to the palace, and she rushed to my presence, and she made her bargain, like a canny bairn, before she showed me the ring. I have granted her her brother's life, who was to have been hung before the Tolbooth in the morning. It is an ample payment—that ring has cost me vara dear."

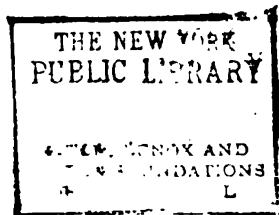
And James ran on musing and muttering in his mind on how dearly he had purchased the ring, and thereby depriving the astonished Carey of all hope of reward for his services.

"I will see the council now," James continued, as to himself, but equally intended as a hint to Carey to withdraw.

"My lord, I would crave a boon."

The King looked vexed, and bit his lip ; and, before he would allow Carey to proceed, taking from his neck a slight chain of gold, which he usually wore, he threw it to the dismayed courtier. " We will talk of boons and future favours to-morrow," he added, as he motioned to Carey to quit the chamber.

How high the ambitious dreams of Carey had led him to aspire, we know not ; but when he found himself in the room assigned to him for the night, snapping the monarch's gift in two, he furiously trampled it beneath his foot, and bitterly thought over the broken faith of kings.





The Reading Magdalen.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE know not why this little gem of art should have received the name it bears. There is nothing in the attitude, the countenance, or the accidents of the figure to mark it with a peculiar or personal character; but as the picture of an exquisitely lovely woman, reading in solitude, with the book of nature outspread around her, and a volume, probably the record of its divine author, before her, it ever has been, and must ever remain an object of admiration with all who love the fine arts and appreciate the most masterly productions of the pencil.

Ranking as this picture does among the happiest efforts of its illustrious author, it has ever been guarded as an invaluable treasure by a succession of princely proprietors. Originally cased in silver, and encircled by jewels which were honoured by the association, painted upon copper, not perishable canvass, and of a size to admit of easy transportation (eighteen by fourteen inches), the Princes of the House of Este suspended it in their bed-chamber, and, in travelling, constantly conveyed it in their carriage,

lest it should meet with injury. More recently, but while Poland still retained a name among the nations, it constituted one of the richest items in the royal cabinet, and it now adds fame and lustre to the celebrated gallery at Dresden, where it is protected by glass, and the case locked with care.

The Reading Magdalen has been repeatedly engraved from the original by artists of the very highest celebrity, in the most costly style; but it appeals to the heart of the genuine lover of art, and must always continue to do so, like one of those rich touches of music which "never wear out," but come upon us in old age with even tenderer and more touching effect than when we first thrilled to the notes in the happy days of our enthusiastic youth. We feel confident of receiving the applause of our readers for the selection of a subject so widely and so justly celebrated.

Till very recently, the American people have been too constantly engaged in a stern struggle with the wilderness and in the organization of a most noble and original system of society, to find leisure for cultivating the higher departments of the arts; our artists of the most distinguished merit, and we have produced many such, have been compelled to seek both the means and the reward of excellence in other lands: but now that we have assumed the position of one of the great powers of the earth, it is the duty, and fortunately it appears to be increasingly the wish, of those who are favoured with sufficient fortune, to encourage the humanizing and refining labours of the pencil, the chisel, and the burin. To

contribute, even in the humblest manner, to this noble purpose, should be the pride of all who truly love their country and their kind, and in no other way can this end be more effectually accomplished, than by the diffusion of such models as the Magdalen of Correggio, and other master-pieces, of which the originals are held by the common opinion of the world of taste as perfect, almost beyond the touch of criticism.

Memory.

BY MRS. E. W. BARNES.

Who hath not felt the power of that sweet spell
Which bears us back to early dreams again ;
Which touches one bright link, and lo ! unfolds,
In lengthening light, the whole of memory's chain ?
Once more we stand beside the narrow stream,
Reflecting back our childhood's little world ;
We cull the flowers that on its margin grew,
We play with ripples by the light wind curled ;
Once more, upon the bosom that we loved,
Repose the brows by childhood's griefs oppressed ;
We grasp the hands that led our tiny feet,
We kiss the lips endeared that sung us to our rest.

It matters not what strikes the magic spark
That quivers on the bright electric chain :
A ring, a cross, a tress of silken hair,
A sea-shell brought us from the distant main,
The veriest trifle, which the hand of Time
Makes sacred to our hearts in after years,
Will wake remembrance of the loved and lost,
And oft unseal the fountain of our tears.

Oh! once, in careless mood, chance led me where
The treasured relics of my past were laid;
The auburn, and the dark, the golden hair,
All, "leaflets of" my "memory" were made;
And on their pages, writ in living light,
Dear names and faces loved greeted my longing sight.
As, one by one, I touched the relics dear,
And visions rose with each, of vanished years,
One treasure met my gaze—and with it, came
A gush of heartfelt, ay, of burning tears.
Long years had passed since I that gift had seen;
E'en its existence was almost forgot;
But ah! we fathom not the depths of love,
In our own hearts that slumber, heeded not.
As when a sunbeam strikes the ice-bound rill,
The sparkling waters spring to meet its smile,
Touched by this prophet's rod, my bursting heart,
Unchecked, gushed forth in agony, the while.
I sat and gazed, as stricken by a spell—
A silver coin! whence came its magic power,
Thus to o'ermaster all my hidden strength,
Thus to assert its might, in this my lonely hour?
'Twas memory picturing a summer eve,
When moonlight threw its soft enchantment round;
And faces greeted then those moonbeams pale,
Which, in this world, may never more be found.

And once again, my brother, loved and lost!
Thine arm around me thrown, I sat with thee;

Thou wert the centre of our little band,
The idol each heart worshipped silently.
Joyous and happy, as a bird returned
Unto its sheltering nest, its wanderings o'er,
Thou, in thy home, wert ever free from care,
Life's hardfought battle was recalled no more.
I see thee now, as on that summer eve;
Thy merry laugh, once more, is on mine ear,
And the glad music of a brother's voice,
Thrills through my heart, to memory ever dear;
"Now, tell me truly, what my hand contains,
And it is yours!"—"Tis a half-crown," I said,
And the next moment in my outstretched palm,
The silver half-crown laughingly was laid.
Then round the circle, mirth, and sparkling wit,
At my acuteness, like swift arrows flew.
Alas! that hours so happy and so blest,
Must pass away, fleet as the morning dew!
Yet this, my precious gift, more dear to me
Than sparkling diamonds gathered from the mine,
Will call them back, and whisper 'mid my tears,
"Thank Heaven, though they be passed, that such hours
once were thine!"

Remembrance! dear thy potent spell to me,
E'en though I say it through my falling tears;
I would not give the memory of the past,
For all the hoarded wealth of toil-spent years.
I would not give the memory of that love,
That blessed me through my childhood and my youth;

That counsel gave in my maturer years,
That was so fraught with confidence and truth ;
That never uttered one ungentle word,
Nor cast one shadow on my onward way,—
For all the dazzling pearls in ocean's breast,
Or regal gems on aching brows that lay.
Then, be the future whatsoe'er it may,
Be the hopes blighted which have made life dear,
Be storm and tempest on my desert path,
No arm to shelter, and no voice to cheer ;
Homeless, forsaken, friendless, and forgot,
The memory of my brother's love shall be,
A star-beam smiling sweetly o'er the past,
And guiding onward to eternity.
And see ! it waits me in another world ;
With outstretched arms, it beckons me away ;
I come—I come—each footfall nearer home
Bears me, my brother !—chide not thou my stay ;
A few brief years—a few brief days, perhaps—
And then, a garland for thy sister's brow
Thou'lt twine, of flowers immortal as thy love,
And I shall be, as thou art even now,
With the sweet angels, at Heaven's footstool bending low.

The Old Lady and the Young Lawyer.

BY ABBOT LEE.

A SOLITARY light was gleaming in a solitary chamber. Alas! how much sorrow and sadness, and sickness and labour, and toil and trouble, and weeping and wailing, concentrate round the miserable flickerings of the petty tapers which glimmer from the windows of many a closely pent-up chamber, in the avenues of our great metropolis.

But, one is enough at a time; so let us look at what it shows us.

It was in one of those close and murky courts which abound in our city, in a house tottering with age, in which the wind sang through the chimneys, with a sort of castanet accompaniment of window rattling, that our one and particular midnight taper was burning. It was one of those lonely spots which seem the more solitary from being in the immediate vicinity of some of those vast thoroughfares through which ebb and flow the daily tides of our mighty population—the mind naturally contrasting the seclusion with the turmoil. Goldsmith and Johnson, however, have lived in such courts, and a great many

others both before and after them ; and so too, did our hero.

Well, this hero of ours was sitting by this before-mentioned taper's light. He was sitting there at the time our history commences, and he had been sitting there we could not tell how many hours and days, and weeks and months, and years, without doing a sum in arithmetic ; and we should but show a fearful subtraction from the value of the total of life, if we were to deduct the time so spent. Without the aid, however, of units, tens, hundreds, and thousands on our paper, we might read in the wasted cheek, the hollow eye, the stooping shoulder, the hectic flush, the emaciated person of the student who inhabited that dreary chamber, and watched the lonely hours of the night by that faintly glimmering light, an aggregate of time that seemed well-nigh to have swallowed up the better part of his existence. Hard study, deep thought, and stern anxiety, had written legibly enough, in unmistakeable lines upon the page of our hero's countenance, that life with him had not been passed upon a bed of roses.

The chamber in which our hero sat was on the third story. A certain air of old-fashioned dustiness pervaded it, and it was well littered over with literature. The large table which stood before him was covered with parchments, packages, and papers ; two or three shelves behind him were crowded with grave, dry, legal-looking volumes ; and, truth to tell, we think that he himself looked as much like a human book as eye could look into or upon.

And the binding? but, no—to begin with the title page! For ourselves, we confess to a predilection for the pale, sallow, scholar-like complexion of the lonely student—and saffron-like our hero certainly was; but there was intellect on his brow, soul in his eye, expression on his lip, and mind over all. The spirit was dominant over the corporeal part; and what matter, then, if the loose coat in which his wasted limbs were enwrapped looked worn and rusty, and his garments fretted by time! It was but just and fit that the soul should be above the body, and it is more than probable that Oliver Paulett would have been a reckless dresser, had he been rich instead of poor.

So, then, he was poor? Ay, he was poor; witness his meagre chamber, his scant apparel, his intent and intense industry.

What was he doing? Why, dear reader, he was paving the highroads of literature: he was correcting for the press. He was poring over a sheet of the shabbiest paper in the world, which reeked the while with odorous oil, and was murky with lamp-black, making hieroglyphical signs in the margin, whereby it was to be understood by the initiated, that certain letters were to be transposed, certain points restored, certain interpolations banished, certain nonsense to be transmuted into sense; in fact, he was transfusing a certain amount of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, into certain columns, and pages, and paragraphs, and sheets, and volumes. In short, dear reader, he was modelling the obscure scrawl I am now writing into the easy text you are now reading; and, if

breaking stones on the highroad be a labour, all that we can say is, that it is mere child's play to that whereby Oliver Paulett won his daily bread.

Poor fellow!—how sadly that high brow was getting wrinkled, how dim was growing the tired eye, how jaded the worn spirit! But still he laboured on: midnight left him at his toils, and the half-dozenth hour of the morning found him there again.

But on the night in question Oliver Paulett spent an extra hour with a pen in his hand, writing a letter full of the kindest hypocrisy to his mother; introducing here and there a pun, or a sly touch of satire, and a dash of mirth, redolent of hope and good spirits; charging her to be happy, for his sake, and doing all that he could to make her so, by telling her of his own hopes, his own contentment, his own conviction of ultimate success in life; declining, however, still her often-urged wish, that she might follow him to town, and share his lot; but hoping soon for the day when they might be again united, and trusting and believing that it could not be far distant; charging her, the while, to be careful of her own comfort, and to use the remittance which he sent her cheerily, and not grudgingly.

We suppose that we must not eulogize hypocrisy in any shape, though we could find in our hearts to do so. The hypocrisy of true affection seems to us as loveable as the hypocrisy of duplicity is hateful.

The clock of St. Bride's told one as the poor student finished his letter, and cast his eye around his lonely chamber. "Nay, my mother," he soliloquized, "how

would thine eye shrink and shudder, couldst thou look upon me at this hour ! Nay, be happy in thine ignorance of my real position, and rest in the retirement of thy flowery cottage, whilst I grapple with the world in this gladiatorial strife. I may—I must conquer, and then my home shall be thy home.” And, with this last thought uppermost in his mind, the poor student betook him to his pillow.

Industry and perseverance !—what noble things these be ! What a brave thing it is to see a man, buoyed up with the spirit of a man, stemming the broad tide of adversity, and the world’s disfavour. And we hold that our hero *was* a hero, because he was doing this. Under the stern necessity of winning, not only his own daily bread, but that of another, he had determined upon emerging from his present enforced position. To do this, he laboured like a slave ; reducing his own simple wants to the very narrowest compass, the scantiest measure of the aliment of life, and spending the remaining hours of his prime in studying for the law. Through the drudgery of present toil, he looked for future independence, perhaps for fame. Already his name was enrolled ; and he grudged himself pause, cessation, rest, respite, nay even food and sleep, until he was called to the bar.

Well, it is odd how many little worlds may be packed up under the same roof, without getting mixed ; what a many actors may be performing, without getting jostled ; what a many threads of destiny may be weaving, without getting entangled, and what a vast deal of sympathy a slight wooden partition may shut out.

In another apartment of the same dwelling, sheltered by the same roof, and divided from the poor student's domicile but by a few intervening panels, was compacted another little household, within four walls of still closer compression, and looking out upon the back instead of the front, over a perfect forest of chimneys, the clouds from which were generally gathering up into a somewhat dusky veil over the brow of the bright summer sky.

There stood in this dull, monotonous chamber, a large antiquity of an easy chair, covered with faded damask that had once been rich and brilliant, but now looked only like a relic and remembrance of better days. There was something melancholy in its faded grandeur, and a great discrepancy between its high pretensions and the mean deal table, the fragment of shabby carpet, and the couple of comfortless rush-bottomed chairs which made up the garniture of the apartment; and yet there was a fitness between the seat and its occupant.

There sat, from morning till night, in this right regal chair of state, a stiff, erect, tall, stately, ancient lady, whose pride of mien appeared but to wax the greater in her supreme contempt for all her surrounding poverty. Her light blue eye seemed to glitter its contempt for everything around her, and her foot to spurn the very footstool on which it rested for support. Her own dress was composed of flowered satin, of a kind that had once been rich, rare, and costly, but which now did but hint a memory of its former glory, it was so faded and fretted, and had so fallen into the sear and yellow leaf. And yet

this ancient lady retained the stamp and impress of no ordinary beauty: the oval face still preserved its fine proportions, the fair complexion was not utterly dimmed, the eye retained its light, the lip its pride.

On one of the twain rush-bottomed chairs, opposite to this stately dame, sat her contrast and yet her counterpart: a fair young girl, with the same oval face, the same clear blue eye, the same well-cut lip, a complexion with even less of the fresh red rose, but more, far more of the unfaded lily;—but while thus alike in form, how different was the expression!

This young girl was very busily employed twisting and twirling sundry wire threads, and coloured fragments of gauzes, and we know not what, in various ins and outs between her fingers.

“There, grandmamma, I have finished my task at last!” exclaimed the young girl, poising on her finger a wreath, composed of the most delicate of orange-blossoms, which she had been fabricating out of the above-mentioned shreds and patches,—“I have finished, grandmamma; and I hope that the bride who is to wear this will be happy. To-morrow she will be a countess.”

“Thou thyself oughtest to be in her place, instead of thus meanly weaving her bridal coronal. Oh, that I should live to see the day when a daughter of the House of Rohillaire is thus reduced to the labours of the mechanic! Girl, look not so delighted that thy task is done, but rather bewail the degradation of its doing!”

“Dear grandmamma, I finish my labour in the hope of

a double blessing. May this bridal coronal bring happiness to its wearer, and peace to us with the day's food which its payment will secure us!"

"And thou hast the blood of a Rohillaire in thy veins, and yet art content to earn thy daily bread!"

"Is it not better so than dependence or destitution?"

"And you call not *this* destitution!" exclaimed the old lady, glancing her proud eye scornfully around. "A beggar's garret for the halls of Rohillaire, smoky chimneys for its verdant woods, and red tiles for its broad meadows! Girl, girl, thou lackest the spirit of thy ancestors!"

Joanna hung her head in silence, and a tear fell upon her wreath of orange-blossom.

"And I—I too, lack the spirit of my sires, else should I not scorn the bitter morsel! Had not my own soul become adulterated and debased from its high and legitimate estate, should I not now refuse the contamination of the mechanic's meal, and die, as I have lived—a Rohillaire! But the weakness of my heart binds me to thee, when I look upon thee; for thou hast the lineaments of thy race, though without their spirit; and for thy sake——"

"Dear grandmamma," exclaimed Joanna, as starting nimbly from her seat she dashed away her tears, and kissed the old lady's wrinkled brow; "dear grandmamma, now I am happy again!"

And, so saying, Joanna Rohillaire carefully packed up her bridal wreath of orange-blossom, and tying on her

own simple straw bonnet with a smile, a sigh, a kiss, tripped out of the room, planning how she might make the price of her labours procure some little luxury for the old lady of Rohillaire. And yet Joanna Rohillaire had sat up the greater portion of the night weaving this bridal wreath for the brow of another.

The poor student, however, who lived in the next room, had done more; he had been tempted to undertake some literary labour on pecuniary grounds, which required an almost impossible expedition; and he had sat for two days and two nights without moving from his task. Now it happened that just as the poor flower-girl completed her bridal wreath, the poor student finished his literary labour, and simultaneously they left their domiciles to carry home the fruits of their respective exertions. The poor student, however, had done too much violence to nature to escape with impunity; and no sooner had he emerged into the changing atmosphere of the landing-place, than he dropped fainting on the floor. When he revived, it was to find the kindest eyes in the world beaming over him, the gentlest hands bathing his brow, the sweetest voice in the world asking if he were better.

The lady of Rohillaire was sitting in her brocaded chair, and her brocaded dress, as stiff, as erect, as stately, as proud, and as high and mighty as ever, on one side of the little deal table, doing nothing; and Joanna, on the other, very busily employed with all her implements spread out before her, fabricating buds and blossoms, that

were all but nature, and at least second-best, when a gentle knock came to their door, and was followed by the entrance of the poor student himself.

"I hope," said Oliver Paulett, "that the motive of my intrusion will be its apology. Unspoken gratitude seems a heavy burden, and I came to express mine, for the condescending kindness which I have received at your hands."

"Gratitude," and "condescending kindness!" No form of expression could have better propitiated the pride of the old lady of Rohillaire; and though the poor student looked towards Joanna, it was the former who replied.

"However fallen we may appear, sir, we belong to a race whose province it has ever been to give rather than to receive. Whatever aid, in your illness or necessity, Miss Rohillaire had it in her power to bestow, it behoved her to render; and to such you were very welcome."

"I did nothing—but I hope you are better," hastily, and with a deep blush, said Joanna.

The poor student's clear, scrutinising eye glanced from one to the other, and he bowed to each.

"You may sit, sir—be pleased to sit," said the old lady of Rohillaire, waving her hand, with the style of royalty, towards the shabby rush-bottomed chair. "Though, even in our fallen fortunes, we would not hold companionship with plebeians, yet you seem ill, sir, and a Rohillaire must ever remember, that it is the prerogative of her birthright to succour and protect; therefore be pleased to sit, sir."

Again the poor student's clear eye looked up into the

face of the old lady of Rohillaire; but without resenting the mode of her proffered courtesy, he accepted it, and took the sole remaining chair of their costly chamber.

"May I be allowed to say, that I rejoice in the accident which has introduced me to your notice," said our hero; "and at the same time, I cannot help wondering how an inhabitant of the same dwelling could be so long ignorant of his vicinity to such superior neighbours." And again the poor student bowed to each of the ladies.

"You have breeding, young man—you have breeding; and I should not wonder if you are of gentle birth," said the old lady of Rohillaire.

"I am almost ashamed to own how closely the pride of a good descent from an old county family clings to me in all that I do," replied the poor student; "more especially when pride and poverty, in my own case, make such a sorry partnership."

"Ashamed!" exclaimed the old lady of Rohillaire. "Ashamed! Be ashamed of thy shame, young man! One drop of the blood of an ancient pedigree must still shine out through all the mists of poverty, manifesting more true nobility than mines of wealth can emulate."

"But still, pretensions so ill supported may be better laid aside," said Oliver Paulett.

"There is something degenerate in this age!" said the old lady of Rohillaire. "Even the daughter of our house, whom I have nurtured from a child, and to whom the high dignity of her race has been as a daily lesson, I cannot teach at all times to remember that she owes to the princely blood which flows through her own veins, a

princely honour. Humility is the virtue of plebeians and menials. I grant that in them *it is* a virtue; and yet I cannot cure her of this, in one of her race, debasing quality."

"Dear grandmamma," said Joanna, a tear in her eye and a blush on her cheek, as she went on twisting and twirling her buds and her blossoms together; "dear grandmamma, you know that you were born the lady of Rohillaire, and I was born a——"

"*A beggar* wouldst thou say, Joanna? Well, and could we exchange places, thinkest thou that *I* would delve with my fingers for——"

"Dear grandmamma!" hastily deprecated poor Joanna, with a face burnt up with blushes.

"Well! well! it need not to have been so, were not might stronger than right, in this world. But it is the law, sir, the law, which ruins men. The world is right in that at least. It is the law which robs the widow of her portion, the orphan of her birthright! It is the law, sir!—the law, sir! I detest lawyers!"

"I grieve to hear you say so," replied the poor student, "since it is to the law that I look for a revival of my own fortunes."

"How so, sir?—how so?"

"I am hoping, some of these days, to be called to the bar."

"A base calling it is, sir! A base calling! I and that girl have been pillaged of the revenues of Rohillaire by a piece of the law's base trickery! At this moment another sits in my place, and the child of a churl will heir my

father's house and lands instead of my own gentle Joanna; and all because of the law, sir!—because of the law, sir!"

"Dear grandmamma," said Joanna; "let not the past embitter the present."

"And for my part, I cannot but regret that any word of mine should have called up associations so painful," said the poor student; "and I will take my leave, once more expressing my gratitude to Miss Rohillaire for her kind humanity, and to you, madam, for your corresponding reception."

"Young man, young man, I have not met with a single being possessing so much gentlemanly feeling since I left the halls of Rohillaire!"

"May I then be permitted sometimes to inquire after your health? Sometimes to have the pleasure of a quarter of an hour's conversation?"

"You may come, young man, you may come. A descendant of the house of Rohillaire could never play the churl!"

So from that time forward, the poor student availed himself of the ancient lady's permission, and seldom a day passed without the gentle knock at their chamber-door announcing his approach; and this came at last to be as much a matter of habit as it is usually customary for the sun to rise. Day after day the old lady of Rohillaire, sitting in her own august chair of state, inclined her gracious head to the young lawyer, on his entrance; day after day, with the same condescending dignity, she waved him to the same old rush-bottomed chair; day after day Joanna blushed when he came, and sighed when he went; day

after day the old lady bewailed her lost estates, and enjoyed the comfort of complaining; and day after day the young one talked less and felt more.

And so the lonely lives of all were comforted. Instead of the dreary blank of unmitigated labour, there came little bright spots of verdure in the desert, nurtured by the sunshine of hope. It is, indeed, wonderful how the aspects of things change, when the light of the heart is turned upon them. Both poor Joanna and the poor student had the same amount of labour, the same toils, the same cares; but how much more cheerily were they now gone through, because each now had an energising influence within; and the glad spirit is all potent, while the jaded one is drooping, sluggish and inert. It is true that Joanna went on weaving flowers, which, being done with peculiar taste and skill, found a constant market; but these flowers now were twice as lovely, since the poor student tapped at her door every morning to present her with some bud or blossom, some cluster, or some spray, which immediately became her study for the day; and being thus associated with a sentiment, not only influenced a fairer copying of Nature's loveliness, but kept the heart of poor Joanna intent upon the donor; and thus her affections became the very sweetness of her labours, like the odours which hung around the blossoms which her fingers mimicked. Neither was the old lady of Rohillaire forgotten: the poor student, evening after evening, supplied her with some new book, over which she would pore during the hours of the day; and at eventide, just the half hour of twilight between the day and night, she waited quite as

naturally, and almost as anxiously, for his knock at the door; and whilst he listened to her reproaches of the world for its baseness, and she experienced the soothings of his sympathy, the very world which she was vituperating, almost grew into favour.

And the poor student? He was actually in better health, even though he laboured more to meet his new extravagance in books and flowers; and the secret was this—he was happier.

Well, it happened, as usual, that evening came; and, as usual, came the poor student's tap at the door of his neighbour's tenement: but not as usual came the light footstep of Joanna to open it for him, and to welcome him with a sweet smile, and a silvery word, and a glad gesture, all the while utterly unconscious that she was not looking very starched and demure; but instead of this came the harsher voice of the old lady of Rohillaire, bidding him enter; and when he did so, it was to feel that the dull chamber was as dreary as emptiness could make it—Joanna was absent.

Nevertheless, though feeling mighty blank and disappointed, he made his usual bow, received his usual wave to the rush-bottomed chair, dropped into his usual attitude of listening sympathy, and heard the voice of the old lady of Rohillaire deploring, as usual, the loss of her estates, the tyranny of the law, and the villany of lawyers.

Now, 'tis a well-known fact, that people may live in the vicinity of sledge-hammers until they have forgotten that they are considered rather noisy; and thus Oliver Paulett had heard the old lady of Rohillaire talk of her wrongs,

from the first moment of their acquaintance, quite as a matter of course ; and so long as he could sit and look at Joanna twisting and twirling her pretty fingers, and see a blush mantling her cheek every time her eye met his, he was content to listen, or to seem to listen. In fact, under these circumstances, he had proved himself the best auditor in the world ; but now that he saw nothing but Joanna's empty chair, the matter was altogether different. He began to have an idea that he could be bored by Joanna's grandmamma when Joanna was not present, however impossible that might be when she was ; and then he fell into a reverie as to how all this was to end ; and then he remembered that he was about as poor as Job ; and then he supposed it more than possible, that he might never, as long as he lived, get a single brief ; and then—and then—

“ And so you see, Mr. Paulett, our estates were lost to us all through the villany of that base man, that lawyer ! ” said the harsh voice of the old lady of Rohillaire in her loudest accents, as though she doubted his hearing.

The poor student started from his reverie : the untuned voice seemed to awaken him from his dream. “ And why,” said he to himself, “ why have I always taken it for granted that this old woman's complainings could be nothing more than maudlin mistake ? Why have I never investigated the matter for *her sake* ? Simply, I suppose, because I have been so engrossed with thoughts of her, that I forgot even all that belonged to her.”

“ My dear madam,” said the poor student, drawing his humble rush-bottomed seat nearer to the chair of state,

"since you have honoured me so far as frequently to allude to the circumstance which led to the loss of your estates, perhaps you would now favour me with their recapitulation."

"Have I not narrated them a hundred times at least?" retorted the old lady; "if they interested you so little as to be so soon forgotten, why should I trouble you with their revival?"

"It is because they interest me so much, that I presume to beg their recapitulation."

"Be it so, sir," replied the old lady of Rohillaire; and thereupon she commenced anew the recital of her wrongs; and this time, and for the first time, the young lawyer listened attentively, bringing to bear upon the case all his legal knowledge, and the full scrutiny of his really searching mind. As the old lady proceeded, the brow of her listener knitted itself into lines of thoughtful attention, and his lips compressed: at the close of this hundred-times-told tale, he put to her a few clear-headed, lawyer-like questions; the replies to which seemed, by the clearing expression of his countenance, to be perfectly satisfactory.

"And these papers, my dear madam; these papers. Are they safe—are they in your own keeping?"

"I have them here in this little box, safe in my own keeping, under lock and key, together with a pedigree of the Rohillaires. I could not suffer my Joanna to be deprived of *that*."

"And will you entrust me with them? Suffer me to investigate them? Something must—something ought—nothing *shall* be done!"

"Willingly, young man. There is the box; there is the key; take them," said the old lady: "when was ever a Rohillaire suspicious?"

Without a single word of compliment or comment, without even waiting Joanna's return, the young lawyer took the box and the key, returned to his own chamber, locked himself in, lit his lamp, and spent the whole of the hours of the ensuing night and day in investigating an assortment of musty, fusty, rusty, dusty, mouldy, faded, stained, yellow, and discoloured papers and parchments; all full of the crooked, bewildering, not-meant-to-be-understood hieroglyphics of the law.

Our pale student was paler still when he knocked at the Rohillaires' door on the succeeding evening, and poor Joanna was pale enough, too, when she opened it; for neither had he waited for a sight of her on the preceding evening, nor brought her the morning flower which usually sweetened her day; but all minor considerations were forgotten in the annunciation of his legal opinion, that Rohillaire was not lost for ever! that it needed only honest advice and energetic endeavour to restore to the old lady her lost inheritance.

The old lady of Rohillaire clasped her hands together in a passion of emotion: "Penniless as we are, where are the means to be gained?"

There was silence over the little group, and then the proud old lady bursting into the first tears that Joanna had ever seen her shed, exclaimed in accents of despair, "It is impossible! we must give up Rohillaire!"

"Madam," said the young lawyer, his own pale face

actually scorched with the burning blood—"you know my position in life—you know to what my endeavours point. I could much have wished that your good cause had been placed in better hands, more able and more experienced ones; but if this cannot be compassed, will you place it in mine?"

"Never shall you repent the day that you served and aided a Rohillaire!" exclaimed the old lady, as she held out her hand to him for the first time during their acquaintance, and which now the young lawyer had the tact to kiss.

No longer the time passed cheerily in that old house—in that old court—in the old city. A lawsuit was pending; wrinkles were writing themselves very legibly on the brow of the poor student; anxiety sighed out on the lips of Joanna, and the old lady of Rohillaire felt that the struggles of hope were more distracting than the quiescence of despair. But under whatever shade of colour the chameleon time passes, still pass it will, and thus at last the day came that the young lawyer stood with his first brief in his hand, to plead the cause of the fatherless and widow at the bar of his country; and if for a moment diffidence, and the dread of rather injuring than aiding clients for whom his feelings were so deeply interested, somewhat clouded his faculties, yet with the usual operation of great motives on great minds, he speedily rallied, and with the coolest precision and most admirable presence of mind, watched every turn of the proceedings,

taking instant advantage of every admission and omission of his antagonists, while in a speech of no common power, replete with legal knowledge, vigorous argument, and energetic eloquence, he at once persuaded and convinced. In truth, never was made a more successful *début* on the law's arena than that of our poor student on this memorable occasion. O, the joy of that triumph! it was worth all the sleepless hours he had ever spent poring over his midnight taper. Before he could get out of court, he had sundry briefs thrust upon him; but this was as nothing to the ecstasy of telling Joanna that he had saved her inheritance: and yet there was sorrow in that, too; for, did not her inheritance divide her from him?

Sooth to say, that was a proud day when the old lady of Rohillaire turned her stately back upon the little, mean, narrow, upstairs room, where they had so long sojourned, with its beggarly garniture of triple chairs and its deal table and whatever else of garnishing it boasted, heretofore seeming of importance, but now disdainfully left behind. It was a proud day, we say, when the old lady of Rohillaire turned her back upon the poverty-stricken chamber, and rustling in the richest brocades that money could procure, paced down in velvet-stepped disdainfulness the time-worn, discoloured, creaking staircase, hanging on the arm of the young lawyer, whilst Joanna, almost blinded by tears, clung tottering to the other. As for the poor student, he looked paler than ever as he thus marshalled his clients away from the spot that had proved

so eventful to the history of his heart as well as his life. As for the organs of speech, they were all sadly out of tune; the old lady of Rohillaire being the only one of the trio in possession of her voice. As for poor Joanna, we verily believe that she loved the little dusky chamber they were leaving better than the vaunted halls of Rohillaire, to which they were going; the gloomy court to the fair fields, and open valleys, and—could it be?—poverty and toil near the poor student better than wealth away from him.

As for the poor student, he only felt that he was losing all that he most cared for upon this earth; and the only alleviation of his feelings was to know, that the happy action which had made him miserable had been done by himself. Eloquent, however, as he had been in a court of law, he was dumb enough in that court of the city; and it was not until he had carefully bestowed the old lady of Rohillaire, brocade and all, in her travelling carriage, and had gently placed the sorrowful Joanna by her side, that he felt that he must speak whether he could or not.

“Well, Mr. Lawyer,” said the old lady of Rohillaire, attempting jocularly almost for the first time in her life, “Well, Mr. Lawyer, your pockets are so crammed and stuffed out with briefs, that you could hardly squeeze yourself within the doors of my carriage; so, for this time, I shall not ask you: but term time will give you liberty in a month, and then you must come down to us at Rohillaire.”

“You must excuse me!” hastily and rather *brusquely*,

answered the young lawyer; "I am swallowed up in business. I had better not. No! I must not—I cannot!"

The bright, sharp, clear blue eye of the old lady of Rohillaire glittered over him. "*Must not, and cannot—to a lady—to a Rohillaire—to me—to your friend!* and 'swallowed up in business!' Why, sir, I want you upon business, too. I want you to investigate the long arrears of Rohillaire; and I want to pay you for your services."

"Pay me!" passionately exclaimed the young lawyer, while again, the offended blood poured into his cheeks, "*Pay me!*"

"Ay, ay; pay you—unless you choose to refuse my price."

"I do refuse it—now and for ever!"

"Well, it shall be as you please—I shall not force it upon you; but at any rate, you must come and see our Rohillaire—and the books. This day month I shall expect you."

The little, ugly, ungracious monosyllable "no," that disgrace to our language, floated upon the lips of the young lawyer; but, just whilst it hesitated upon the threshold, he caught an appealing, almost an entreating glance from Joanna's blue eyes, and the word died ere it was born.

"I shall expect you," said the pertinacious old lady of Rohillaire, "just this day month. As I told you before, I want you to look over the accounts, and I want *to pay you*;" and at these words the carriage whirled off, leaving

the young lawyer standing, much hurt, more indignant, but most sorrowing.

The poor lawyer—ah, no! not now the *poor* lawyer, for briefs had lately poured in so fast upon him, that he stood fair to be soon the *rich* lawyer—was true to his appointment. He went to Rohillaire because he could not stay away.

As the post-chaise which carried him wound up the sweep to the entrance, and his eye wandered over the fair domain, the noble terraces, and the fine old mansion of Rohillaire, he said, internally, "Ay, now, adieu to hope! the heiress of Rohillaire is no fit bride for Oliver Paulett, though the poor flower-making girl might have been his cherished wife. I have placed an insuperable barrier between myself and my own happiness, but I cannot wish it otherwise."

So our hero left his chaise, but was grievously put to the blush at seeing the old lady of Rohillaire standing on the very steps of her own mansion to receive him,—a condescension which, it is more than doubtful, she would not have offered to royalty,—with hands extended, to welcome him, with Joanna blushing and smiling at her side.

"My dear friend," said the old lady of Rohillaire, "welcome to the home which is of your own restoring; welcome both to home and heart!"

The young lawyer could not speak; but the old lady of Rohillaire, passing her arm through his with the air of an affectionate queen, led him through the double file of

domestics who had been so marshalled to do him honour. The poor lawyer was far more bewildered at this moment than when he had been addressing judge and jury; and, in fact, he scarcely knew where he was until he found himself standing at the bay-window of a fine, antiquated, spacious saloon, full of old furniture and old pictures; and, looking out on a noble terrace which commanded an extensive view of richly-wooded and well-watered country.

"You look on Rohillaire!" said the old lady proudly, as with high-wrought satisfaction she followed his eye around; "can you wonder that in alienation, banishment, bereavement, and destitution, my heart still clung to the home of my fathers (for, when I married, my husband took *my name*: I took not his); my birth-place, the home of my life, until my sorrows came! You look upon Rohillaire, and now tell me what price can clear me of my vast debt for its restoration?"

"I desire nothing," said the young lawyer, vainly endeavouring to control his emotion; "I desire nothing, but permission to leave you at this moment, and for ever."

"And we to keep you here from this moment and for ever. Come, now, I will offer you my price of payment for the restoration of Rohillaire, though you did refuse it so stoutly by anticipation." And as she spoke, the old lady of Rohillaire put Joanna's hand in his. "You are well-born, and think you I was blind to your generous affection, whilst it was so purely disinterested, that I am ungrateful for all that you have done, or that I do not now see and feel your honourable scruples? I said that I

naturally, and almost as anxiously, for his knock at the door; and whilst he listened to her reproaches of the world for its baseness, and she experienced the soothings of his sympathy, the very world which she was vituperating, almost grew into favour.

And the poor student? He was actually in better health, even though he laboured more to meet his new extravagance in books and flowers; and the secret was this—he was happier.

Well, it happened, as usual, that evening came; and, as usual, came the poor student's tap at the door of his neighbour's tenement: but not as usual came the light footstep of Joanna to open it for him, and to welcome him with a sweet smile, and a silvery word, and a glad gesture, all the while utterly unconscious that she was not looking very starched and demure; but instead of this came the harsher voice of the old lady of Rohillaire, bidding him enter; and when he did so, it was to feel that the dull chamber was as dreary as emptiness could make it—Joanna was absent.

Nevertheless, though feeling mighty blank and disappointed, he made his usual bow, received his usual wave to the rush-bottomed chair, dropped into his usual attitude of listening sympathy, and heard the voice of the old lady of Rohillaire deploring, as usual, the loss of her estates, the tyranny of the law, and the villany of lawyers.

Now, 'tis a well-known fact, that people may live in the vicinity of sledge-hammers until they have forgotten that they are considered rather noisy; and thus Oliver Paulett had heard the old lady of Rohillaire talk of her wrongs,

from the first moment of their acquaintance, quite as a matter of course ; and so long as he could sit and look at Joanna twisting and twirling her pretty fingers, and see a blush mantling her cheek every time her eye met his, he was content to listen, or to seem to listen. In fact, under these circumstances, he had proved himself the best auditor in the world ; but now that he saw nothing but Joanna's empty chair, the matter was altogether different. He began to have an idea that he could be bored by Joanna's grandmamma when Joanna was not present, however impossible that might be when she was ; and then he fell into a revery as to how all this was to end ; and then he remembered that he was about as poor as Job ; and then he supposed it more than possible, that he might never, as long as he lived, get a single brief ; and then— and then—

“ And so you see, Mr. Paulett, our estates were lost to us all through the villany of that base man, that lawyer ! ” said the harsh voice of the old lady of Rohillaire in her loudest accents, as though she doubted his hearing.

The poor student started from his revery : the untuned voice seemed to awaken him from his dream. “ And why,” said he to himself, “ why have I always taken it for granted that this old woman's complainings could be nothing more than maudlin mistake ? Why have I never investigated the matter for *her sake* ? Simply, I suppose, because I have been so engrossed with thoughts of her, that I forgot even all that belonged to her.”

“ My dear madam,” said the poor student, drawing his humble rush-bottomed seat nearer to the chair of state,



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Emeline,

OR, THE HEBE OF THE HARVEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

How irresistible is the charm of beauty! In bestowing the courtesies, amenities, and little kindnesses of life, how few are found to pause when gazing at the casket to inquire the worth of the gem within it. In the social circle—at the ball or party—how the young men shower their attentions upon bright eyes, chiselled noses, and ruby lips; while, perhaps, souls of far nobler cast are sitting with folded wings within the bosoms of the disconsolate wall-fruit, not because the birds lack song,—for the sweetest songsters are proverbially homely in plumage—but because the cages are not enticing in appearance. When two little beggars ask of us charity as we walk the street—the one, arch, pretty, active, and cheerful—the other, plain, dull, and it may be, deformed—it requires the firmness of the philosopher and the humility of the Christian to refuse the former, who wins upon us by practically flattering the species with a model

of its perfections, or to grant the prayer of the latter, whose figure and demeanour seem like a libel upon mankind. Yet the chances are manifold that the graces which elicit our favour are the result of natural art and vicious training, while the unhappy qualities which excite disgust are the consequences of unmerited misfortune and real suffering.

But in yielding to this instinctive love of the beautiful, the harvesters, this morning, committed no injustice when they chose young Emeline to be the Hebe of the day. The few pence raised by general contribution to secure a constant supply from the refreshing stream, though won by her bright smile and jetty locks, could not have been more worthily bestowed. True, there were many gleaners upon the field who sighed for those few pence—there were other mothers and other little brothers in other cottage homes whose hearts would have leaped thankfully for even that trifling boon—but there was no one who would have used the blessing less selfishly than she.

“Emeline,” said the bluff old farmer, while his son, a sturdy lad of twenty, stood reeking from his struggles with the reapers, and eyeing rather boldly the fine figure of the girl, which the thick quilted skirt and double-soled shoes could not deprive of grace; “Emeline, here’s a shilling for thee, my pretty ’un. It’s more than thee’ll make o’ gleaning, and, maybe, more than the work’s ’orth, but thee has won it by looking so pleasant-like, and being so kind to thy mother, as I hear tell. All thee ’s to do for it, is just to have this jug full of clear, cool, water from the brook, ready and waiting under the big

chestnut tree, every time the hands come out at this end of the land ; so, away with thee, gal ! and the rest of the time thee can do as thee pleases."

Emeline turned gladly to commence her labours, but at the moment, her eye rested upon the countenance of a poor crippled child who stood by her little sheaf, evidently almost exhausted by the labour of collecting it ; for she had curvature of the spine, and every movement was obviously painful. There was a strange, hopeless longing in the expression of the child, coupled with touching resignation ; but as her features were more than usually revolting, from the aspect of premature old age that so commonly attends upon deformity, the harvesters and her fellow-gleaners betrayed no sympathy with the unfortunate. Not so, Emeline. Approaching her, she said, with a sweet smile :

"I would give you my place, Sally, but it is such a long run to the brook, that it would tire you, and then the farmer and the hands would scold you ; so, as I cannot help you to glean, as I intended to do as soon as I thought I had gathered my share, I will divide this shilling with you, when the day's work is done."

"Your mother is poor, as well as mine," replied the cripple, with a pout of wounded feeling that rendered her still uglier ; "I know I cannot work much, because I am so lame, but you need not remind me of it ; I am no beggar, and I don't want any share of your wages. I can't be pretty, and I don't grumble because prettiness is better paid than anything else, for I know God made things so, though I cannot tell why."

The blood instantly rushed to Emeline's brow at this unhandsome reception of her kindness; and, in the spirit of youthful gallantry, the young farmer made a step in advance, to order the ungrateful creature off the field; but the blush as instantly subsided, as with the quickness of lightning the thought passed through her mind, that the poor child had never heard the voice of kindness from any one but a mother before, and that she herself might have been rendered suspicious and ill-natured had she been made the subject of neglect and ridicule, and, perhaps, even absolute cruelty, in consequence of natural defects of person and expression. The innocent and heartful smile with which she presently replied, checked the hard purpose of the young man, and he listened in wonder to the kind words of the Hebe of the Harvest.

"Sally, dear, I did not want to hurt your feelings, and as to begging, I did not dream of it! But, exchange is no robbery, you know, and as we keep chickens, we must have some grain to fatten them with. Now while I am carrying water, I cannot gather much grain, and you will be gleaning all the while; so, let us make a bargain: when the day is done, I will give you what I can gather in my spare time, and sixpence to boot, for yours. That's trade, and no begging you know; so kiss me, and seal the bargain!"

As the young girl affirmed the contract, in the manner suggested, concealing, with pious fraud, the involuntary loathing that almost shook her frame, and turning away, tripped lightly with her pitcher to the brook, an audible "God bless her!" escaped from the little cripple; for she

knew that Emeline's gleanings would be worth three times hers, notwithstanding the added task of supplying the hands with water.

"God bless her again!" said the astonished young farmer; "why she's as poor as charity herself! If the devil were to come across that young woman, I believe she'd persuade him to be a good man! If Eve had been like her, the grain would have been reaping itself this day, and we looking on in Paradise!"

"Let her try thee, then, thou ne'er-do-well! And faiks! I almost wish she would, as poor as she is, and much as I have to leave thee; for she's a neat and a tidy, —and, hark'ee, young 'un! an' I see thee again casting on her any of thy broad, impudent stares, as thee did just now, I'll trim thee—I will now, for as old and as big as thee is, or my name's not Thompson."

The young man looked at his father's "lean and slippered pantaloons,"—then at his own brawny limbs—and smiled; but his eye followed Emeline, and there was a meaning in the glance which was never seen there before.

Well, the day was nearly over. She had made many trips to and forth, and at each trip, young Thompson displayed increasing thirst, with a proportionate distaste for labour. He had lost the palm of the victor of the field, and several times broke off in midland to fly to the chestnut tree."

"Art thee sick, thou lazy loon?" said the father.

"I fear I am," replied the son.

When the hands were present, the young man drank nervously and rapidly, and seemed ill at ease till his

sickle was again employed; but when he deserted the reapers, and stood alone at the tree, it was astonishing how long the brim of the water-jug rested upon his lip, and how steadily his eyes followed every movement of Emeline, as she hurried about, making the best of her spare time in gathering the scattered remnants of grain left by the binders, not for herself, but for the ugly little cripple. Once or twice the lad and the girl chanced to come together, without immediate observers. Then Emeline held the jug, and the farmer's heir bowed respectfully, as he thanked her courtesy, in terms the most refined that he could command.

The day was nearly over, and evening was coming rapidly down. It was Emeline's last trip. A wandering artist, from his unobserved retreat behind an alder-bush, took a sketch of her as she sat on the bank of the brook, her shoes and stockings beside her, her feet dangling in the stream in which they had recently been paddling, while neck, face, and arms, were cleared of all traces of labour in the cooling wave. The background of the picture was a section of rolling country, rich in the agricultural wealth of the present day, while, in the distance, an old Druidical ruin connected it with the memories of the past. Can any one tell me why she so carefully smooths down and separates those ebony ringlets, with nature's original comb—five dexter fingers? Has young Thompson's respectful bow anything to do with this? I know not whether you can solve the query, but feel confident that *she* could not. The pleasant thoughtfulness of her eye—the half smile of satisfaction on

her lip—are awakened by her reflections on the little cripple, and the agreeable surprise awaiting the mother of the unfortunate, when she shall return at night, with twice the expected quantity of sheaves, and her sixpence to boot. Emeline at this moment has no thought of Emeline; but the desire to please is an instinct with the sex. Those dexter fingers return the compliment of the young man's respectful bow and kindly tone very naturally, though unconsciously.

“Neighbour, I want to consult with thee about my boy,” said the old farmer to a visiting friend one day, some six months after the reaping; “I’m feared we shall never fix him. He’s been all winter hanging around Emeline —, the poor widow’s daughter, and though she’s no match for my son in the world’s eye, she’s such a nice body, so tidy, so kind to everything that comes near her, that I can’t help loving her, as everybody else does; and to tell thee the truth, I would like George to marry her; but the good-for-nothing fellow is so spoiled by the girls for his good looks and *my* money, that he’s for ever roving, and I’m feared the poor girl may suffer at heart for the losel yet, as things seem no nearer at an end now than they were at the beginning.”

“An’ have thee lived to thy years, neighbour, and don’t ’ee know yet how to drive a pig into a gate! Don’t ’ee always take him by the tail, and pull him t’other way? George is a tough shoat, and he comes of the old sty!”

“Ha! ha!—I take, I take!” replied Thompson, as he reeled from the hearty thump on the shoulder with which

his companion enforced his wit. "I'll threaten to cut him off with a shilling, if he dares to marry so much beneath him!"

"That's it—that's it!" said his friend, "and just disparage her a little—tell him she is not as handsome as people think, and that she is trying to win him for the sake of his money, and that he is a young fool, whose eye-teeth are not cut, for wishing to have her. My eyes on it, the lie will tell, and he'll marry her for spite in a month."

And marry her in a month, he did.

There are many who turn with contempt from these legends of humble life, and think it folly to seek in a sphere deemed unrefined for illustrations of those morals which give dignity and worth to a more lofty circle. But, when I turn from this portrait of excellence and beauty in what is considered the humblest life to-day, to look on those old ruins in the background of the picture,—when I compare the stuffed and quilted skirt and hob-nailed double-soles with the bare feet and almost naked bodies of those savages who once worshipped round those Druidic stones, and in the midst of a dark, it may be, bloody superstition, drank in from the free air of the unfenced forest the spirit of British liberty,—when I think how few of the genuine comforts of Emeline's unpretending cottage were enjoyed by the baroness in her stately hall of far more recent date,—when I think of the candle-dipping, the pork-salting, the fish-pickling, the soap-making, the wool-spinning that were superintended, ay, and practically per-

formed by the mothers of the revolution, the helpmates and moral guides of the demi-gods of the American age, some of whom, nevertheless, hanged the witches and condemned the blood of Quakers—when I look forward from this age of steamboats, electric telegraphs, and loco-foco matches, to the condition to which American liberty and Yankee ingenuity will have elevated mankind three hundred years hence—I know not whether it be the extreme of democracy or the extreme of aristocracy (for, like all other extremes, these meet), that condemns me to ask, in despite of the prejudices of “*my set*,” what is refinement—to value the human heart as we value the diamond, without inquiring whether it came from the black muck of the river shore or the clear crystal gangue—to consider as infinitesimally minute the distance between the beggar and the king, compared with the distance between to-morrow and to-day!

Were I a man about to choose a wife, I should follow good old farmer Thompson’s rule, and choose her for her kindness to the neglected, rather than for beauty, wealth, or station:—for, by so much as the goodness of the Deity surpasses the pride of man, by so much does the heart exceed the head. Were I a woman, I should not forget, in the heyday of youth, the evanescence of personal charms, the perpetual fluttering of the wings of wealth, and the refined taste of disease, ever prone, like the fop of the hour, to pay his earliest respects to the fairest flowers in the garden of “presentables.” I would choose my husband for his courtesy to the neglected wall-fruit, and his considerate goodness—not *his condescension*—to the humblest of the humble.

Go Lamartine.

BY AMERICUS.

HAIL, friend of men—untitled heir of fame!
How poor do crowns and crosses rate with thee!
Thine is the praise the dying Wolsey saw,
Prophetic, and bequeathed to such successors,
Ere from his perilous height cast down, he went
To “sleep in dull, cold marble.” Let me pause
And view thee in the steady light of truth,
Whose honest rays, congenial with thy soul,
Display thee as thou art.

When, in her hour of extreme agony,
Thy country tortured with her deepest throes
From Freedom born of Tyranny—and Hate,
Her gray-haired despots poured around thy couch,
And demon demagogues, more fierce than they,
Strove with their fetid breath and fiery oaths,
To drive the mother into anarch death,
Or fright the new-born to monstrosity—
Thou didst arise, the prophet and the guide,
A minister of Peace, of Hope, of Life,
To cast the smile of healing on the scene.

And when the peril past, and good men turned
From underneath all heaven to bless thy name,
And love thee as the good alone can love,
I see thee step aside with moistened eye,
O'ercome and shrinking from thy weight of fame!

'Tis true, since then, by some illusion fooled,
Thy face averted from my country dear,
Thy lips have dropped strange sneers, unkind—untrue,
Against her pure and glorious tendencies.
But we must spare a little to thy spleen;
For thou hast nobly battled for the right.
I know thee of the family of faith,
I see thy face directed towards that mount
Which none draw near to but as worshippers;
And we must wait the passage of the eclipse,
And then enjoy the radiance of the change!

I'll not retort a bitter syllable;
But from thy placid home, where purest taste
And highest science 'tend thee morn and eve,
Invite thee to my Cyclops citadel,
Where, all begrimed with the severest toil,
And wrinkled o'er with soul-debasing cares,
I spend the rosy hours of sweetest spring,
And through its dim and subterranean lattice,
Still keep the vision of the true Shechinah!
Then, at the hour of sweet reprieve—the hour
When the tired bee comes home, see me ascend
The gentle heights of true equality—

(That moral table-land so broad and fair,
Which rises only 'neath our western skies),
On whose firm soil e'en I may stand erect,
And cast a brother's glance far up to thee !

"How good it is for us to tarry here !"
Behind us lies the midnight of the Deluge,
And round are murky clouds that still obscure
The perfect day—but yonder's a horizon
Where it is *always morning*, brightening still
Up to the high supernal noon, which, reached,
Shall own no waning ; thitherward we tend
Together : though behind thee or below thee
(I ask no idle precedence of place),
Together we must tread the rising way.
Between us and our goal ages may pass,
And better generations rise and fall
Before the consummation—but 'tis high—
To me it is a ravishing distinction,
To pierce the pure empyrean of the future,
And thus to share an antepast millennial—
A draught of immortality's bright lymph,
Vouchsafed us pilgrims of decay and pain
On this side Death's dark valley !

But I must to the anvil—and my word
At parting shall be such as can't offend :
"Hold us as thou shalt find us under scrutiny,
But take no traits on trust from lips of despots"—
So shall I deem thy harshness a disease,
And rate "thy taunts as part of the distemper."

Parthian Darts.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOVERS' QUARREL."

OF all the queer animals in the vast menagerie of society, there is none so queer as a middle-aged Scotchman, who has been brought up in a counting-house. Notwithstanding that his character is replete with a strong, manly judgment, a sly, modest wit, and a grave dignity, which insures respect, because we know it to be built upon honesty; still, the more he approaches the stars, the more we are compelled to think of Ursa Major. Unremitting attention to his duty has elongated his countenance, and picked his bones, till he is nothing but profile and right angles. Seclusion from the world has divided him from its tastes, manners, and costume, as far as the bear of Lapland from the monkey of Cochin China. His thin light hair is still cut quickset-wise over his forehead, an eternal monument to his patrimonial porridge pot; his dingy neckcloth seems well-nigh to have strangled him; and his trowsers are crowding about his heels, precisely as if the hangman had been pulling at them. When he gazes (and he gazes at everything, because nothing is familiar to him), his mouth is drawn open by

the weight of his chin ; when he talks, it is always in the same key, which neither love nor murder could elevate or depress ; when he laughs, he laughs with his arms and legs. If he stands, it is with his great knobs of knees bent in, and his huge double-soled feet squared out ; his walk is a hop, step, and a jump, in which he goes all fours like a windmill ; if it be wet, he splashes himself up to the eyes, and if it be slippery, he tumbles down. Run he cannot, for fear of knocking his heels together ; his only knowledge of a horse is that it has no horns ; and as for dancing—oh, Terpsichore ! he would kick down a set of quadrillers like nine-pins !

Just such a good kind of a hippopotamus as this was my friend Mac —— (the proper name at the end of this would make him too frightful), born far north, and bred in Lombard Street, where he had lived on a few broth, and a singed sheep's head, till he had bought breeches for all his clan. The simplicity of his habits, resulting from a sensible conviction that he was unfit for those of other men, rendered money an incumbrance to him ; and Mac turned restive upon two thousand a year, and vowed to heaven that he would make no more. As soon as he had given up business, it was necessary for him to consider what he should do with himself. Alas ! for the amusements of London he was too much of a clown ; for those of the country he was too much of a cockney ; and a visit to the dear bleak hills of his native land was out of the question ; he had cousins enough to eat up his fortune at a bawbee apiece.

After a world of rumination, and a perfect conviction

that he was good for nothing, he resolved that the next best thing to seeing his native country was to visit some other that happened to be like it. Norway or Sweden seemed very much the sort of thing, but then he knew nobody in those countries, and could not talk the language: the same objection applied to Russia and the Hartz Mountains. In this dilemma, his friends suggested the more fashionable tour of Switzerland, which, with the temptation of letters to a French family residing *far north*, seemed the best plan of all. He had quitted the grammar school perfectly master of the rudiments of French (excepting just the accent), and, as this was not above five-and-twenty years ago, a phrase-book was all that he wanted. The book was bought, and, in a short time, Mac commenced his journey and his studies together.

It was fine July weather, and France, with her green vineyards and ripening corn-fields, never looked more luxuriant. But then France had no mountains, and Mac kept on and on till he gained the German side of the Rhine, and plunged into that den of wolves and wild boars, the Black Forest. Here, indeed, was something even better than Scotland. The hills closed gradually around him, with their thousand hues, like volumes of sunset clouds, confining his journey within a narrow valley of purple pines and rainbow rivulets. At intervals, the bugles of his postilions, and the bells of their horses, brought out the picturesque population of small towns of grotesque architecture, particoloured walls, and green and golden steeples, all glittering through the mist of a

world of water-mills. Then he had to descend mountains, diversified by foam and ravine, till he almost feared that the carriage would tumble over the horses; then he had to ascend others with toil and difficulty, till he was quite sure that the horses would tumble over the carriage. At last the night came on, but his fears for his neck were by no means so strong as his curiosity. He desired to see if the moon shone the same as she did on the Grampians, and so, on he went, climbing up into her bright regions, and thundering down into black abysses, till his silver and sable route grew dim in the mists of morning. Still he had good subject to keep him awake, for that mist was so like the mist upon the bonny braw Highlands. For two good hours, he could scarcely believe that he was not amongst them; and then the sun darted his red rays over the mountain tops, and the cold blue forests seemed partially on fire. He was, just at that moment, attaining the summit of a hill which appeared to be the highest he had as yet ascended, and had scarcely time to wipe his spectacles, when all Switzerland, like a land of dreams, lay glittering before him. No one can forget this first glimpse of mountainous confusion, of dark forests and variegated pastures, melting from green to purple, and from thence through a thousand gradations, till they mingled imperceptibly with the crimson skies. No view can ever efface the recollection of the sun refracted from the majestic lake of Constance, as though the bright waters had been lashed up by the fervour of his plunge. It must dwell upon the mind, thought Mac, in a poetical transport, like the memory of first love, which by

all succeeding impressions is only buried deeper and deeper.

I must not dilate upon his journey along the margin of the lake. It was almost twilight when he began to wind gently up the Swiss side of it, towards the old château of his destination. The road was a continued interchange of thick foliage and luxuriant vineyard, all dropping with an atmosphere of honey. As he advanced, the feathery branches of the acacia, intermixed with the weeping ash and the willow, trembled gracefully above his head, and beneath and around him a smoother sward, and fantastic summer-houses, gave token that he was approaching the very temple of taste. Every step grew more lovely, till the domestic maze almost vied in enchantment with all that had preceded it.

The châteaux in Switzerland resemble very much the old-fashioned country houses in England. They are white-stuccoed, red-tiled, and contorted into shapes which give a fantastic idea of taste in its dying agonies. Such was the style of the château of Mac's future friends. But then it had a romantic hill above it, and a romantic slope beneath it, and an undulating lawn around it, and the chaunting of distant peasants mingling with the sweet sound of neighbouring cascades, and a thousand other agreeables, which fully atoned for its deformity.

Upon the above-mentioned lawn took place Mac's introduction to the proprietors, who were ruralizing upon rustic seats, and had been for some time speculating upon the prize which was announced by the sound of strange wheels. The whole party were somewhat amazed,

and well they might be, for the manner in which he plunged out of his carriage, and jerked himself to the encounter, was enough to drive elegant French folks into fits. Beside this, his person, which always looked wrong side outwards, was considerably the worse for wear. Mac, however, undauntedly twitched up his trowsers, clawed off his hat, and rummaged out his letter of introduction, with which he made a lunge at the lady of the house, who advanced to the charge all flaring and fluttering with hues and fringes, like a man-of-war on a holiday. As soon as she had glanced over his credentials, Mac's stammering attempt at something like *comment vous portez vous* was completely overwhelmed by the volubility of his welcome.

"Ah, quel bonheur extraordinaire ! Une lettre de mon bon ami ! Vous êtes déjà bien connu, mon cher Monsieur. Nous sommes trop heureux de vous voir ! Mais vous êtes fatigué. Vous avez besoin de repos ! Ah, mon Dieu, mettez votre chapeau, je vous en prie !"

"Je vous remercie, madame, très bien ;" responded Mac, thinking that all this meant, "How do you do ?"

"Ah ! monsieur, je suis bien aise que vous parlez François si bien."

"Pardon, madame, je parlez très petit."

"Ah, vous êtes modeste, mon bon voyageur !"

"Pas voyage, madame ; je venir par terre."

"Mais vous parlez François à merveille !"

The next that marched up was *mon bon mari*, a little old wizened person, with a large nose, ornamented by a snuff-drop, to which a retreating mouth and chin gave

the appearance of the hand which we sometimes see upon a direction-post, the fore-finger alone being extended to point the way. After he had sufficiently acknowledged the honour done him, and Mac had made a random answer of *oui, monsieur*, a young lady, who had been hanging her head in the background, was presented as *mon enfant gâtée, Rosalie*. Pretty, pretty Rosalie! She was about as much like her parents, as a rose is like a brier. Her age was exquisite eighteen, her dark eyes were only equalled in beauty by her delicate features, and her figure seemed made for nothing but to float upon the skies. She said but two words, and one sounded melting and the other mirthful, and all Mac's arithmetic was insufficient to decide whether she was the true embodiment of a smile or a sigh. The last of the group was a handsome and rather depressed-looking young man, who paid his compliments with a retiring air, and was described as Monsieur Carl —, a student in the fine arts, who was travelling in pursuit of nature. The history of his acquaintance with the family was, that in his progress through Switzerland some three or four years ago, he happened to be invited to the château, where his readiness to paint knick-knacks for my lady's chamber had insured him a welcome, or rather a sufferance, every summer since. Being poor, however, and destitute of friends, he was of course considered in rather a secondary point of view, and one towards whom the young lady was expected to use particular reserve.

When Mac found himself really domesticated with the above personages in a splendidly furnished saloon, all

scented with exotics and glittering with chandeliers and brilliant bagatelles, what with the dreamy confusion of the natural beauties he had passed, and the unwonted elegance and strange language that were passing, he felt himself imbued with a grim spirit of romance, and could not have looked more aghast had he been suddenly snatched up into the moon. But the thing of all things which astonished him most was the extraordinary attention paid to him. Having never exhibited himself in society before, and having never peeped into the letter of introduction to see how rich he was described, and how sadly in want of a helpmate to spend his money, the politeness of French manner seemed something quite supernatural to him. Madame even tasked her daughter to show him Mons. Carl's portfolio; and, what was more, mademoiselle did as she was bid. It was a dangerous neighbourhood. At every moment she became more and more interesting, and the circumstance of her figure being painted in every one of the sketches would already have troubled him had she not given him to understand that she considered the distinction as no honour,—in fact, there was not a single stump of a tree which she did not call *vilain*; and when, out of common politeness, Mac added that they were all *coquins* and *voleurs*, she fully proved her antipathy to poor Carl by laughing outright.

He had not been long at the château before he found himself completely at home. He knew the English of *bien bon ami* and *cher Mons. Mac* just as if it had been Scotch, and followed the light figure of Rosalie through the woodland pathways, as a Will-o-the-wisp which could

lead nowhere but to Paradise. Her character indeed was the very poetry of puzzles. Nothing could be more complete as a whole, and nothing could appear more incongruous than the parts. She was the supreme goddess of caprice, and in the same hour, could display all the varieties of sadness and sentiment, mirth, malice, tenderness, and tyranny. As Mac poetically expressed it, the groundwork seemed to be common sense, but then there was such a profusion of flowers worked upon it, that not a stitch of the original was to be seen. On another occasion, he thought she was like a rainbow, which displayed all the hues imaginable, and all equally beautiful. In short, he had lightened himself of his judgment, and was soaring up into the clouds with very considerable rapidity.

Meantime the young painter, having finished as many sketches as Madame's chamber would hold, became more and more unpopular, for the very excellent reason that Mac was a newer acquaintance, and better to do in the world. He could not help observing that the manner of his entertainers grew more cold towards him in proportion to the length of his stay; yet, though his words were more few and his looks more sad, he appeared unwilling to depart. Day after day he was glad to fly from his place at the end of the table, to take refuge in his solitary pursuit by the brook side, or upon the hills which overlooked the lake; but still the next morning found him in his painful situation.

Alas, he had painted the figure of Rosalie in his landscapes too often to be insensible to its beauties. The

nature of his profession had contributed much to soften a disposition, originally susceptible of all soft and delicate impressions, and his heart was of a character to retain them tenaciously. He felt that Rosalie was not to be forgotten; to fly then was useless. He felt that if it was misery to gaze upon what never could be his, that misery would be redoubled when he could gaze no longer. The chillness of his entertainment, therefore, was too unimportant to be considered, and he stayed and stayed on with patience. He strove to bear the reflection that Rosalie loved him not. He endeavoured to support the conviction that his poverty rendered his love a presumption, which deserved the punishment it met. There was one misery, however, which he could not bear, and that was to see the attention which would have raised him to the gods bestowed upon the fashioning of such a bunch of rattling joints as my friend Mac.

Certain it was that he had good reason to find fault with Rosalie's taste. She had gone on from bad to worse till she had been detected in learning half a dozen words of English, and, moreover, in giving Mac lessons in French, over a certain little fortune-telling flower, called a Marguerite. This lesson always began with *je t'aime*, and ended with *à la folie*, and, as Mac stooped his spectacles over the pretty fingers of his mistress to regard the magic leaves, it is no wonder if the proximity acted somewhat upon his nerves. He found himself paying compliments in spite of his teeth, and of his French too; talked of her hands being *extremelyment blanches* till the young

sorceress was afraid of having them snapped off, and of lips *astonishinglyment rouges*, till she began to dread his playing the vampire.

Things went on for some time delightfully; Rosalie became the companion of Mac's peregrinations, and he began to talk of being *dans amour*. Upon this subject, however, he was assured that he was not yet qualified to talk, as it required excellent French to enter into all the elegant minutiae which made it interesting.

Strange, incomprehensible, exquisite little Rosalie. No sooner had Mac left her than her face waned from its mirth into an expression of the most touching melancholy. She turned from mountain to lake till her eyes swam with, apparently, the reluctant tremors of her heart, and her endeavours to sing herself happy were sad as the last melody of the expiring swan—

“De colline en colline en vain portant ma vue
Du sud a l'aquilon, de l'aurore ou couchant,
Je parcours tous les points de l'immense etendue,
Et je dis, nulle part le bonheur ne m'attend.”

Soon afterwards, she was found weeping bitterly, in the summer-house, by Madame. Why did pretty Rosalie weep? She wept, in sooth, with laughing at *Meester Mac*.

One morning, she danced down from her chamber the loveliest and most fantastic native that Berne ever produced; and this costume, in which she had more than once been painted by Carl, and which she consequently considered peculiarly becoming to her beauty, she con-

tinued to wear for several days, whether out of compliment to one cavalier, or for the purpose of mortifying the other, we have not, as yet, been able to discover. Mac became more and more enamoured, and made up his mind to bring her to the point of yes or no, on the first opportunity: Rosalie at the same time being determined not to satisfy his curiosity. She was all that heart could desire in the presence of Madame and the rest of the house; but the usual hours for walking in the woods were precisely those on which it was necessary to attend to a feathered protégé. For some time he was contented with airing himself before her vine-clad lattice, to watch the pretty spectacle of her teaching the detestable little wretch, with a ribbon round his leg, the accomplishment of flying—to feast upon the beautiful turn of her arms, the animation of her countenance, the endearing expressions with which she tossed him up, and extended her sweet finger to receive him. In short, the perpetual variety of her character would have filled a heart as big as Mont Blanc. She was not *one* beauty—she was a whole paradise of beauties. What, then, must have been the effect produced upon poor Mac, who was only a beginner in the art of love? He was penetrated with darts from head to foot, and felt that he could have roared like a bull in the arena.

This could not last; and, in fine, when he had gazed himself blind upon the picture of angelic innocence, and wished in vain that he was either the little bird or the cat, that he might be revenged upon it, he called up to the window—

"Mademoiselle Rossely, voulez vous marry me?"

"Oh, mon Dieu, Meester Mac, je suis déjà mariée! Voilà, mon petit mari!" Tossing up her nondescript, "Ah, comme il baille!"

"Mais j'ai besoin parler seriously."

"Tout à l'heure, Monsieur Mac. Mon mari a besoin de son diner. Allez vous en! allez!"

With that she closed the casement, and Mac incontinently walked off, to make his proposals to Madame herself.

Such an event could not fail to make a remarkable sensation in the house. The elders were enchanted, Rosalie did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and the young painter, who was made a confidant, by the way of punishment for having presumed to be unhappy, became as pale as death.

Carl had, indeed, for some days, been growing more and more depressed. People in his situation are peculiarly sensitive, and unable to disguise their feelings. Every passing word, therefore, which Rosalie chanced to address to him, seemed to carry with it a degree of cold cruelty, to which he could not help replying with a look or tone resembling reproach. The young lady, on the day of Mac's proposals, chose to fire at this species of impertinence, complained to her *cher Ecossais*, and declared her resolution of taking the painter to task the moment she could find an occasion.

The occasion was found the same evening. Carl took his usual hour, when the hills of the Black Forest were blazing with the red sunset, to steal off with his colour-

box, and catch the varied hues from a romantic old wood hard by. He sat himself down upon a moss-grown stump, and endeavoured to forget in his art the smart of hopeless love—of insulted poverty. Alas, his hand was unsteady, his mind was astray, and his pencil had lost its brilliancy. He flung it in despair amongst the flowers at his feet ; his delight in it was gone ; his anticipations of fame were destroyed ; Rosalie had signed his death-warrant. He had conducted himself towards her with unobtrusive humility—with silent devotion ; and she had treated him with coldness—with contempt—with tyranny. She was about to sell herself to a creature which was neither man nor beast, before his very face, and without one compunctious look. He would forget—he would detest ; that was to say, he would cherish—he would worship her memory whilst he lived, and have a glorious revenge hereafter in leaving her the conviction of his sufferings. He had just come to this noble resolution when, approaching by the winding pathway, he was startled by the light quick step of Rosalie herself.

“No ceremony, Monsieur,” she said hastily, as he attempted to rise. “I never use any myself—I will only trouble you to make room for me.”

Carl was struck by the unusual colour in her cheeks, and an indefinable desperation in her eyes, as he obeyed.

“I have had some trouble to find you,” she continued, “and am a little out of breath, as you perceive. You never told me where you were going.”

“Alas ! what reason had I to expect that I should have had the happiness of your company?”

"It is a happiness which you could, perhaps, have very stoically spared."

"Madame!"

"Rosalie, Monsieur. I have known you four years, and I choose to be called Rosalie; and now Rosalie demands in what she has offended you?"

"Pardon me, Madame; I am not aware that"—

"Yes, Monsieur, you are aware; or, if you are not, I will inform you, as a secret, that you have been highly offended."

Carl, who had hitherto kept his head averted, to conceal his agitation, turned round to regard her. She was watching him with a penetrating look, and he fancied that her lips were trembling. Was it an artifice to throw him off his guard, and make him ridiculous? He had no doubt of it, and his reply was shaped with coldness accordingly.

"Monsieur," she said, "I think you are very proud."

"I am glad of it, Madame. When the poor cease to be proud, the chances are that they will become servile."

"I do not think that, in your particular case, there would be any such danger. Be proud of the endowments of nature which you have received in lieu of those of fortune, but do not be unjust to those whose case happens unluckily to be the reverse."

"Unjust, Madame?"

"Yes, Monsieur, unjust, in believing that I have presumed upon my father's wealth to treat you in a manner unbecoming your merit. Do not deny that you have done me this wrong; and do not deny that it is a wrong of a most unfeeling, almost unpardonable nature."

Her voice stopped in a tremor. Carl was confused. He felt that, if he had been wrong, he had been *very* wrong; but he was by no means sure that he had not been *right*.

"Well then," she resumed, in a more lively but not less agitated vein, "you will *not* make the *amende*? Or perhaps you are too proud to know how? I will even try to teach you. Do you be Rosalie and I will be Monsieur Carl."

He felt certain that she was turning him into ridicule, and looked graver than ever.

"Madame," he commenced, with an attempt to expostulate——

"No, Mademoiselle," she interrupted. "I tell you I am Monsieur Carl; and I beg that, as you have Rosalie's character in charge at present, you will do nothing to make it appear unamiable. In the first place, that face is not a bit like hers, which is the picture of good temper, gentleness, and humility. Look at the face which, in her generosity, she assumes for you—meek, penitent, and apologetic. You never looked half so irresistible in your life." She then continued in her mock character—"Rosalie, I feel deeply penetrated by the opportunity which you have given me of explaining my conduct"—

"No, Madame, no; I never should presume to explain."

"Rosalie"—she persisted, placing her hand upon his mouth—"you are aware that I feel a deep interest in you. Considering the unpropitious eye which parents are apt to cast upon all suitors but the wealthy, a *rashly*

advised interest; nay, I have even ventured to be dissatisfied with your attentions to others, though I know that it was not in your power to bestow them elsewhere, whatever your inclinations might have been. I have been rash—I have been wrong; but the faults which arise from affection are surely the easiest to forgive.”

“Forgive—forgive them then,” exclaimed Carl, completely thrown off his guard by the pathetic earnestness with which she pleaded for him. “Rosalie, on my knees I acknowledge that you have penetrated the wretched secret of my heart. I acknowledge the fault which has ensued from it. You have spoken for me the words which I dared not speak for myself.”

“I will do more,” she replied—“I will answer. My conduct has been in obedience to commands which I could not dispute. I have laboured till my heart sickened to avert the consequences which that obedience has brought upon me; and I have determined that my parents shall not have to repent the misdeed of making me the victim of evil arrangements. You see me as I am, a wild, vain girl, with but little wit and less prudence; but still I feel that I have a heart, and courage to undertake wonders for those who are dear to it” (her breath was drawn with increasing difficulty, and she concluded with a gush of tears); “a courage that only shrinks from the contemplation that I am betraying the feelings of my soul to one who has no wish to profit by them.”

Her lover knelt in silent bewilderment. He was a new creation. He was a man snatched up from the grave.

The next morning Mac in vain called under his mistress's window "*ou ettez vous;*" and vainly did Madame seek to lament to Carl her expectation of company who would require the use of his apartment. The little anonymous bird, having finished his flying lessons, had been dismissed to his native freedom, and not a brush nor a scrap of canvass was to be found from garret to cellar. It was clear that Rosalie and Carl had gone to take views; and as it was presently found that the carriage and horses were also missing, it was suspected that these views were somewhat distant.

In the course of a few hours the equipage returned; and, to set at rest all useless surmise, a letter was produced from *Madame Carl*. This little document was, as might be expected, a model for all compositions of the kind. It began with such touching entreaties for pardon, and ended with such affectionate compliments to Meester Mac, that the whole party were in a puzzle what to do. But five minutes before, Monsieur had absolutely torn his wig to pieces for rage; Madame had burnt the memory of her daughter upon a funeral pile, composed of all her lover's sketches; and Mac had been seriously lamenting that he had never learnt the sword exercise. In five minutes afterwards, all was revolutionized: Madame's clouds went off, *à la Française*, in showers; Monsieur wiped the snuff-drop from his nose; and Mac magnanimously declared, "*Je allez à cheval après lui pour pardonner.*"

Very little remains to be told. Carl was very shortly again seen sketching in the environs of the old château;

while his happy wife, considerably more steady, and not a whit less delightful, reclined by his side, and amused herself with improving the French of honest Mac. The art which he thought had jilted him returned in greater strength than ever; whilst, with a laudable anxiety for his improvement, Rosalie supplied him with little landscape figures as fast as he could paint them. There was only one stumbling-block in the way of his celebrity, and that was—he never again found his pockets empty.

Song.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

THERE'S joy 'mid the green forest boughs at noon,
When the autumn breezes wave them,
There's joy on the shores 'neath the cloudless moon,
When the spring-tide billows lave them;
There's joy e'en in wintry wastes at even,
When our home lies bright before us;
But the sweetest of all is the blue summer heaven,
When morning is shining o'er us.

Oh! give me a bower o'ershaded and lone,
To gaze on the calm summer weather;
A bower cool and fragrant, and sacred for one,
But sweeter when two are together.
There our hearts, that with sorrow too long have striven,
To our youth's bright dreams restore us,
Beneath the soft light of the blue summer heaven,
While morning is shining o'er us.





Hylas.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hylas, a youthful Grecian, of extreme beauty, was one of the Argonautic adventurers, to whom Hercules was ardently attached. Landing to obtain water on the Ionian coast, he disappeared, and ancient legends represent him as a victim to the temptations of the water-nymphs. His friend long sought for him in sorrow, but in vain.

Hylas. “Ha! what entrancing sounds are these? There is a low, deep murmur in the forest; ’tis but a whisper, yet it speaks the very grandeur of power! Can the dream be true that the Cecropian seers have taught us? Can the wild waste be sentient and vocal with spirits of superior mould—the imprisoned dryad and the airy sylph? Sure, there are voices in the wood! Whose call is that?”

Hercules. “Hylas! Hylas! Where tarriest thou while the winged winds swell the canvass of the soul-fraught Argo, as she rides on the bosom of the breathing sea? The assembled chiefs, lifting their hands towards those eternal witnesses, the stars, are shouting Greece and glory! Thou bearer of Apollo’s visage—mirror of Grecian loveliness, whose nervous arm, despite the grace of

beauty, might almost wield the bow of the proud day-god, whither hast thou flown? Tell, oh! tell me where?"

Echo. "Tell me where?"

Hylas (in low tones). "Here are two voices! which way shall I tend? One of these speakers must be she, the wandering nymph, whose melancholy voice still lives all disembodied, yet with maiden truth pursues her long-lost lover—the other should be Hercules. I'll pause, and hail once more. (Aloud.) And where art thou, Alcides? I will but pause to plunge my pitcher in this crystal stream, and then will join thee. Speak again, Lion-tamer, that I may know which of these rival tones is true, which false! One calls through briers into the forest's gloom—the other through the diamond-spangled spray on yonder flowery bank. Shall I, through tangled thickets seek out that path, or by the shadowy margin of the streamlet, follow this?"

Echo. "Follow this!"

Hylas. "'Tis well, but there is mystery here—a supernatural dread comes over me—and a strange longing. The murmurs of the woodland seem to breathe contempt on human greatness; and I, an Argonaut, sworn to the cause of Greece and glory, listen! 'Tis strange! Hark! The winds, as they howl through the tall pines, cry, 'What avails it?' "

Echo. "What avails it?"

Hylas. "And thou too! Nay, that is no thought of Hercules, and I must to the thicket! False Echo! hast thou forgot thy lost one, and wouldst thou tempt a Grecian hero to thy magic bowers, thou archetype of empti-

ness! Be true to thy first love, and lose not all that dignifies thy melancholy being—thy faith! Thou heart-persuasive, vocal memory of disappointed hope; thy eloquence, to lure me from the path of Fame, is vain.”

Echo. “Fame is vain!”

Hylas. “What meaning iteration! ‘Fame is vain’—and is it not indeed? Alas! I must away! This softness is enfeebling.”

(As he stoops to fill his pitcher, a beautiful face is seen smiling beneath the surface, and he starts back, awe-struck by the apparition, while from under the curtain of a neighbouring cascade, is heard this incantation:)

First Nymph. “Within the world, there is an inner world; beyond the world there is a farther world. What is this world to thee! The wind is the voice of the gods, and it sings of the glory of nature. Jove speaks in the thunder of heaven, and our father in the booming of waves. Shall there not be ears to hear? When all nature is listening, shall man alone be deaf? Mortal, whose step is the step of Apollo, and whose arm is the arm of Mars; what is human glory?—what is human fame? Man perishes like the leaf in the autumn, and his voice passeth away—but the sea endureth for ever. Nations are swept like the sand from the face of the desert—their trace is no more seen—but the voice of the wind is eternal. We are the handmaids of nature; we talk with the thunder of heaven; we sport with the wind and the tempest; we ride on the arc of the iris; we sit on the evening cloud, and listen to the song of our father, when the proud waves fall on ‘the far-resounding shore.’ We

converse with the heart of nature :—let us converse with thine !”

Second Nymph. “Mortal, the Dryads are our brethren. The tones of the deep forest have spoken to thy heart in mystery : but to us they are familiar. Unheard by thee are the anthems of the stars :—they sing to us the live-long night. Thou hast sighed at the song of the newly-mated bird—thou hast rejoiced at the shrill cry of the cicada, and listened in dreamy trance to the drone of the twilight beetle ; thou hast fellowship with these things, though thou understandest them not. What is human fame ? what human glory to the great heart of nature ? Come and dwell with us. Thou shalt hear the song of the stars, thou shalt commune with the winds. Thou shalt live to smile at the littleness of Fame, and grieve over the baseness of glory !”

Hylas. “A spell is upon me ! What means this longing emptiness of heart ! Ye spirits of the air and wave, of whom our seers have so long told us, forgive my unbelief ! I feel the nothingness of human pride, and at your breath, all the bright dreams of my ambition are fading in thin air. What now to me is the yellow fleece of Colchis, the gilded triumph, sordid booty, and the loud praise of the Amphictyons ! There is a world beyond, of higher powers and loftier elements. I feel within my soul desires that these things cannot satisfy. Leave me not desolate—companionless ! If that a mortal eye may look upon your beauties, spirits, appear ! I would talk with you face to face ; ay, though the sight should blast me.”

Chorus of Nymphs. "We have built thee a bower far from the haunts of men, where thou mayst listen to the voices of the gods breathing through all created things. We are the handmaids of Nature—we will make thee her interpreter. The mountains shall speak to thee, and the sea discourse of her treasures. Thou shalt read the language of the skies, and the earth shall converse as a brother. Thou shalt sing the songs of destiny. Thou shalt translate the laws of Jove. The shepherd shall hear thee, as he watches on the hillside. Young lovers, as they sit silently by the streamlet, writing sweet thoughts upon the crystal mirror, shall feel thy presence, and listen with their hearts, to thy unspoken words. There is life in the waters, and purity in the enchanted stream. Drink then, and purge away the dross of earth. Drink, that the veil may rise!" (He drinks, and the nymphs appear.)

Hylas. "Ineffable beauty! Oh, ye supernal powers! how nature from your glance takes added loveliness. The forest glows in gold, and molten silver sparkles and dashes round you. Diamonds in hue, the spray-drops of the water-fall lie on the emerald grass, and every wild flower shines a living gem. Old, venerable faces gaze upon me from the now transparent trunks of time-worn trees, and visages of beauty peer forth from shrub and vine, till all things seem instinct with life and being. Even matter forms no barrier to my vision, but all its hidden secrets lie exposed. Can this, then, be the world—my world!"

Hercules. "Hylas! lost Hylas! where, oh where art thou?"

Echo. "Where art thou?"

(As Hylas turns to reply, the bank crumbles beneath him, and he sinks, terror-stricken, into the arms of the nymphs, who bear him down the current.)

Third Nymph. (Crowning the youth with a wreath of water-plants.) "Nay; let the hero chase the melancholy maid. Who follows fame, pursues an empty sound. Let Echo lead him on his destined way. Look not alarmed, fair youth. This diadem of Lethean flowers hath power to lull into eternal sleep the memory of all ills. To the gods, all things are beautiful, and just, and right. Man's grosser vision views them by reflection in the warped mirror of his grovelling passions. The world was not yet ripe for thee, a poet, favoured with Apollo's fire; and we, by his command, have rendered thee immortal."

California.

TO MY FRIEND DR. C——.

BY O. H.

——“He that is rich is wise, tho’ on his head
Grow Midas’ ears!”

BEHOLD the prize! The world’s high boon—
Rare, yellow, glittering gold!
No longer hidden from bright noon,
And sought by spells beneath the moon—
But flashing in the early sun,
Flaunting the eye of every one;
Upon the field, within the wood,
Beside the rock, beneath the flood,
Through parallels of latitude
Reaching to depths untold!

Away, away! How can we pause?
The price of that supreme applause
Which coldest hearts must move,
Whose power the patient Patriarch knew—
Thus far denied to me—to you;

Here presses on the ardent gaze,
And prompts a nervous arm to raise
And "once for all" the combat try,
For Power, for Fame, for Victory—
It may be, e'en for Love!

I know thy high resolve to be
The apostle of true destiny—
The Mentor of thy race;
But what avails such purpose bold
Against the subtle power of gold?
With Midas face to face,
Thou art but ocean's conquering son
Nelson—without a ship or gun—
And I am Jesse's stripling one
Without his sling.

The power to save
Must mingle with the wish to bless;
Such hopes to us this side the grave
Grow daily less and less:
Forth, then, to where such laurels wait,
Through rocky pass or dangerous strait.

Yet, as we chase the setting sun
Towards realms whose very dust is gold,—
Whose furrows, sparkling in the day,
Disdain to drink the heavenly ray,
But spurn it back upon the sky
In gorgeous effrontery—
And deem the goal still cheaply won

At cost of all that's fair and bold,
Shall no grave doubt intrude, to mar
The trophies of th' Hesperian war?

'Tis said that Plutus ne'er *bestows*
His power, though sought thro' fires and snows;
And for each drachm, at best but lent,
Extorts a stern equivalent!
The blaze enkindled by his smile
Is that of "some volcanic isle,"
Whose lurid light, malign, unblest,
Puts out "the sunshine of the breast!"

Ah, speak not thus! And yet from thee
The word is just and true to me:
How oft, at every devious turn
Of fate, we vowed the lure to spurn!
And now, for one to leave thy side
To wander thus so dark, so wide,
And that one *me*! It needs must be
The *ne plus* of apostacy!

Yet as I linger on the strand,
Detained by thine unflattering hand,
While at my feet the turbid tide
Of Pactolus is rolling wide,
Bear witness how with honest eye
I plead the long-drawn agony
Of late, of early hope deferred,

Nor pained thee with one idle word,
But 'neath our blue and balmy skies
Confessed to thee the sacrifice,
Yet, spite of all that lured my stay,
Then took the strange but destined way
From all I love and prize !

The Pearl-Kilted Poniard.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT, ESQ.

THE last hue of crimson was dying away in the west, the summer's day was drawing to its close, when, issuing forth from a forest glade, a princely band of nobles slowly wended their way towards the stately towers of the feudal Château of Tancarville. First rode there Craon de Montford, young and brave; then—more in years, and greater in wisdom—the bold Bertram de Clisson; and lastly, surrounded with a retinue of esquires and pages, and the centre of a group of knights, whose dancing plumes were mirrored in the river as they passed, came, on a white and prancing palfrey, the fair and lovely Isoline, daughter and heiress of Raoul, Lord of Tancarville.

“I spoke not,” said the gentle girl to the knight at her side, “I spoke not of my unknown champion, my deliverer indeed, Monsieur de Montenay, that you should play the braggart. Methinks I see you now challenging my father to mortal combat, before King Philip-le-Bel, as did the Sire de Harcourt, some ten years back; or, save the mark, throwing your gauntlet at the feet of Bertram

de Clisson yonder, whom your deeds of battle have driven from our company!"

"That I did leap the barrier-walls is true," lisped De Montenay; "the height was marvellous, but I cleared it nevertheless, seized the violets which the fair dame had dropped from her bosom, and, after gazing a moment calmly into the lion's face, in an instant regained my place beside—"

"Whom, fair sir?"

"The dame."

"Her name, brave sir?"

"Marry, I do forget!" cried the knight, angrily; "one modest and coy withal," he added with bitterness, "who was incapable of smiling upon men whose suits she would never favour, and whose disposition was not altogether so generous as to induce her to address each passing stranger as though he were her betrothed. You want the Sire de Clisson, lady! I will send him to you." And putting spurs to his horse, before she could reply, De Montenay rode forward.

"He is presumptuous and overweening; I would as soon touch an adder as wed him; my father may be wroth with me, but if he presses his suit I will hear none of it," mused Isoline. "Sire de Clisson," she continued aloud, as he joined her, "a good exchange; I had grown deaf had that braggart remained a moment longer at my side. I was relating a strange adventure which befell me in this forest some six months since, when De Montenay must needs outvie my hero of the woods, and favour us with a tale of a Paris tourney, as old—"

"Nay, think not of him," smiled the courteous De Clisson; "to your adventure, lady."

"I was returning home from Rouen, six months ago, ay, just six months to-day. It was the eve before you joined my father's household, Alain de Roye."

With an open brow, and a lightsome eye, the dependant on her father's bounty (one of those hireling combatants so common in France at the period of our tale, and whose swords were at the service of the highest bidder for the time being), thus addressed, approaching nearer the group whom he had followed at a short distance, respectfully answered the lady in the affirmative.

"He was a gallant youth," she continued, "and a noble one to boot. The night had closed upon us about three leagues from hence, at that beautiful spot where the road, leaving the windings of the river, first enters the forest. Trees, river, cliffs, and hills shone forth with exquisite distinctness in the clear light of the rising moon. Though urged not to proceed, but to remain during the night at the convent of our Holy Mother, which we were then passing, the illness of my father, tidings of which had caused my sudden departure from Rouen, would allow me to brook no delay. Daring and defying all danger, I hurried forward, despite the entreaties of the small body of my father's retainers who attended me. We had not gone far, before the weather changing unexpectedly, the deep and starry sky was in a few minutes covered with clouds, the moon concealed, and the darkness around so intense that, each moment fearful of losing our way, it was with the utmost difficulty we managed to proceed.

Thus situated, judge of my horror on finding ourselves suddenly surrounded by a troop of forest brigands. My father's coward hirelings fled, leaving me to the tender mercies of these thieves. They were snatching the rings from my ears, one had unclasped a jewelled necklace from my throat, gems that in all Normandy have not their equal, when, attracted by my cries, the unknown champion sprang among us and drew his sword. I saw the splintered steel flash in the darkness; I closed my eyes amidst blows and groans on every side, and before my Lord of Montmorenci, who was also returning from Rouen, could come up with assistance, the terrified and wounded ruffians disappeared. My deliverer was about to address me, and I to thank him in fitting terms—for his prowess spoke his rank—when, on hearing De Montmorenci call me by name, the stranger, with a hurried farewell, and imploring me to reserve my thanks until we met again, vanished from my side. In the darkness it was impossible to discover his features; were we to meet again, I question if I should even recognise him—

“Then his name?” inquired De Clisson.

“Is unknown to me,” replied Isoline. “That he heard mine I am certain, and therefore marvel that he has never been to Tancarville.”

“Mayhap, fair lady, this unknown gallant does not carry his heart upon his sleeve,” pettishly interrupted De Montenay, who had rejoined the party.

“Sir, will you hear me?” Isoline was about to take an angry notice of his words, but checking herself, continued—“I *do* wonder much that he has never been to

Tancarville to reclaim a poniard, which was found and presented to me by one of the servants of the Count de Montmorenci. Know any of ye its owner, good my lords? It is of rare and curious workmanship, most delicately wrought, and on the blade deeply carved, was the motto '*jusqu'à mort.*' But see, we are arrived. Ha! what was that?"

A distant peal of thunder was heavily echoed among the hills around them. Isoline cast her eyes down the valley, as she crossed the drawbridge of the Château of Tancarville; all was calm, lovely, and still—the stillness and repose of a summer's eve.

"Was I not right, when we parted hence at noon, sweet maid?" cried De Montenay, pleased at the fulfilment of his evil predictions. "Fair as this July day commenced, I knew that it would close in thunder and storm. We are arrived in time; a fearful and an angry night is nigh!" And springing from his saddle, he attempted to assist Isoline to dismount.

"I thank you, Count de Montenay, but can alight without your aid; my steed is of the same mood as her mistress, and affects you not. Yet stay, messieurs," she continued, as the nobles were entering the castle, "there was one of you to whom I had wherewithal to say. Who was it?—who was it?" mused the vain and tyrannical beauty. "I do remember now, it was Alain—Alain de Roye, my father's favourite man-at-arms. Call him back, Count de Montfort, he passes by the postern yonder." And Craon de Montfort hastening to obey the imperious command, soon brought De Roye to her presence.

The appearance of the man-at-arms was prepossessing in the extreme. His person fine and noble; his bearing active, yet graceful. A playful smile on his lips bespoke the lightness of his heart, without so far destroying the expression of his face as to interfere with the determined resolution displayed therein. But now, blushing to his brows, his look of fearless frankness vanished as his eyes met the sneering lips, and the ridiculous affectation of solemn respect with which the lords of high and noble blood around admitted him, a hireling combatant, to their circle.

His reception was not unnoticed or unfelt for by Isoline.

"I heard my father say this morning," she began, "that you are about to quit his service and our castle for Paris. He has urged this on you for the advancement of your fortunes; and while he loses his most faithful servant, has the gratification of giving to his monarch one, of whom were there more in France, her enemies would have learned to rue her name ere now. Since you have entered the Château of Tancarville, I owe you much in thanks for many services; slight and trivial as some may deem them, they would, in more instances than one, have added nobility to the noble. Accept, with every wish for your success," she concluded, "accept in my name a purse, which the seneschal of the castle will give you, containing one hundred marks of gold."

"Lady!" exclaimed Alain de Roye, blushing yet more deeply, as though even pained at the nature of the gift, and dropping on his knee, "I am an outcast, not knowing whence I sprung,—am poor, but do not need your gold.

My sword suffices for me, go where I may; but if I dare presume on services which you named—if I dare crave a boon—if one who, midst the fair and lovely of this earth, never yet knew or had a friend, might from the loveliest and the fairest of them all entreat a boon”—and as he glanced upwards at her face, the tears shining in her large eyes reassured him, while he whispered in almost inaudible tones—“then, for services tendered in moments the happiest of my life, you will allow me to look upon the poniard you mentioned but now, before I depart.”

The nobles laughed; but the firm voice and contracted brow of Isoline checked their mirth. “You shall see it,” she said, “now—instantly. Remember it well, and the motto that it bears; and if ever, when far from here, you meet the man who should have claimed it long ago, tell him, that she who owes her life to him, fondly hopes that he will one day receive his poniard from her hand. Follow me.” And, dismissing the astonished and wondering nobles, she led the way, while Alain de Roye followed his young and beautiful guide to the armoury of the castle.

At the end of a large and spacious gallery hung with tapestry was the chamber in question. Its walls were decorated with suits of armour, coats of mail, banners, spears, and warlike implements of all description. Crossing it, Isoline led the way to a small Gothic apartment, in which, from a few old and rejected suits of armour, and one or two imperfect or unfinished ones, a stranger would have at once recognised the sanctum or chosen abode of the armourer of the castle, a personage always retained in

a feudal stronghold of such power and extent as the Château of Tancarville.

Pierre Martel, the old retainer who held such station in the house of Raoul de Tancarville, was one of those spoilt followers, and tolerated speakers of truth, which were, even at that remote period, to be found in great families. At a sign from the mistress, whom he yet treated as a child, and whose visits to the garrulous old man's chamber were not unfrequent, he resumed his seat without the slightest feeling of impropriety, while Isoline, also taking a chair, beckoned Alain de Roye to approach her.

"Most dearly are you welcome, noble mistress," commenced the armourer, not deigning to bestow the slightest notice on the man-at-arms, whose appearance in the apartment was, in his opinion, under almost any circumstances, an intrusion.

"Show my father's man-at-arms the poniard with the pearl hilt, which I gave into your safe keeping some six months since."

"Ay, lady. That, studded with pearls and many precious jewels, the noble Henri brought from the infidels in Palestine."

"No, Pierre!" she exclaimed, "the one which I entrusted to your best care, to be restored if ever claimed by him who perilled his life for mine the night I came from Rouen."

After a long search, three or four splendid daggers having been produced in vain, partly, as Isoline suspected, to enable Martel to recount the history of each, the one in question made its appearance. It was, as already de-

scribed, of beautiful workmanship, the hilt thickly covered with pearls, and bearing on the blade the motto, "*jusqu'à mort*."

"Alain de Boye," said Isoline, "your request has been complied with. There is the dagger—mark it well."

"In sooth, it has not got its fellow, lady—rare and costly," interrupted Martel, "but not like these from Palestine. Now I bethink me, the Count de Montenay wears such a sword—the hilt at least."

"Heaven forefend!" exclaimed Isoline.

"No," continued Martel, "the Count de Montenay's weapon ne'er saw Damascus, and this is of as pure, as exquisite a steel—"

"As is this sword," said Alain, in a tone which he felt could not fail to attract the attention of Isoline. And while he spoke, unsheathing the weapon at his side, he bared it to the gaze of the armourer.

"Mother of mercy!" exclaimed the old man, "they are alike—the same pure steel—the same device—the motto on the blade '*jusqu'à mort*.' Do my old eyes deceive me?—or by the saints! my mistress has not far to send to find the owner of this toy. I little thought it was a hireling combatant—her father's—"

With a face burning with blushes Alain dared to look towards the spot occupied by Isoline. The chair was vacant; she had glided from the room.

"This is an awkward matter," growled the armourer. "Methinks, Sir Knight of the Poniard, you are in a fair chance of being hung by the neck from one of the old trees opposite the castle ditch. What! stricken dumb with fear?"

Before Alain could reply, a messenger entered from Isoline, desiring the instant attendance of the armourer in her chamber. Still rooted and spell-bound to the spot, the man-at-arms remained. Moments, that seemed ages, wore slowly away. At length he heard the heavy foot-falls of the armourer as he crossed the hall. He returned, the bearer of the dagger, and of a cold and haughty command—that Alain de Roye should quit the Château of Tancarville that moment, and for ever!

The revel was at its very gayest, the sounds of minstrelsy echoed through the ancient hall, and Raoul of Tancarville was smiling in inward triumph at seeing himself surrounded at his banquet-board by some of the first blood in France, attracted thither, as he well knew, by the far-famed charms and wealth of his only child, when she, more radiant than ever, took her place by his side. Very young, and very beautiful, scarcely seventeen, every eye in the hall was fixed upon her. Bowing with ease and grace from a chair placed high upon the dais, covered with Eastern carpets of scarlet, glittering with worked gold, Isoline, robed simply in white, seemed, amidst the warlike men around her, like an apparition from another world. Her skin was dazzling fair; her hair, both dark and bright, was gemmed and starred with jewels, entwined around her brows, as it were, the emblems of all that was pure and true within. These were surmounted by a wreath of large pale roses, that suited well the languid loveliness of her smiles that night. But after awhile her aspect changed; pride and anger shaded her scornful brow as, when the first pause in the bursts of song and

music which had welcomed her to the chamber occurred, she made a sign to Pierre Martel, who stood the foremost of a group of privileged retainers at the bottom of the hall. On the armourer approaching her, she bent forward, and demanded in a low but authoritative tone, "Is he gone?"

"Far away ere this, fair mistress. The churl quitted the castle on the instant. Your command was enough. He waited not for your father's servants to drive him hence."

"Enough," said Isoline, waving him from her.

Then arose a loud and stirring strain of music through the hall, and the joyous voice of youth, as with a hand of nerve it raised the red wine-cup high, shouted in thrilling chorus; then full many a deed of chivalry flowed forth in song, as the harp-chords echoed the glorious triumphs of France in the East, and the shrill note of the clarion bore back every mind to the plains of Palestine; then friend pledged friend, and hands were grasped in amity across the rich and princely board. Never was there feast like that of Tancarville; never yet had the haughty daughter of Raoul dealt such sparkling smiles on all; never had the shout with which Raoul's name was pledged rang so high, or swelled so freely out as now; and now—a vivid flash of lightning glared suddenly around, and, with scarcely the interval of a second, the hollow roar of thunder shook the hall to its foundations! Flash after flash, peal upon peal, in terrible succession, struck fear into the strongest hearts. The music ceased. The guests crowded together, awe-struck and terrified, as though the

last day were come. A terrific flash of lightning, which had dimmed every eye, had passed, and the peal that succeeded had died away, when, amidst the momentary stillness—a silence rendered by contrast almost as awful as that of the grave—the voice of Isoline might again be heard, inquiring anxiously of the armourer—“Is he gone?”

A flash of hissing lightning, blazing on every side, accompanied by a peal of thunder, and the fall of a bolt of fire, that rent the castle to its lowest walls, ensued. The hall was in a moment deserted—all rushed forth; and ere the scattered and frightened nobles could collect themselves without, the greater portion of the Château of Tancarville was a burning heap of flames.

Now there were shrieks from within, that asked in vain for help. Madly and wildly raved Raoul de Tancarville, gazing helplessly on his child; for none dare stir or mount that pyramid of fire to save her, where—saddest sight of all!—leaning in the tottering arch of a window of the hall, the floor of which had given way, stood the wretched Isoline, imploring help. The wind, which fortunately had carried the flames from the wing of the castle in which Isoline was so perilously placed, now howled and rose to the force of a tempest. It was thus, when abandoning all thought of succour from without, and momentarily feeling her hold growing weaker on the pillar to which she clung, that Isoline, in hopeless despair, was about to commend her soul to heaven, when she perceived, amid the ruins below, one form—a well-known form—attempting to approach her. She had already bent forward, and her hand

was grasped in his, when the top of a narrow arch, of gigantic proportions, on which he was about to place his foot, fell in with a terrific crash, forming a gap, although of inconsiderable width, yet of great depth, between them.

"Here," cried Alain de Roye, "spring to my arms. Fear not—the chasm is not so wide as it appears."

"I dare not—I dare not!" shrieked Isoline. "I cannot venture—I am dizzy—the lightning blinds me! Save me, Alain de Roye!"

Bounding forward, De Roye caught at a projecting buttress in the opposite wall, and clinging thus, supported only by the strength of his left arm, he endeavoured to extricate a dagger from his belt. Having accomplished this, and producing the poniard which Isoline had so lately caused to be returned to him, he worked with his utmost strength until he had secured it firmly in an interstice of the large stones of which the wall was composed, and thus formed with the hilt a support for her foot.

"Drop gently—gently, fairest; my arm supports thee. Another moment, and all will be safe."

"I do not see the step."

"Here," he smiled, "sweetest and bravest; here, on the poniard's hilt, *jusqu'à mort*."

She had gained the step in safety—had crossed the abyss—when a sharp cry rang behind her; she turned. Stricken or blinded by the lightning, Alain de Roye had lost his slender hold, and, sight of horror! was precipitated to the foot of the tower.

One wild shriek of alarm from her lips, one glance of agony below, and bounding, hurrying over the mass of

ruins Alain had with such difficulty ascended, heedless of the stones as they crumbled beneath her feet, she paused not till she gained the object on which her distracted gaze was bent.

"Alain, dear Alain de Roye!" she cried, as she clasped the dying man to her heart.

"*Jusqu'à mort*," he muttered, and sighed his true and noble soul forth on her breast.

* * * * *

When Raoul de Tancarville and his retainers ventured to enter the ruins, they found Isoline, unconscious and heedless of their presence, still clasping the body of her faithful lover, Alain de Roye.

The Bee and the Fly.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"TWAS at the sultry hour of noon,
The very hottest day in June,
A Fly, who sate upon a peach,
Felt much inclined to make a speech.

He was a highly-gifted Fly,
With polished wings and killing eye,
And would disdain to buzz and bore
Like C—— and H—— and twenty more.
Whilst thus he basked in scornful ease,
He saw a Bee among the peas,
Filling his arms and thighs with honey,
As Rothschild fills his bags with money.
Fly marked the insect as he toiled;
"My poor friend Hum, you'll sure be broiled,"
Politely sneering he began,—
"This is a day when bee and man
Should leave alike their painful task,
And be content to burn and bask,

You fret all day to carry home
A little wax to build your comb,
Whilst I, who love the sweet *far niente*,
Enjoy myself in peace and plenty.
Here sit I basking in the sun,
Until I'm roasted, over-done ;
And then, retiring to the shade,
Flirt with some microscopic maid :
Or, when I'm hungry, here at hand
Lies all the fatness of the land.
Then pray, friend Hum, leave off your labour,
And be a more amusing neighbour ;
With Mister Wasp and Mistress Grubber,
We'll see if we can't make a rubber."

The Bee heard well the whole discourse,
But thinking it had no great force,
Or wishing time and toil to save,
Continued silently to slave.

Beneath the Fly there lay exposed,
With luscious lip and mouth unclosed,
A phial, full of sweets—a bribe,
Fatal to flies and all their tribe.
He, as an alderman will stoop
To his first plate of turtle-soup,
Bent down with his elastic trunk,
Which soon in sugary ocean sunk ;—
At length, well gorged with luscious drink,
He sought again to reach the brink ;

But lo ! his legs had lost their spring ;
The nectarous gum weighs down his wing ;
His limbs, all glued, together cling ;
He flounders, pauses, labours, tires,
Sinks deep—sinks deeper—and expires.

'Twas then the bee, with look sedate,
Spoke like a judge upon his fate :
“ Poor fluttering thing ! such is the measure
Dealt out to those who live for pleasure !
Awhile in Fortune's sun they bask,
And pity labour's humble task ;
But brief their joy : too soon elated,
Too quickly pleased, too quickly sated ;
When gorged with joys, or wise with age,
They seek their limbs to disengage,
Indulgence weakens all their powers ;
In useless struggles pass the hours ;
They waste in premature decay,
And unregretted pass away :
While we who still pursue the cause
Of nature's bidding, virtue's laws,
When we have worked from morn to night,
Review past moments with delight ;
Health nerves our limbs, and sweetens rest,
And all our pleasures keep their zest ! ”

The Cloak.

BY W. H. WILLIS.

"TAKE my portmanteau to the coach-office, and I will follow immediately," said I to a waiter of the Hotel de Meurice.

It was a bitter cold night; the thermometer stood at 36; and as I shivered down the street, I bethought myself that a cloak would be no uncomfortable addition to my travelling apparel. While debating whether it should be a new or second-hand article, the cold froze my pride, and I turned off in the direction of the Rue de Fripperie. I soon found myself in the Monmouth Street of Paris, and walked through it quickly, but looked about "vigilant as a cat to steal cream." At length I saw a roquelaire that seemed to insure the wearer against petrification at the North Pole: and having passed the shop where it was exhibited, two or three times, I was accosted by a diminutive Jew, who asked me "if I wanted to buy a cloak?" in a tone of voice which denoted a presumption that I did want such an article. I entered his shop. The owner cautiously shut the door.

"I think, Monsieur, I have a cloak that will just suit

you," said the little frippier, peering at me through his ferret-like eyes.

"And why *me* particularly?" I asked.

"Because," was the epigrammatic reply, "the cloak is very warm, and you seem very cold."

"Let us see!"

The old-clothes-man, having called an assistant to mind the shop, conducted me into a little parlour, the door of which he carefully closed. With great difficulty he opened a drawer, and having taken from it a quantity of wearing apparel, he at last requested me to assist him in pulling out the cloak he had recommended. It would have been a sight for a Kamschatkadale—a half-hundred weight of plush, fur, and shaggy cloth—I felt my blood circulate as the old man assisted me to put it on.

"The price?" I demanded eagerly.

"Two hundred francs, Monsieur."

"What!—Why the best cloak between Calais and the Pyrenees is not worth half that sum," I exclaimed, my liberality cooling in the same ratio as my body warmed.

"What will Monsieur be pleased to offer?"

"Just half."

"Monsieur shall have it," agreed the rag-merchant, without another scruple.

The roquelaire soon became mine, and after having paid the money and left the shop, I heard a wild, exulting laugh issue from it. I tried to turn my head, but the collar of my new purchase had taken it prisoner. I thought I never should have reached the Bureau de Diligence; but accomplished my walk just in time to see my

inside place forfeited. The clerk came bowing up to me, full of regret that my tardiness had lost me my place.

"Monsieur must, therefore, oblige us by taking his seat on the outside."

"With pleasure!" I answered, exulting in the possession of my cloak—and with some difficulty I mounted.

"With pleasure!" simultaneously echoed the less fortunate outside passengers.

We drove off. The coach being full, its progress was slow; the contents—or rather malcontents—expostulated. "It is so cold!" was the elongated frost-bitten ejaculation. "And so slippery," rejoined the driver. A reason soon satisfies a Frenchman, and if the diligence had proceeded at the same rate as Russell's wagon, the passengers would not have been dissatisfied. I heard nothing around me but shivering and teeth-chattering—I felt like a salamander in Iceland—my incendiary cloak had set me on fire!

"It is very warm!" I remarked, wiping the perspiration from my brow—just as we had stopped to clear the snow from the horses' hoofs. My neighbour, an elderly, nervous, petit-maitre, turned sharply round, and in the twinkling of an eye (a Frenchman's eye) took an inventory of my person (viz., my cloak, face, and cap), politely requesting a change of seats with a fellow-traveller—a whispering succeeded between the obligor and the obliged, none of which was audible to me, except the adjective "Mad!"

This arrangement, however, proved far from unpleasant, seeing that it placed me in the more agreeable vicinity of a lady, whom the incessant glow of four cigars,

most perseveringly whiffed *vis-a-vis*, enabled me to pronounce the prettiest (except one) I had ever seen. She—a woman—was freezing. I—a man—was burning. “Charity covers a multitude of sins,” so I gallantly made a resolve to change coverings—the lady making use of my cloak, while I took charity for mine. I soon discovered that *I* had not gained much by the exchange, for, after all, my *cent-franc* cloak was worth all the charity in the world for keeping out the cold. I soon became “cold as charity,” the perspiration froze on my body. In a quarter of an hour I felt—no! I could not feel at all.

After a little more such misery, I thought I distinguished a spire among the trees; I was told that it was a part of Amiens—a “piece of Amiens.” Joy at anticipation of a good fire and a hot meal, made me quite stoical to the surrender of my cloak, just as the leader fell into a pit dug (one would think) on purpose. I lost my temper—it seemed as if the horse had made a point—a freezing point—of stumbling just within five minutes of the consummation of my hopes. My companions, being mostly Frenchmen, bore the delay with exemplary patience—I, having the fear of a cold supper before my eyes, would have vented my English impatience in bad French, but was prevented by finding myself deprived of my voice on account of a hoarseness caused by a sudden check of perspiration.

I endeavoured to get down and walk, but I should have succeeded just as well in moving the stone of Sisyphus, or straightening the tower at Pisa, being literally frozen to my seat, while my legs were obstinately *bent* on re-

maining so. In this position of affairs, the horse regained his legs, I the equanimity of my temper; and the prospect of a hot supper, aided by a warm dispute on the coach about the late fires in Lombardy, restored my powers of locomotion sufficiently to enable me to alight from the diligence, though not until every one else had quitted it.

After a good deal of hobbling, I found myself entering a large hall, where several persons of both sexes were seated round a large fire: I recognised them as my fellow-travellers. I was surprised to see the alacrity with which they made room for me; I thanked them for their politeness. The good effects of the fire in dispelling the benumbing influence of the season were visible in all their faces.

"It is very cold here!" I remarked, as well as my hoarseness would let me. My *petit-maitre* overturned his seat in his efforts to regain the supper-table, and the rest of the company soon left me in undivided possession of the fire-place. "*Pauvre garçon!*" occupied the interval of almost every spoonful of soup—and I was highly flattered that they appreciated my heroism in resigning my cloak, and felt pleased that they commiserated the ill effects it had caused me. Again a genial warmth pervaded my veins, heightened by the soup I afterwards devoured; and it was with no little exultation that I remounted the vehicle, and hid myself in my invulnerable cold-dispeller.

During the rest of the journey, my cloak was the envy of the passengers; they quite begrudged the drops of

sweat which fell upon it from my hair. One gentleman, a military person, seemed to examine it very minutely, and the result of his observation was a remark *en passant*, that he had never seen but one other such—that had been his, and was stolen from his cab in the neighbourhood of the Rue de Fripperie. The singular little Jew—his mystery—and the suspicious secrecy from which the cloak had emerged—all combined to assure me that I was the receiver of a stolen article. But I determined not to lose such a valuable prize without an effort. I was not, however, called on to act upon this resolution until we arrived at Calais.

The officer took every opportunity of renewing his examination of the cloak, and when we arrived at the end of our journey, conceive my horror and amazement at finding myself and my cloak in custody of a *gens-d'arme*!

"Sorry to trouble Monsieur," said the gentlemanly police officer—"we only wish the pleasure of his company to the Bureau, for the purpose of acquainting the commissioner how he became possessed of this cloak." And with the air of a valet did this specimen of executive politeness proceed to disencumber me of my unfortunate outer garment.

Again did the air chill my very vitals,—again I fancied myself gradually undergoing the process of petrification. I could not walk; a fiacre was called, and in it we proceeded to the police office, where I found my quondam stage-coach companion the officer. After some preliminary business, he proceeded to examine the cloak. He

looked minutely at every part—he seemed confused—shook his head and sighed—“he looked and sighed, and sighed and looked again.” *He was mistaken*—he made every apology, and I the best of my way in the fiacre to the steam-packet office, bearing back my cloak in triumph. A fair wind and a favourable tide soon wafted us across the Channel; I stepped upon the quay, glorying in the certainty of my safe right and title to the cloak, when I felt a hand holding the collar of it; I was walking out of my roquelaire—a peculiar laugh succeeded. I turned my head, and, O horror! what did I see—the Jew! I made a convulsive grasp at the cloak, and—I heard the voice of my wife!

“No wonder I get such colds, Charles—here have you been tumbling about the bed-clothes this half-hour.”

“But the cloak, Ellen!”

“What cloak? Oh, you have been dreaming.”

“I should not wonder but I have been!”

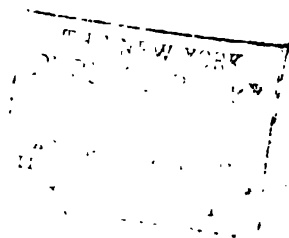




PLATE I

PLATE I

May Day.

An Old Man's May-day Reflections.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONCE more, beautiful streamlet, I cast myself upon thy grassy margin. Once more the tall trees interlock above my head; the wild bird sings in the branches, and the butterfly flits from flower to flower among the pendant vines. Once more it is the sunny first of May, and young voices are ringing with silvery tones along the hillsides. But where is he who drew himself aside from the noble and the lovely, the little group of choice companions, met here to hail the advent of the emerald-sandaled Spring, but forty years ago? Forty years!—It seems as yesterday!

He was a singular youth; full of energy and passion when mingling in the strife of men—full of gentleness and sympathy in social life—but when alone with nature, given to abstract musings and melancholy thoughts. The purposes, the objects of his kind seemed trifling and inane, to one who felt the soul of grandeur and the sentiment of beauty; one who looked up from the breathing universe to Him who gave language to earth, and air, and sky, and claimed these as his brethren. In the great volume of

creation he strove to read the rule of abstract right, asking no other guide than the finger of its Author, no other light than that which springs from Him! He was not insensible to human fame and human kindness, but they formed with him no active stimulus, no ruling motive. With the spirit of a martyr, he pursued his course and left the end to God.

Here, at the root of this very tree, but forty years ago, sat this singular youth, gazing upon the winding brook, as it coursed its way from the distant highlands, under the shadow of the alder and the beech, the ampilopsis and the vine, and kissed with its gentle ripple, alike the grassy woodland bank with its diadem of sanguinarias, hepaticas, and clatonias, and the rude rock from which the columbine looks down upon these humbler flowers.

“Thou art flowing onward and onward, bright streamlet, to thy destiny;” said he, “broader and broader swells thy course; thy ripple will soon rise into waves, on which the freight of nations will be borne lightly and dancingly along—into billows thundering upon the trembling shores, whelming the freight of nations in their yeasty foam; but wilt thou ever return to the purity of thy source? The waves of the river are mingled with the soil, the billows of the treacherous bay are burdened with the rankness of the sea-weed and the torn remnants of decaying forms once buoyant with fresh life. Soul, that leapest in my bosom, for ‘the rapture of the strife!’ Soul, that kisseth the very earth upon which beauty treads, and with thy nascent ripple, playfully mimics the billows of human passion!—the majestic river, the wide bay, the unmea-

sured ocean of existence are before thee; but wilt thou ever return from the dark turmoil of the waters, to the freshness of thy youth? Will thy pathway again be crowned with the flowers of spring?"

There were sweet voices in his ear, high hopes were breathed forth almost by his side; they entered his brain, they mingled with his musings, but they disturbed not his revery.

"There is nothing in life worth cultivating but its poetry," said Julian to his Rosa, as she turned over the notes of the *Melodies of Moore*; "what, dearest, are the cares of earth to us? We have wealth—we have friends, our only business will be enjoyment,

‘And oh! may our life’s happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
And dies 'mid the tears of the cup.’”

"Nay talk not of poverty to me!" exclaimed Mary to George, as he lay at length upon the sward, descanting of the thorns that beset the pathway of their future. "We have means enough for a cottage, and I care not how humble it may be, while listening to the eloquence of your lip and feeling the generous pulses of a heart that I know is all my own. I could not spare you to the world, George, and a palace has no charms for me; for the great house belongs to others, but the cottage is one's own."

"Brook of the mountains, what sayest thou to these fond dreamers?" said the muser.

It is forty years ago! Where are the speakers now? Rosa has long lain beneath the sod. Peace to her chilled bosom! Fashion and display are mockeries to the broken heart of the neglected wife. Julian, with parchment lips and furrowed brow, prates of the loans and stocks, and thinks no more of withered May-flowers.—Mary walks the tessellated floor in all the loneliness of greatness,—the dying words of one before whose tones of fire senates had trembled, aye ringing in her ears :

“This is the end of Earth!”

Once more, beautiful brook, I cast myself upon thy grassy margin;—an old man, feeble and gray. Well, I have thrown many a pebble into the stream of thought—into the river—into the bay—the ocean! I have watched the gentle wild flowers bending gracefully to the ripple of my raising, unconscious of its source. My breath has roused the curling billow on the turbid estuary of passion, while swelling with favouring impulse the sails of many a vessel full fraught with destiny. Like the winds of heaven, I have been the overruled instrument of good and ill—the wreck and the prosperous voyage: but where is the musing boy who sat here forty years ago? As wave after wave of thy pure tide sweeps onward to the sea, the rains renew thy current, and thou rovest still, young brook, beneath the shadow of the alder and the beech—the ampilopsis and the vine,—another, yet the same: but the springs that feed *my* life-pulse are nearly dry. From the strife of waters, the tide returns not to

its source! Yet, let the last drop trickle to the sea!
The ocean of eternity heeds not the swelling billow.
Destruction and decay are bounded by its coast, and, in
its clear blue depths is peace. My mission verges towards
its end; "I have endeavoured to do my duty;" and the
spirits of the lost victims of wealth, ambition, pleasure,
hover round me, whispering, "Dreamer, you have been
happier than we."

Adieu.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

ADIEU!—the chain is shivered now,
That linked my heart and hopes with thine,
I leave thee to thy broken vow,—
Thy dreams will, often, be of mine;
And tears,—be those the only tears
Thine eyes may ever learn to weep,—
Shall tell the thoughts, to other years,
Thy spirit cannot choose but keep!
Adieu!

Adieu! enjoy thy pleasant hours,
Find other hearts—to fling away!
Thy life is in its time of flowers,
Gather May-garlands, while 'tis May!
Oh! till thy dreary day draws in,
And winter settles round thy heart,
And memory's phantom forms begin
To take a wounded spirit's part,
Adieu!

Adieu! thy beauty is the bow
That kept the tempest from the sky,
And all too bright, upon thy brow,
The sign which must, so surely, die!
These drops—the last for thee!—are shed
To think that there will be not one
To love thee, when its light is fled,
To shield thee when the storm comes on!
Adieu!

Adieu! oh! wild and worthless all
The heart that wakes this last farewell!
Why—for a thing like thee—should fall
My harpings like a passing bell!
Why should my soul and song be sad?
Away! I fling thee from my heart,
Back to the selfish and the bad,
With whom thou hast thy fitter part!
Adieu!

Adieu! and may thy dreams of me
Be poison in thy brain and breast,
And hope be lost in memory,
And memory mar thy prayer for rest!—
Why seeks my soul a gentler strain?
For thee my harp be, henceforth, mute,
Never to wake thy name again,
Thou stranger to my love and lute!
Adieu!

Stephano the Albanian.

A PICTURE OF EASTERN LIFE.

WHETHER I write my story as a Moslem to boast of my exploits, as a Greek to deceive, or as a secretary of his highness Mahmoud II., whom the conjunction of the three fortunate planets long preserve!—or whether I have had one honest occupation in the course of my career, let the world settle according to its pleasure: for my part, I neither know nor care.

I was born in the pachalic of Delvino. My father was a brave man, a lover of wine, and the luckiest captor of Frank merchandise and its owners, for fifty miles round. My mother was braver still, for in her presence he dared not call his beard his own. She was of a prodigious Chiamariot family, who had a flock of a thousand goats, were masters of three precipices, never paid a para to pacha, and never forgave an injury, until they had shot the injurer. They served capitally to keep my father, the gallant Constantinopulo, in order, and answered the purpose of an everlasting source of superiority to his wife. But heroes and heroines will have differences of opinion, even among the Albanian highlands. Their being ten thousand

feet nearer the skies than the degenerate sons and daughters of earth, that marry and quarrel from Croatia to Corfu, does not prevent those little disturbances. One night, on my father's return from an expedition on the road to Argyrocastro, in which he had rifled the Transylvanian courier's baggage, and saved him the shame and sin of smuggling a bale of silks and pearl necklaces into the famous city of Trieste,—he, in the pride of his heart, unluckily displayed his prize. The jewels were claimed by my mother, as the right of the head of the house. The claim was resisted. Something was said about a rival, and something was returned in the shape of a blow. In two days after, the gallant Constantinopulo received a brace of bullets from the middle of an acacia-bush. He was brought home dying. My mother forgave him the blow, the rival, and everything but the pearls. He died; she put on the jewels, tore her hair, threw a veil over her handsome face and stately form, made a terrible lamentation over the grave, and in three days after was settled in the hills, the bride of a bold Chimariot, her cousin, and the best shot in the province. By whom the bullets had been fired, was never asked; and as little doubted as asked. But inquiries on such subjects are not the custom of the country.

I was five years old at the marriage; in five years more I was as good a marksman as my Chimariot father; and in five years more I was a klepth*, a soldier, and a lover. I am not about to tell a sentimental story, like an Italian

* Albanian bandit.

cavalier ; nor make *chansons* on it, like a French marquis ; yet, if bright eyes, rosy cheeks, feet like wings, and a perfect inclination to delight in my plunder, could make an Albanian fall in love, I was far gone. But Zenobia Crisanthi was of an inferior family to that whose blood I carried in my veins : her richest relative had never possessed above a hundred goats ; and all that was known of her descent was, that her ancestor had come up the mountain but about three hundred years before, as was supposed, from Wallachia. Those were objections insurmountable ; and, in a family consultation upon the subject, it was resolved, as a mere matter of propriety, that the very first attempt at an interview with Zenobia, should be followed by the burning of every cottage of her clan, and the extirpation of the upstart line.

As this was the law of the land, I had nothing to do but to fling myself on the ground in despair, and exclaim against the cruelty of prohibiting any wish of a warrior of fifteen. For this additional offence I was thrust into a hovel, which was to be my prison until I came to my senses. Silence, starving, and solitude, are remarkable tranquillizers of fiery indignation in youth, peculiarly when the slightest rebellion against authority might be answered by the discharge of a musket through the door. But in examining the ways of escape, I probed the wall into a hole through which I could see a glimpse of the moonlight. The discovery was worth pursuing : I pulled out pebble after pebble, till at length I came to an obstacle firmly cemented into the stones, which promised to baffle all my skill. After having torn off half my nails in

the attempt, I gave it up, and wished myself at the top or the bottom of one of my cousin's precipices. I was roused by the falling of something heavy at my side. It was the head of a lance, which had been pushed in between the rafters. I hailed it as the gift of a beneficent fairy, began scooping away the wall again, and in a few minutes my new instrument produced its fruits, in the shape of a small square box—but, alas! of iron. I tried it fifty times, and at length, in fierce disappointment, flung it against the wall. This movement produced a double effect. It broke out a piece of the wall, sufficient to let me through; and it fractured the crazy fastenings of the box. Liberty was before me—and a stronger temptation than the fracture of all the caskets upon earth: at the exit from my prison stood the form of Zenobia, with her sparkling eyes and laughing lips, both vastly busy in turning my labours into ridicule. I wound my way out like a serpent, and proposed instant flight. But she insisted on having a view of the spot where I had exhibited such talents for house-breaking. Her statue-like form easily made its way in; and, in another moment, I heard an outcry of surprise—"Look here," she exclaimed, "and defy the Pacha of Argyrocastro." The voice was followed by the discharge of a shower of sequins, which had nearly cost me an eye, as I followed her bidding, and stared through the opening.

The casket was full of Venetian gold pieces. She gathered them in the folds of her robe, to the last coin, and came out in triumph. Our course was now clear. Some intentions on the part of her kinsmen to wipe off

the slight of refusal by sending me to the shades of my forefathers, had roused her vigilance; and she had come forth to advise my immediate escape from this family settlement of the affair. To her astonishment, she had found me disengaged. It was she who had pushed the spear-head through the roof; and now, the only question was, what was to be done? With my mistress at my side, and a thousand sequins in my hand, the question was quickly solved. In the valley, at the foot of my night's dwelling, I had seen two Turkish steeds, a part of the captures of the evening before; and which I shrewdly suspected to have belonged even to the most mighty Aga of the Albanians, in the service of his highness the Sultan. To keep prying eyes from them, they had been tied up in the forest, at a safe distance from the village. Nothing could be more opportune. We glided down the hill, and found the chargers quietly grazing. Zenobia sprang on one, and I on the other. As my offence of prison-breaking, and hers of aiding in the exploit, would have brought us equally under the vengeance of the family law, we instinctively took the opposite road from the village. Where we were to go, never entered our thoughts. Our coursers, delighted to find themselves ungalled by the ropes round their feet, sprang away like falcons. The night was soft and dewy—the moon a shield of pearl—the shrubs dropped balm—and away we flew to meet the rising sun.

We had reached the ridge that overlooks the valley of the Chelydnus, and had paused for a moment to consider

in which of the villages we should take up our rest, when a cloud began to descend from a hill at some distance, and rolled down the valley.

"A storm is coming," said I, "and we must look for shelter." "Yes," said my fair companion, "a storm of scimetars and lances; and the sooner we are out of its way the better." The gray of the morning soon grew golden in the sun, and I saw that she had formed the true judgment. The cloud was a troop of four or five hundred cavalry, coming at full speed towards the spot where we stood. We turned in the other direction in an instant, and plunged down into the defiles. But the labyrinth of Crete itself was easy compared with those never-ending twistings of forest, lake, rock, and mountain. We were dying of fatigue. Our horses refused to move a step farther; and at that moment we found ourselves in the midst of the cavalry, who also were dropping from their horses. They had come the straight road, while we had continued galloping in a circle. The affair was settled between both parties at once. I was pulled from my steed, which I had the pleasure of seeing extremely admired by its captor. Zenobia was led away, imploring mercy, and imprecating all kinds of ill-fortune on the heads and hands that presumed to separate a pair of true lovers. The captor told her with a laugh "that women were allowed to cry, as long as they did what they were ordered, and that he would make a much better husband than the red-cheeked and beardless boy, about whom she made so much noise." I would have torn the scoffer limb from limb; but a strong sash, twisted three times

round my legs and arms, allowed me nothing but the indulgence of my speech; and, like a tiger bereaved of its young, I saw my fair one carried forward, in the march of the troop, while I was left to meditate on the advantages of having fasted and galloped for twelve hours, with no other prospect but that of lying on the spot till doomsday.

The hero of this exploit was the famous Nico Tzaras, for a dozen years the most successful robber in Albania. To do him justice, he was as brave as a lion, and as strong as a buffalo. He had the reputation of being able to devour more and fast longer than any klepht since Scanderbeg. I was likely to rival him in the latter quality, and never man less relished the opportunity of competition. The Turks knew him well. A division of the Pacha of Salonika's janizaries had been posted to cut off his retreat, some months before, from the plains. Tzaras had plundered an escort of wagons, going from Salonika to the Hungarian frontier. He was coming home loaded with dollars. His troop had dwindled down to three hundred. The Turks were as many thousands. They waited for him at the crossing of a river. Flight or fighting seemed equally out of the question. He took his resolution, bade every man throw down his bag of dollars, and made a desperate rush at the Osmanlies. They might as well have resisted a thunderbolt. They broke like glass; and Tzaras, after having stripped the last of them on the field, returned to his bags, added them to the Turkish, and rode up the mountain, with the best booty made within the memory of man.

But my turn was not yet come to die by famine. Before the sun had sunk, covering the hills with coronets of diamonds, and flooding the valley with tides of purple, the sound of cymbals announced to me the presence of a squadron of the Spahis. They were the advance of an army, which, under the new Pacha of Yanina, had come to clear the passes of the klephts. The exploits of Tzaras were known to them, and the Pacha would have long before delighted to find an opportunity of sending his head to grace the gate of the seraglio. But in his last excursion the daring klepht had ravaged even within the district honoured by the Pacha's personal plunder. This affront was not to be forgiven. The difficulty was now to trace the path of the fugitives. I was found fettered on the rock, and was about to pass the bridge of Paradise, by the help of one of the scimetars of the Osmanlies, when I luckily offered to be their guide to the nest of Nico Tzaras in the mountains. The offer was accepted; I was unbound, placed on a horse, and led to the Pacha to be questioned. Ali was then a young warrior, but his renown on the Danube had given him a famous name, a pachalic, and a determination to have more than a pachalic, as soon as possible, and at whatever price. I knew no more of the haunts of Tzaras than of the ghost of Solyman the Magnificent; but it was not a time to stand upon ceremony, and I described every foot of the way with the exactness of one who had been his privy councillor. I could see, by the keen eye of my examiner, that he was not convinced; but what was to be done? Beyond the ground where he stood all was unknown; all was forest

and precipice, a tangled province, through which a goat-herd could have scarcely found his way. "Remember," said he, "your head will be the forfeit of your blunder." "Take it now," said I, stooping before him, "if you distrust me." Ali ran his fingers along his scimeter-sheath, with the instinct of one who was in the habit of dismissing heads from their shoulders on slighter occasions. But his decision was soon formed. "Ride on," said he, "in front of the squadron, and you shall prosper as you deserve." The word to advance was given, and it came on my ear like a flash of lightning in the night, or like wine to the lips of a man dying in the desert. It gave me new life,—vengeance shot through my soul. I might now have it in my power to taunt the taunter and to plunder the plunderer. The rescue of Zenobia was not among my last thoughts,—but, I will own, it was not among my first. The gold embroidery of the Pacha's caftan, the emeralds in his turban, the diamonds of his dagger-hilt—all new to my eye—all dazzled me; but the power of issuing commands to a nation, a province, and even a squadron of horse, dazzled me still more. In that hour I made my resolution to be a pacha.

We dashed boldly onward. The hills rose in our front, and at length the valley narrowed to the road, the road to a footpath, the footpath to nothing. Night was already falling. The Spahis growled fiercely at my guidance; and a pistol-shot, which struck off a fragment of the rock close to my head, told me that my time, as a tracker of klephts, was likely to be a short one. I was totally perplexed. But, as there was nothing to be gained by ac-

knowledging my perplexity, I determined to keep it to myself, and to keep my Spahis in full motion. I dared not dismount, as that would be instantly taken as the signal for a general discharge of pistols at the deserter. At last, calling the squadron round me, and telling them that they were within sight of the robber's quarters, I recommended the utmost silence, and desired every man to look to the priming of his firearms, and prepare for instant attack. At the same time I pointed mysteriously to a pinnacle on the extreme of the ridge, still illuminated by the sun. Some could see nothing but the naked rock; but one or two, inclined to pass for being more perspicacious than their fellows, thought that they discovered the sparkle of arms. No man likes to be thought blind where others can see; and the whole squadron speedily made the same discovery. A couple of troopers were sent back to Ali to announce the end of our labours; and moving slowly to the front, I awaited, in no slight trepidation, the arrival of a man who would see nothing where nothing was to be seen.

I heard the tramp of Ali's charger a few minutes after, and not willing to meet the first burst of his convictions, I spurred my steed up the almost perpendicular face of the hill. The animal carried me boldly a part of the way, but there his strength failed him; I threw myself off, clung to the brambles, and between the dusk and the thicket, thought that now I had a fair opportunity of making my escape. Suddenly I heard a loud burst of laughter. I pushed aside a matting of brambles, and saw, in a circular hollow some hundred feet below me, Nico

Tzaras and his troop reposing themselves after their day's exercise. Some were lying asleep, some drinking, and some listening in great jocularity to their commander, who was probably amusing himself with the capital feat of having outwitted the most cunning of all possible pachas.

From the spot where I stood, I commanded the whole position, saw that it had but one entrance on the opposite side, slipped down again into the midst of the squadron, who, having taken it for granted that I had escaped, received me with double honours, and communicated my intelligence and my plan of attack to Ali himself. A couple of hundred Spahis were instantly ordered to move round to the entrance of the valley, and there wait till the prey was roused; the rest dismounted, and climbed the hill, under my guidance. I scattered them through the underwood, and forbade any man to touch a trigger until I gave the signal. Nothing could be more sleepy, secure, or drunk, than the groups in the valley. At length, the waving of a standard among the tree tops at the mouth of the defile told me that the troops had reached their station. Ali claimed the honour of firing the first shot himself: he sent a carbineful of bullets among the nearest circle. Nothing could be more exciting. The whole crowd started up; horses were saddled, mounted, and in full gallop, in a moment, to the entrance of the pass. But there sat the Spahis, coolly picking down every man that came within fire. Those who returned on their steps were equally unlucky, for our marksmen in the brushwood of the ridge shot them at their leisure. Among the few who attempted to make their escape by a

bold push up the side of the hill, where we stood pouring down a stream of bullets on them, I, rejoicingly, marked the captor of Zenobia. I suffered him to come within a dozen paces of me before I fired. For this piece of folly, I had nearly been extinguished as a figure of history; for, plucking his ivory-headed pistol from his sash, he fired it direct at my head; the bullet grazed my forehead, and nearly blinded me with the sudden gush of blood. Mad with the pain, and not less mad with revenge, I fired straight forward; a yell told me that I had done execution somewhere. When I had cleared my eyes, the captor was lying at my feet—Nico Tzaras had there ended all his campaigns!

The Pacha received me with open arms, told me that I was made for a warrior, and gave effect to the declaration on the spot, by appointing me, to my infinite wrath, one of his (soldiers) palikars. What was to become of the free life of the mountaineer? of the lucrative life of the klepht? I was to be thenceforth a dagger-and-carbine-carrying slave. Was the mountain falcon to be thus caged? My first glance at the bright-barrelled French musketoon which he put into my hand, made me think of the contingencies of sending its contents at the moment, through the head of the tyrant, who had showed himself so expert a recruiting-officer. But where was Zenobia? She was not to be found among the captives. Whether she had escaped on the way to the valley, or been carried off in the tumult, all my inquiries were in vain; and I was forced to console myself by learning the palikari exercise, standing six hours a day in the ante-

chamber at Tepeleni, and pondering on the court difficulty of keeping one's head where one's head ought to be.

At this period, the world began to be full of combustion. Catharine of Russia, a mighty combustible, had set the Muscovites in a flame of ambition, and Turkey was to be made the burnt-offering. I was standing one evening on the terrace at Tepeleni, looking, with the air of a captain, at the crowd of soldiers, Tartars, Moors, and Montenegrins, who were rambling, quarrelling, and carousing, in the court of the palace; and just as I had conceived the idea of what a capital corps of robbers, or, to call them by their more illustrious name, what a regiment of *Armatolis*, I might raise out of the five or six hundred tall fellows before me, I received a message from the Pacha, to attend him instantly. On those occasions, every man thinks of the brevity of human life; and the hero in me was converted into the calculator of the moments which might lie between the message and the end of all my exploits. But I had not altogether forgot the mountaineer in my three years' dwelling in the odour of rose-water, and the sight of my master's gold-enamelled pipe. The Turk bows down his head when the Sultan commands him to stand still and have it taken off; but the Albanian has different notions, and my determination was formed, to die, if die I must, with my dagger at Ali's throat. But this piece of justice was not required. I found the Pacha alone: he had some letters before him, and was amusing his eyes and ears equally with the sight and sound of a magnificent diamond repeater.

"Stephano," said he, with the air of confidence which

belonged to this remarkable man, and was one of his chief arts of success—"you are a brave fellow, and have more brains than nine-tenths of those eating and drinking thieves about me. You must go to St. Petersburg. You speak Greek: it is enough. You can keep a secret: it is still better. And you can fight your way, if any attempt is made upon your despatches, which is the best of all. You must set off to-night."

I professed myself the humblest of slaves of the most magnanimous of pachas, waited but for the setting of the moon, and, in utter darkness, and on one of the swiftest barbs of the Pacha's stables, set out at full speed to cross the hills and plains of Epirus.

On reaching the capital of all the Russias, my first inquiry was for one of the circumcised, the Rabbi Ben Issachar. I found him in the most wretched of suburbs, in a room which would have been disdained by a Smyrniote dog, and busily employed in cheating a half-drunken Bashkir out of the value of a fox-tail. He succeeded; and when the bargain was completed, and the savage sent to die of the price in new brandy in the next street, the Jew led me from the hovel through a winding passage into what he called his council chamber.

Nothing could have formed a stronger contrast. All here was silk and gold. The sofas, the walls, the tables, were all the costliest products of luxury. A dozen attendants, whose features showed that they were of the nation of their keen-eyed master, waited on us at table, and we fared like princes. But, the evening advanced. "Now, friend Stephano," said the old man, "we must

begin our business. What brought you to look for the poor plundered Jew Issachar?"

"Not to deal in fox-tails," said I, laughing; "your talents are too expert for me there. But what have you found in the letter which I brought with me?" The Jew was about to reply, when an attendant, with a look of peculiar importance, summoned us from our supper to an adjoining chamber. The Jew, gathering up his gaberdine, and putting his withered finger to his lips, in sign that secrecy was essential in all that was to follow, now led me forward.

On entering the apartment I saw a man of a slight and feminine form, but with a countenance of singular intelligence, half sitting, half lying on a superb sofa. His countenance, dress and manner, were equally a mixture, and equally a curious mixture. At times I could not discern whether the face was more that of a man of the highest capacity or of an idiot. He wore an under-dress of embroidery with a singularly brilliant star, and over this a surtout which he seemed to have borrowed from one of my friend Issachar's dealers. His manner was sometimes courteous and polished in the extreme, and then suddenly ran out into the most unbridled roughness. There could be but one such man, and, before I heard his name, I pronounced to myself—Potemkin!

Our interview was long: I was little more than a listener. This celebrated man had already reached that point of power from which one must advance or be undone. He was the chief minister, the generalissimo of the mightiest of modern empires, the lord of unbounded

wealth, the oracle of thousands and tens of thousands,—yet he was on the point of ruin. Weary of the life of a subject, he had determined to seize a sceptre, and his ambition was now fixed on the sceptre of the Sultans. For this object, he had urged on the Turkish war, which, though issuing in perpetual overthrows to the army of the viziers, still had not yet broken down the powerful barrier between Russia and the throne of the Crescent. Another ally was required, and he had found in the Pacha of Yanina the boldness, treachery, and ambition, fit for the alliance. My mission was to give this magnificent, sordid, sagacious, and half-mad subject-sovereign, the assurance that Ali's twenty thousand Albanians were ready to march at his signal, and take possession of Greece. Ali was to receive in return the crown of Epirus!

Supper was recommenced during the interview: the Prince loaded me with alternate contempt and civility: he ended by giving me the key of one of his opera-boxes in the Czarina's private theatre for the evening: he then made a brandy-inspired harangue, in which he vowed to exterminate every turban-wearer from the face of the earth, and fell on the floor, cup in hand.

The first art of a diplomatist is to be astonished at nothing, to do everything that he is bid, and to see everything that he can. Even the Czarina's theatre might be a step in my new vocation. Escorted to the gate by Issachar,—who hurried back, I faithfully believe, to plunder the fallen potentate of some of his profusion of jewels,—I went to the opera.

The sight might have dazzled the Sultan—what then

must it have been to me? A crowd of generals, nobles, and ambassadors, covered with orders, made the boxes a perpetual glitter of diamonds; and, in the centre, sat the Czarina herself, worthy to be the central star of the constellation of all that Europe and Asia had of rank and splendour. She was still handsome, though no longer young; and, if ever woman was born to wear a diadem, the diadem-wearer was pictured in her lofty front, her bold eye, and the air of imperial dignity that marked her slightest movement. The stage could scarcely draw my eyes from this magnificent disposer of the fates of forty millions of men. But at length it did draw me away. The opera was some Moslem story, in which an Italian prisoner won the heart of a caliph's daughter. The amber sky of Syria was spread before me, as by the wand of an enchanter;—I saw the olive-groves, the vineyards clothing the sides of Lebanon, the Syrian shepherds driving home their flocks, the long lines of the caravans moving like bewildered fleets across the ocean of sand. Everything was perfect, everything nature. The palace of the caliph at length expanded before me with the brightness of a morning vision. All was accompanied, enriched, animated with the most delicious music.

But, delightful as all this scene was, there was evidently something more delightful to come. All eyes were turned to a balcony which overhung the stage. A burst of music at length announced the entrance of the wonder of the night. Could I believe my senses!—Covered with the richest costume of the East, moved slowly forward, under a tumult of applause, Zenobia! The sons of the mountains are not famed for feeling, yet I felt my

brain whirl, my breath fail, a mist swim before my sight. For a while I distrusted all that I saw, and thought that the hand of an enchanter, or the virtue of those potent cups which I had imbibed with the Prince, had bound up my faculties in some strange illusion. But the scene went on—I heard the bewitching voice, I saw the elastic step—the whole reality rushed upon my mind; I saw the fugitive, the captive, the living, loving Zenobia, in the pride of the imperial opera! As I recovered my senses, I more than shared in the general delight at the extraordinary talents which this fine creature had contrived to bring with her from the rugged hills of Chimari. Changed, as I must have been, by the years which had passed since my boyhood, she too had discovered me at once—but the discovery only added to her effect. Instead of the vague and general sentiment of the character, she had found an object; and every tone, look, and gesture, had now the force of real passion. All her former successes were trivial to her triumph of this night. The Czarina condescended to beat time to her cavatina, and the whole crowd of the nobles, thus sanctioned, filled the superb saloon with a transport of applause.

Next evening I was aroused from a revery upon the opera and its enchantress, by the entrance of Issachar. Diplomacy was now my utter abhorrence, and Issachar its most abhorrent shape. He well understood the gesture with which, as I lay on the sofa, I repelled him. But the repulse was brief. He fully comprehended that there is a time for all things, and that this evening I was fit for anything but the fabrication of diadems. “I am

come," said he, "by order of the Signora Zenobia!" The word awoke me at once. "The illustrissima Signora Zenobia Crisanthi desires to see you," he repeated, "to-night between the acts of the opera." I eagerly solicited further intelligence, but the Jew had none to give, or would give none. The law of diplomacy renders a man's conscience delicate on all points where his personal safety may be concerned. Issachar had the vision of Siberia before his eyes, with the knout for its interpreter; and he was dumb as a mute of the seraglio.

The night fell—I hastened to the opera—and, at the appointed moment, I was ushered into the presence of her who was to have been my wife. I would have flown to her arms—but times were changed since we had stolen the Pacha's horses. Zenobia had become a *prima donna*, and *prima donnas* are not to be approached as if they were merely creatures of this earth. "Carissimo Stephano," said she, with a smile, "the opera-house is the last place in the world for romance; and, in two minutes, the bell will ring for my appearance upon the stage. I saw you last night in Potemkin's box. Your mission will not prosper." I probably looked the astonishment I felt; for, with a grave glance, she said, "I see you are still but young in your trade of carrying messages between rebels of the first magnitude. But I have sent for you, for old acquaintance sake, to bid you make your way out of St. Petersburg as fast as possible." I professed perfect ignorance of her meaning, and attempted to laugh off the mystery. "No," she persisted, "I must not suffer the handsomest of palikari, and my former admirer, to be

knouted, flung into the Neva, or sent ermine-hunting to the North Pole. Listen!—At your last interview with that cleverest of knaves, your Pasha, you saw a diamond watch in his hand. That was a part of the correspondence. Within that watch was a letter in cipher, of which the figures on the dial were the key. That letter told Ali, that within one month from the hour at which the bauble reached him, Potemkin would throw the Czarina into the dungeon where the Czarina threw her unlucky husband; and, on the same day, Ali was to march every Albanian that he could muster to the frontier, proclaim Potemkin Emperor of Turkey, and himself King of Epirus.”

The intelligence was interesting—I felt it to be true. I calmly ventured to inquire the authority.

“Authority!” said she, laughing, “do you forget that I am a *prima donna*, and that in an imperial court I have a right to all knowledge?” The bell rang for the rising of the curtain. “I had absolutely forgot,” said she hastily, “the grand object of my sending for you—it was this:—Your mission is known—your interview with Potemkin last night was immediately reported to the Czarina;” she glanced at the *pendule*; “Potemkin is already arrested, these five minutes; and, before the next hour strikes, my friend Stephano will be in a *kibitka*, on his way to Siberia.” There was no doubting the air of fact with which this was uttered. “What is to be done?” I asked, “for you are worthy to be privy councillor to the divan.” “Have a better opinion of my understanding,” she replied, laughingly. “But you have just three-quarters of

an hour between you and your journey to the land of snow. Fly to your hotel—collect what you can for your escape—come instantly back to the private entrance of the theatre, and trust to me and to fortune.” I implored her to fly with me. “What!” she almost exclaimed aloud—“fly? while all the world of stars and ribands are longing for a sound of my voice? while the whole court would be thrown into distraction, if I had the simplest symptom of being of earth’s mould? while all the connoisseurs in song and beauty are levelling all their glasses at every turn of my features? while all the poets of St. Petersburg will be sitting up all night, to tell the world, in the most barbarian verses, the perfections of the Signora Zenobia? and, above all, while I am making a thousand ducats a week? Carissimo, the thing is impossible.” The bell rang—she waved her hand to me with the dignity of a potentate, and rushed upon the stage, in a blaze of light, that enveloped her, as she passed from the door of her little apartment, like a Peri expanding her pinions in the paradise of the Moslem. I plunged into the street, and into utter darkness.

In my hotel, I already found a tenant. Issachar was waiting for me, with a case of diamond-studded pistols as a present for my master, and a brilliant aigrette for myself. All good tidings were in his countenance. “Affairs were going on incomparably, and, as a negotiator of my extraordinary talents was sure to have all kinds of opportunities at his disposal,” the Jew closed his communication with producing a casket of jewels, which I was to smuggle on its way to Vienna, and on which I was to

have the profit allotted to ambassadorial smuggling. I took the presents with profound humility, kept the casket and my counsel, and pushed the Israelite out of the house. In the next five minutes, I was at the stage-door of the opera.

A covered carriage was waiting there—but whether for my export to Siberia, or my escape across the Polish frontier, was still wrapt up in the future. As I lingered, the driver came out, whispered the watchword, the name of the “Signora Zenobia,” a valet sprang up behind, and away we flew over the rough pavement of the Admiralty Strasse. For the first hour, we dashed along, perpetually questioned by sentinels and patrols of cavalry, but still making way. Yet when we came into the midnight silence of the vast country that spreads along the marshes of Ladoga, I will acknowledge that my suspicions came thick on me once more. I had put myself into hands of which I knew nothing; I was in all probability travelling at that moment to Tobolsk, and destined to spend the remainder of my days in a log hut on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The suspicion at length grew so strong, that I determined to retrace my way to the city, cost what it would, and called to the driver to stop; but his ears were wrapped in a bear-skin cap, which nothing could have penetrated but a bullet. I was on the point of making the application; but a voice, with which I was acquainted in every fibre of my frame, stopped my hand—the driver checked the reins, the valet sprang into the carriage, and, to my utter astonishment, I found myself seated beside—Zenobia!

My wonder and delight were beyond words; her explanation was given in the fewest possible. After her capture by Nico's cavalry, she had made her escape, and, utterly unknowing in what direction she fled, had reached the coast of Dalmatia. A Montenegrin cottage had given her shelter, and a Montenegrin chaloupe had landed her at Venice. Her Greek costume was there converted into the fantastic robe of a boy minstrel; and with a guitar, and a memory full of Greek legends, she had travelled through the Italian cities. Nature had given her a voice—Italy now gave her knowledge of music; and her fame increased, until she overtopped a whole army of signors and signoras, and arrived at the consummation of operatic renown—an engagement to sing at the Theatre of the Czarina.

“And this career of fame and fortune you have abandoned,” said I, “and for me?”

“No!” was the quick reply—“but for whim. The sight of you reminded me of the mountains. I instantly made a vow against wearing out my life singing, and exhibiting attitudes before the artificial race of courts. I had made money enough to purchase a mountain of my own; and why should I continue burning my cheeks with vermilion, and giving myself the headache, to make more money than I could enjoy? Thus you see, that a *signora cantante*, nay, a *prima donna* of the imperial stage, may be at once a player and a patriot—a declaimer of the infinite nonsense of Metastasio, and a philosopher.”

My destination for life was changed by this night's adventure. I returned no more to Tepeleni. The Pacha

soon became master of Albania, without a rival. Potemkin had been detected in his intrigue for the crown of Constantinople, and been flung into the disgrace which speedily brought him to the grave. Zenobia became the purchaser of the hill she had so long pictured in her dreams, and I her husband and its lord.

Another crisis was to come. The famous campaign of Ali against the Suliotes began. The tyrant had stained himself by a long course of rapine and cruelty. I was now a Chimariot—the blood of the mountains was roused in me—and I joined the Suliote force on the memorable morning of the battle of the Acheron. Before daybreak, the Pacha had begun the attack with such superiority of force, that when I descended from the hills, I found everything in confusion. The pass of Klissura had been already stormed, and the Suliotes were flying in all directions. But the arrival of my Chimariot marksmen at this point, turned the tide. Ranged along the rocks, in front of the fort of Tichos, we poured in a shower of balls that brought the foremost of the Albanians to a stand. We again poured in our fire, and the ground was like a harvest-field, covered with a crop that once was strong hands and daring hearts. But towards midday, we found that the pass was turned in our rear; and, on looking round, saw to our amazement ten thousand Albanians between us and the great bulwark of the mountains—the well-known fortress of *Aghia Paraskevè*. Their capture of this most important point would be utter ruin: yet I knew that the garrison had been almost totally drained off, and that the only population remaining were women and chil-

dren. I led one of our clans instantly to the attack of the enemy; but they had all the advantages of ground and numbers. Our ammunition, too, had begun to fail. My mountaineers, who would have fought an army of lions, found themselves disheartened by the length of a struggle which now seemed hopeless, and threw down their arms under shelter of the precipices. In indignation and grief, I saw the enemy climb the walls of the fortress, without our being able to approach them. But what were my feelings, when I saw the form of Zenobia waving a banner on the ramparts, and exposed to the muskets of the Albanians. How she had come into a position of such peril, I could not conceive. I had left her in our castle on the summit of the Paramithian mountain, and, as I thought, beyond all sound of battle. Spurred by this new terror, and calling on my troop, I now made one desperate effort, and reached the enemy, by the ascent of an acclivity of rocks, which seemed fit for nothing but the wing of a falcon. The stormers were evidently unprepared for this attack; and, when they began to feel our musketry playing on their flank, they paused, and rushed tumultuously towards the edge of the precipice, to overwhelm us at once by their weight of fire. Another moment, and all must be lost—but that moment was not to come. While almost alone, and struggling to rally my men, I had received a ball through the extended arm, and fallen down the front of the precipice. There, still grasping the weeds to save myself from being dashed to pieces at the foot of a descent some hundred feet deep, I heard a general cry of dismay. I could see nothing yet, through the cloud of

smoke from the firing which still poured above my head. But the cries of terror increased, soon mingled with shouts from my men below, and a strange miscellaneous clamour of women and children from above. Trumpets and cymbals now joined the clamour; and the firing, renewed in all quarters, made the hills and forests echo one perpetual thunder. Still all was wrapt in cloud to my eyes; and, clinging to the face of the tremendous declivity, I hung between heaven and earth, in the most immediate and nervous terror of being hurled down to the bottom. At length, while in this state of suspense—a state more agonizing than any that I could have ever conceived, and even on the point of relieving myself from the agony, by making the suspense certainty, loosing my grasp, and suffering myself to be crushed to atoms in the bed of the torrent, that rushed at an invisible distance below—I felt that I had sharers in the calamity. The crashing of the brushwood above, the fall of the loosened stones, and finally the rolling down of a huge Albanian soldier, who had almost swept me from my holding-place, gave sign that the enemy were at last involved in deadly struggle—but with whom, I could not conjecture. Still, body after body rolled over the precipice; at length, with a hideous yell, followed by an uproar of triumph, the overhanging edge of the mountain seemed to give way, and carry down with it the whole Albanian army. Such, at least, in my astonishment at the catastrophe, I should have accounted the multitude, who were now flung down to inevitable death. Man and musket came rushing over me in heaps, as I felt my grasp every moment growing weaker. Loss

of blood at length made it impossible for me to withstand the perpetual shock ; and, in the midst of a falling troop of wretches, uttering their last scream for life, I felt my hold forced away ; and, with a pang worthy of the divorce of soul from body, found myself instantly dart down.

How long I lay in this scene of death I know not. But, as if waking from a painful sleep, I gradually heard sounds of wild lamentation mingled with distant shots, the braying of the trumpet, and the clang of the cymbal. The battle was distant, but clearly not concluded. But deeper, and more intense than all, I heard sounds of the bitterest anguish breathed into my ears, and felt kisses and embraces on my almost lifeless form. I was utterly unable to move, speak, or look ;—faintness came over me once more, and all sounds faded away.

Again I opened my eyes, but many hours must have elapsed while I was in a state of insensibility. The sun was now setting on the western hills. Pindus was still glowing like a palace of living fire ; the lower hills were bathed in crimson ; the distant ocean lay in sheets of purple cloud. All was silence round me, and, as I gazed on the single splendid star that glittered above my head, I involuntarily thought of the happiness that man throws away for the glories of ambition, or the precarious pleasures of rapine. But, as I glanced towards the west, one broad gleam of the sinking sun flowed, on what I discovered to be a long train of warriors moving up the side of the mountain. I recognised the Chimariote banners, and heard the song of victory. Stiff with wounds, and unable to move, I anxiously saw them still advance, and

now discovered that they bore among their foremost ranks what appeared, in the distance, to be a bier, and on it the figure of a female. My heart chilled, as if it had been shot through with a shaft of ice. Some undefined impression overwhelmed me, that Zenobia had mingled in the battle; that the kisses and lamentations which I had felt, but could not answer, were hers; and that, in her despair, she had ventured too far into the final conflict. The Turk feels no more than the tiger; but Greek blood was in my veins, and the beauty, the devotedness, and even the fantastic and capricious genius of Zenobia, came on my memory with a power which made me long to close the troublesome scene of existence, and rejoin her in the grave. The procession still rose, but, turning from the foot of the precipice, was lost in the forest. I was fixed to the spot where I sat, by utter feebleness, and began to think that my wish was about to be heard. My last cry was "Zenobia!" but the sound was answered by a quick rushing of feet, my name, and a flood of tears on my forehead. The living Zenobia stood before me!

Her story was brief, but fit for the heart of a Grecian heroine. In the morning, she had followed me to the fortress of Aghia Paraskevè, and watched the fortunes of the fight from the ramparts with intense emotion. When the Pacha's troops, led by a traitor, had found the pass over the hills which cut off our retreat, she had attempted to rouse the garrison to a last effort of defence. But what was to be done with a score of palikars and some hundreds of frightened women and children? All was on the point of ruin, when my desperate effort to scale the moun-

tain on the Albanian flank, arrested the attack for a moment. But that moment was decisive;—determined to rescue me or die, she had ordered the gates to be thrown open, and, standard in hand, rushed out at the head of the crowd, armed and unarmed. The enemy, thus unexpectedly assailed, gave way, and, urging each other to the edge of the precipice, were thrown over in great numbers. In the pursuit, Zenobia had found me, as she thought, dying, and left me, as she thought, dead. Her only wish now was to perish. She led on the Chimariots to the attack of the remnant of the Pacha's troops, found them dispirited and broken, put them again to the rout, and followed them to the banks of the Acheron, the boundary of the Pacha's province. In the pursuit she had received a slight wound, and she was thus carried back in triumph by her applauding countrymen. One effort more was to be made;—and it was in the melancholy pride of building my funeral pile with a heap of the enemy's muskets and banners, that she had halted the march, and come to bear off the remains of her dead lord. But the scene was now changed. The muskets and banners were reserved for better things than funeral piles. The one I distributed among our gallant shepherds, the other I hung up in our mountain-chapel.

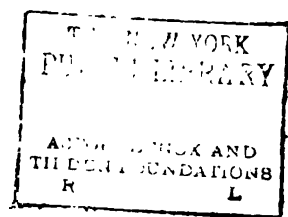
The work of years rolled on. Ali fought us again, and again we beat him. I saw his fortress captured; I saw his head hanging at the saddle-bow of the Tartar who carried the tidings to the city of the Sultan. I saw his proud family swept away, and his people, his city, and his treasure-chests in the hands of strangers. I saw all

this while I tilled my mountain-top; listened to the murmur of my bees; saw the sportings of my brave boys and beautiful girls, and rejoiced in the happiness of the still beautiful mother of both. And that mother saw all this—while the Czarina died of poison; her son of a Hanoverian sash round his throat, and her grandson, nobody knows how. Others may envy the mighty of the earth such luxuries, but our tastes were different. We were content with being happy, eating our meals without dreading our cooks, and resting on our pillows without expecting to be shot in our first sleep. Stars and epaulettes, court-balls and midnight masquerades, are doubtless fine things; but, having no hope of being assassinated, dethroned, or dungeoned for life, we have made up our minds that we are as well without them. Peace be to all! We shall go to our beds without dreaming of treasons, and go to our last sleep with our heads upon our shoulders. But those are the thoughts of mountaineers, and not fit for the great, the glorious, and the embroidered of this world. Peace be to them all—what can I say more?

On a Beautiful Portrait.

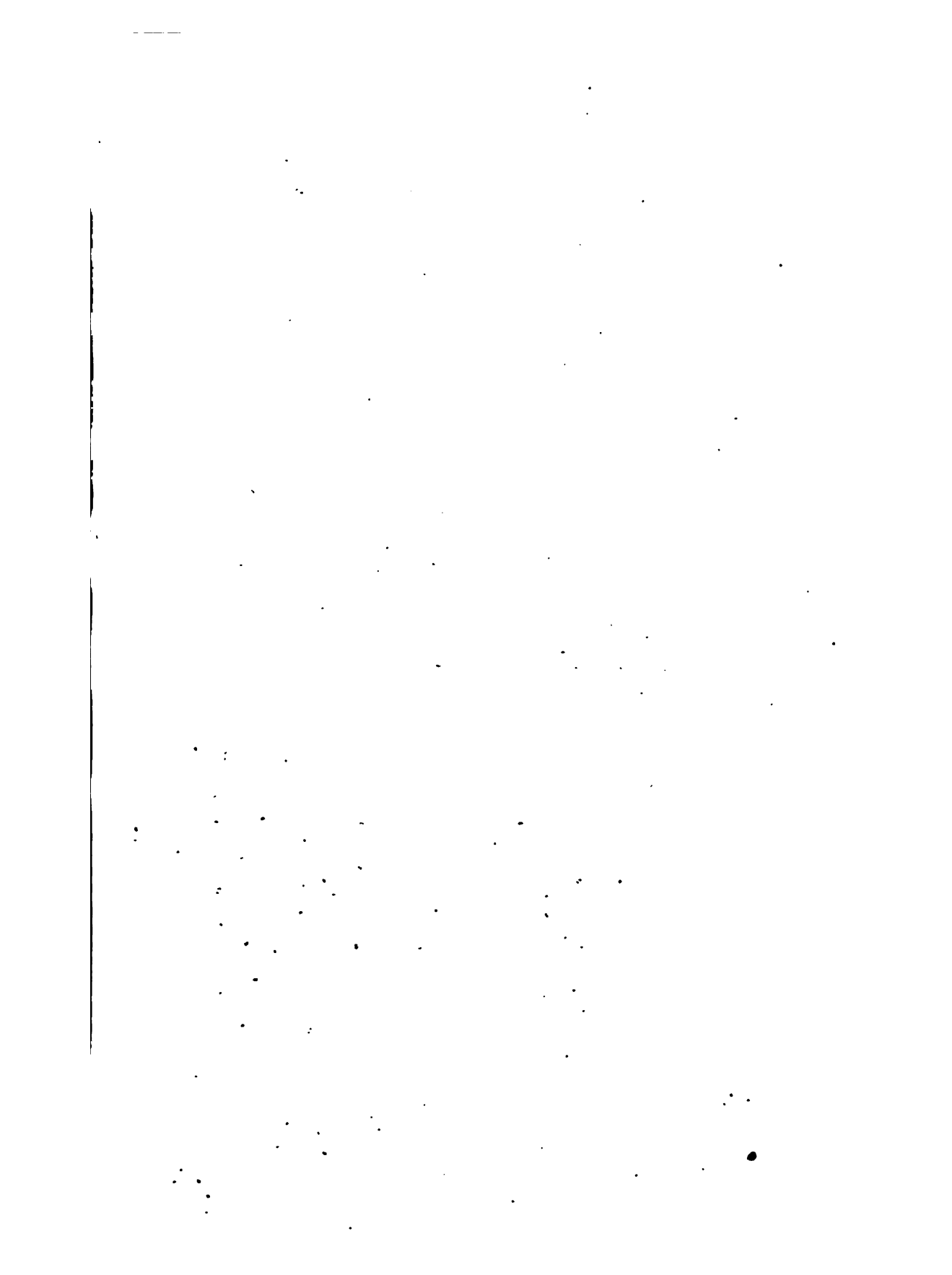
PAINTED BY A LADY.

It may be I have seen a forehead finer,—
Dark locks wherein more snaky witchery lies;
And somewhat more—no, nought *can* be diviner
Than the blue meaning of those soft, spring eyes,—
Young,—vernal-looking,—filled with lovely life,
Whose peace surpasseth all we know of strife,
Telling of thoughts all pure and bright within,
Untouched by sorrow, unalloyed by sin.
Such eyes the young and tender Psyche wore
(Like thee, too, painted by a perfect hand);
Such mouth, such air the youthful angels bore,
Ere downwards driven from heaven's cerulean land.
Sweet eyes! sweet mouth! and must ye fade?—'Tis well
The lady-artist with her pencil rare
Hath fixed your beauty on her ivory shell,
To live for aye, with things divine and fair.





The Hindoo Girl.



The Hindoo Girl.

BY THE EDITOR.

STRANGE memories of the past are those thy image brings, thou dark-eyed daughter of a summer clime;—visions of other heavens and another earth:—for I have stood beneath the burning skies of India, have seen her glorious day-star plunge to his rest, behind the broad, dark forest, and the sudden night leap forth at once, in full-blown majesty. The stars were not our stars, the trees were not our trees, the very grass upon the ground, as it waved under the spicy breeze of the short twilight, bore no resemblance to our velvet sward.

There is a majesty and a mystery spread over all things within, above, around thee, land of the gem-paved East! On flat-roofed palaces wave cultivated gardens, among which, in graceful robes, ramble thy turbaned lords, and the tall Persian kneels to the rising and the setting sun;—from every water-course and time-worn crevice in thy walls shoot forth the flower, the shrub, the tree, chance-sown even on their perpendicular sides, and in a few years, the deserted ruin lies buried in the foliage born of its

swift decay. Everywhere, amid thy gorgeous scenery, life overshadows death, beneath its still renewed and ever-spreading curtain; but that shadow is one wide sea of gloom. The mantle that the banian spreads from its deathless branches and interminable circle of living trunks is not darker than the night of superstition that overhangs the land. The very blue of heaven is dark, in thy parched sky, and he who gazes upward through the Magellanic clouds can see no light beyond! The brightest things that float upon thy spicy breeze or glance among thy myriad flowers are fraught with poison, or subsist upon corruption. Like thy priesthood, the ebon-fronted cobra rears its head in all the majesty of terror, and its tongue is death:—like thy princes, the tall adjutant looks down from thy high towers in stately pride, but feeds upon thy flesh; thy air is thick with the kite and crow; the vampire flutters through thy bowers, the tiger ranges thy forests, and the crocodile lies waiting by thy fountains! These are the types of thy morality! These are the treasures of thy vaunted region, and to these thy vulgar bend in superstitious awe, while those who play upon their weakness laugh!

Land of the East,—first peopled from the fall! I see in thee nought but the treasure-house of primeval vice. Let them boast of thy golden sands and gem-encumbered mountains! What has our western world derived from thee? From thee, half Europe drew the dogma that enchains the patriot arm and sinks God's image to a slave—that idol of her insane worship, "the divine right of kings:"—from thy vile gold, our fatherland obtained the

means to oppress the nations and oppose, through long-drawn ages, the inevitable march of Saxon liberty, though she herself had been the guardian of its infant steps.

Sing on then, bright daughter of India! let the acacia and the lotus tremble to the tones of thy lute; let the orange groves re-echo to the soul-subduing sweetness of the songs of Hafiz! I know thy virtues and thy loveliness; for not all the darkness of superstition—not all the outrages of power, can conquer the virtues and the loveliness of woman. I have seen thee patiently attending on thy tyrant lord in the seclusion of the harem,—I have seen thee, in the full faith of a mistaken duty, look calmly down upon the crackling flames, when the unpitying breath of thousands waved towards thy slender frame the fiery tongues of the fresh-lighted funeral pyre. Sing on then, in thy ignorance, but ask me not to listen; for I am of a land where man asserts his dignity, and woman claims her right, as his companion, friend, and solace. I cannot hearken to the song of slaves, but, from my soul, I pity thee!

The Bridal of St. Omer.

A TALE.

JACQUELINE folded up her embroidery, and sighed as she deposited the work in a drawer of an antique cabinet which stood in her chamber; for her hitherto obedient needle refused to trace those flowers which were wont to spring up beneath her creative fingers. She wandered into the garden, but its plants and blossoms no longer delighted her; the sickly tints of autumn had saddened the face of nature, and every surrounding object reminded her of her own faded hopes. Returning into the house, she sat down, and listened with anxious yet despairing ear for some stir or tumult, betokening the arrival of news; but no unusual sound disturbed the calm of the silent streets. The French soldiers basking in the sun in the front of their guard-room, now and then broke the stillness by snatches of old tunes, a fragment of some ancient romance chaunted to a national air, or the light laugh which occasionally followed a jest uttered in too low a tone to be heard beyond their own circle. It was evident, from the careless gaiety of these men, that although the King of England was laying siege to Bou-

logne, they had no fear of being disturbed in the fortress so fraudulently wrested by Louis XI., from the house of Burgundy. Jacqueline's melancholy thoughts naturally turned upon the fallen fortunes of that luckless family. She herself retained a lively recollection of the beautiful orphan heiress, the Princess Mary, at the period of her deep distress, when, by the death of her gallant father, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, she was left to the mercy of the factious citizens of Ghent, and exposed to the hostility of her most inveterate enemy, the cruel and crafty Louis. Jacqueline's heart burned with indignation as she reflected upon the disgraceful reverses which the Burgundians had sustained, from the period of their gallant sovereign's last fatal campaign in Germany; and she marvelled at the supineness displayed by Maximilian, in suffering the territories of his wife and her son (to whom, upon the decease of Mary, he had been constituted guardian) to remain in subjugation to the crown of France. The maiden gazed upon her delicate white hands as they hung listlessly over the arms of a high-backed chair on which she was reclining, and wished that they could be endowed with a giant's strength, to burst the fetters imposed by foreign power. She thought upon the heroic deeds achieved at Orleans by a frame as weak, and she almost fancied that she could welcome the fate of Joan of Arc, to be, like her, the deliverer of her country. Suddenly the French guard sprang up from their recumbent attitudes, and the ponderous mail of the men-at-arms clashed as they rose in haste to salute their commanding officer, Count Bertrand de Montmorenci, the governor of

St. Omer. For a moment, Jacqueline hoped that he brought intelligence of the approach of the English or the Burgundians; that Boulogne had fallen, and that the town was threatened by a hostile force; but this expectation was soon dissipated: a few trifling orders, given with his usual affectation, sufficed to display the soldier's attention to his military duties. In another moment, she heard the boisterous and hearty greetings offered by her father, and the interview was inevitable.

Ushered into the apartment by his friendly, but unpolished host, Count Bertrand, attired in the extreme of the last Parisian fashion, advanced to pay his respects to the provincial rustic whose beauty and whose wealth had attracted him despite her country breeding. Jacqueline was an inattentive listener to her noble admirer's florid compliments, and little interested in the account of the hoods and wimples, the long training gowns, and flowing head-dresses, worn by the gay dames of the French capital, since she never desired to change her national costume for foreign vanities; and was only roused to animation when the conversation turned upon the politics of the day.

"The English have forgotten the art of war," cried Montmorenci, "or love to fight only upon their own soil. A French herald is now in their camp, and when he can strike a bargain with these trading islanders, our master will be free to pursue his conquests in Italy."

"And where then is Maximilian?" exclaimed Jacqueline; "will he look tamely on, and see the only chance of recovering his son's inheritance bartered away for a few paltry pieces of gold?"

"Know ye not," returned Montmorenci, "that the German beast is dull and slow of foot? Where was the recreant knight when Charles VIII. carried away his affianced bride, the heiress of Bretagne? Where is he now, when he should spur on his English allies to action? Engaged in some pitiful broil at home, he keeps aloof, giving Henry of Lancaster an excuse to follow his own sordid inclinations, and gather ducats instead of laurels in his wars."

Jacqueline was grieved and angry at this disdainful mention of the King of the Romans, but felt that the reproach was but too just; she therefore remained silent, listening with wounded ear to the remarks of her father, who, devoted to France, rejoiced over the declining state of the Burgundian affairs.

Arnold von Rothfels, though descended from a noble family, had soiled his fingers by trade. His love of gain had in the first instance overcome his pride; but a latent spark still existing in his breast, he was dazzled by the prospect of uniting his daughter in marriage with the heir of the illustrious house of Montmorenci. The brilliant expectations which Count Bertrand's offer held out, effected an entire revolution in Arnold's sentiments. He forgot that he was by birth a Fleming; that he owed allegiance to the Duke of Burgundy; and that he had promised the hand of Jacqueline to one of Maximilian's most trusty knights, Maurice Waldenheim, the son of a deceased friend. The memory of the fair heiress of Von Rothfels was, however, more tenacious; she fondly recalled those happy days which she had spent at the court

of Margaret, the dowager Duchess of Burgundy, where Maurice Waldenheim had carried off the prizes at the tournaments, and laid them at her feet; and where she had embroidered a fair blue banner as the reward of his prowess, which the young soldier vowed, during a solemn banquet at which Maximilian carved the pheasant in person, should wave in proud victory over the French standard, now so exultingly floating over the towers of St. Omer. It was not in the power of the finical and haughty Montmorenci to banish these tender reminiscences. Jacqueline believed that her lover would religiously perform every iota of his promise; and there was little danger that her patriotic feelings would be subdued by the representations of Von Rothfels of the superior advantages to be derived from living under the French dominion, while they were associated with the image of Maurice Waldenheim.

Count Bertrand, after he had sufficiently betrayed his contempt for both father and daughter, which, notwithstanding his pretended deference to the latter, was exceedingly obvious to Jacqueline's discriminating mind, at length took his leave; and, depressed in spirits by the assurance of a speedy peace between France and England, the object of this accomplished courtier's unwelcome homage threw a mantle around her, and ascending the ramparts, endeavoured, in the charms of the adjacent scenery, to dissipate those unpleasant sensations which clouded a mind until now a stranger to sorrow. The sun was still high in the heavens, and the whole landscape was bathed in its golden glories: it lit up the towers

of Dunkirk and of Calais, as they rose to the right and left on the distant coast; threw an effulgent blaze of light upon the yellow sands between Dunkirk and Gravelines, and cast a strong illumination upon the dark walls of that gloomy fortress. The woods of Cassell were deeply embrowned with the hues of autumn, and a tempestuous night had stripped the trees which skirted the broad road across the flat country leading to the Netherlands so completely of their foliage, that every object proceeding from that quarter might be discerned at a considerable distance. It was the least interesting part of the landscape, yet thither Jacqueline continually directed her eyes: all was silent and solitary; vainly did she seek for the flash of the polished lance in the sun, and the waving of plumes and pennons: the naked branches of the trees alone met her view, or showers of dead leaves, borne by the breeze, swept like small clouds through the empty space. Wearied with watching, she bent her steps to a home no longer sacred to felicity. A painful scene awaited the gentle girl. Unaccustomed to dispute a parent's will, she could only oppose tears and entreaties to the stern behest of Von Rothfels, when he commanded her to receive the Count de Montmorenci as her destined husband. She wept and prayed unavailingly, and her sole hope of escaping a union which she abhorred, rested in the speedy fulfilment of Waldenheim's oath. Jacqueline trusted that a token despatched by a wandering minstrel to the Burgundian knight had made him acquainted with her perilous situation; and, soothing her terrors with the fond idea that love would discover the means of preserving her from a

fate she dreaded, she sought her couch, and obtained a transient oblivion from the cares which oppressed her burdened heart.

The next day, at the hour in which Montmorenci was engaged with the troops under his command, Jacqueline again repaired to the battlements, and again turned her expectant eyes towards the road leading to the Netherlands. An occasional traveller, a herd of cattle, or a peasant conveying the produce of his farm to market, were for some time the only objects that enlivened the scene. Still she continued to gaze; and just as the declining sun warned her of her long absence from home, her parting glance caught the gleam of spears in the distance. She paused,—looked again,—she was not deceived; and presently a body of archers and men-at-arms, accompanied by a squadron of *landznechts*, made their appearance, defiling in good order between the trees. Jacqueline's heart beat high. From the direction in which these soldiers marched, she had little doubt of their being Burgundians, led perchance by Waldenheim. In another instant she became convinced of the truth of her surmise; for, extended by a light breeze to its utmost length, the blue banner streamed along the martial line. Hope,—exultation,—joy,—sparkled in her eyes, and thrilled through her frame; but a chilling damp checked these delightful emotions, as with a feeling of bitter disappointment she contemplated the small number of warriors who followed Waldenheim's standard. Yet again was despondency banished from her sanguine breast, when she reflected that it was probably only the advance guard who were

now approaching the town; and if this brave band should dare attack, unsupported, a fortress rendered unusually strong both by nature and art, still fortune might and would befriend adventurous spirits, or all that she had read of desperate enterprises crowned with glorious success were false and deceitful legends, idle dreams, treacherously framed to betray the trusting heart to ruin.

The garrison of St. Omer soon caught the alarm; and Jacqueline, compelled to retire from the walls, heard only that a trumpet,—for Waldenheim's armament did not boast a herald,—had arrived before the gate of St. Omer, and formally demanded the surrender of the town, in the name of Maximilian,—a requisition which had been received with a laugh of deriding scorn.

The Burgundians pitched their tents at a convenient distance from the outworks, and made preparations for a regular siege. All was bustle and activity within the town; every street was filled with the din of arms; squires and lackeys were seen burnishing the steel cuirass and the polished helm; the clink of the armourers' hammers resounded from all quarters; and soldiers, hurrying to and fro, hastened to relieve each other on the walls.

Suffering every alternation of bounding hope and the most chilling despair, Jacqueline—restless, anxious, impatient, now revolving some impracticable scheme for affording assistance to the besiegers, in the next moment sickening at the impossibility of becoming an active agent in their service—could only still the tumultuous sensations of her throbbing heart by prayer. She flew to the neighbouring cathedral, and poured forth her whole soul in sup-

plication before the shrine of the Virgin, listening at the conclusion of every Ave, for the brazen roar of those dreadful engines which she concluded the enemy would bring to bear against the strong bulwarks of the fortress. But her vigil was not rewarded by the thunder of the deep-mouthed gun. Waldenheim, then, would venture to attack the walls, armed only with the arrow, the battle-axe, and the lance! Her heart panted with redoubled emotion at the thought—a momentary thrill of terror shot through her mind—but it was instantly dissipated; she could not link the idea of defeat with the stout Burgundian soldier, and she rejoiced at a circumstance which would enhance the glory of his victory. Despite of these heroic feelings, Jacqueline could not contemplate the thought of the ghastly objects which she would, in all probability, encounter in her return home, without horror;—she feared to meet some mangled remnant of mortality borne, writhing in convulsive anguish, from the walls,—to see blood flowing that she could not staunch,—and to hear the deep groans wrung by torturing agony from a soul struggling in the pangs of death. Whilst absorbed in these painful anticipations a burst of merriment greeted her astonished ear; the soldiers who had rushed in the morning to man the walls were returning leisurely to their quarters unhurt, not with the shout of triumph which would have followed a successful engagement, but humming, as usual, the lays of the Troubadours.

Annoyed and confounded by this unlooked for result of a day which she confidently expected would have been

marked by some signal event, Jacqueline sought her own home. Montmorenci stood smiling at the portal, his dainty white plume unsoiled, and not a single fold disarranged in the silken mantle which flowed gracefully over his stainless and undinted armour.

"In faith, fair lady," he exclaimed, "these awkward Burgundians have played us a clumsy joke. Doubtless the braggart knaves think it a fine thing to have detained a cavalier of France for the space of six hours in harness under a hot sun, but, pardie, a warm bath and a little Hungary water will repair the damage."

"Did not Walden——, did not the enemy," returned Jacqueline, correcting her hasty speech, "make any attempt to scale the walls?"

"No," cried Montmorenci, "nor did they adventure within a bow-shot of the garrison. By mine honour and St. Denis, if the Lombards give us not exercise for our good swords, they are like to grow rusty in these campaigns with the English and their timorous allies."

"So thought the Mareschal des Cordes," said Jacqueline, rather scornfully, "yet the fall of Dixmude taught him another lesson. This is but a feint of the besiegers to draw you out into the open field, for never yet did the Burgundian chivalry quail before the arms of France."

Hastening up to her chamber, Jacqueline relieved her full heart by a flood of tears. Though persuading herself that the craven conduct displayed by Waldenheim's soldiers was prompted by some deep-laid artifice, yet she could not avoid feeling very painful misgivings. The force which her lover had brought against St. Omer was

certainly inadequate for the capture of so strong a town; Maurice would, perchance, imagine that he had redeemed his pledge by merely appearing before the frowning ramparts, and had probably no intention of endangering either life or limb in her service. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the besieged during the following day; the anxious maiden saw Montmorenci, armed at all points, preparing to make a sortie on the foe, and, from an upper window, she watched him as he returned in the same gallant array, not a feather broken from the plume that waved over his casque, his armour without spot or blemish, and his mantle still undisordered and stainless. Pleading a headache, Jacqueline refused to join the Count and her father, and thus was spared the disgraceful taunts which the haughty Frenchman cast upon a knight once ranked among the flower of Maximilian's chivalry.

Two more days elapsed, and, perceiving that De Montmorenci no longer led his soldiers in person to the ramparts, the now desponding Jacqueline emerged from her seclusion to learn the cause.

"The Burgundians have retreated," said she, as she saw Count Bertrand lounging idly in her father's hall.

"Not so," replied Montmorenci, "they tilt with the air in yonder plain, taking especial care to keep beyond the reach of our cross-bows. Come to the walls, and you shall see the cooks and scullions of St. Omer, armed with their spits and basting ladles, drive these redoubtable assailants like a flock of geese before them, to the entrenchments of their camp."

"I will not do the soldiers of Maximilian so much wrong as to witness so base an indignity," cried Jacqueline.

"Then," exclaimed Montmorenci, "I will condescend to lead the attack again, trusting that the animating sight of beauty may inspire the degenerate Waldenheim with the spirit of a knight. To stir the lazy current of a dastard's veins, and to kindle a blaze of martial ardour in a clod of mere dull earth, will be an exploit worthy of the loveliest maid who ever smiled upon a warrior's suit." The Count then calling for his armour, sallied out at the gate as Jacqueline ascended the rampart.

The plain below was enlivened with the careering steeds of Waldenheim's men-at-arms, as, with pennons flying and trumpets sounding, they advanced to the walls. The long blue banner floated majestically over the well-appointed troop, and its fair embroideress, as she contemplated the martial appearance of her lover's followers, again felt her hopes revive, and stood in strong expectation that they would on this day wipe off the deep stain which sullied their honour: but her wishes and her prayers were alike fruitless; the Burgundians awaited not the shock of De Montmorenci's battle-axe; he no sooner approached them, than, like affrighted deer, away ran the whole of the squadron, Waldenheim foremost in the disgraceful flight, and the blue banner trailing in the dust behind him. The heart of the knight's betrothed beat high with indignation. Had she beheld her lover fairly vanquished in open fight, she would have felt respect and admiration for him in his defeat; but to see him act

a coward's part, retreating thus dishonoured without daring to hazard a single blow, she could not endure the shame, the ignominy of such a spectacle. Oh! rather, much rather, would she have gazed upon his bleeding corse borne from the field, secure, in a warrior's death, from the reproach which now must cling to his name for ever. Jacqueline's heroism, and her affection alike, failed her in this trial. Had Waldenheim acquitted himself like a soldier, or even like a man, the convent or a grave would have afforded her an asylum from the hated Montmorenci; but while she brooded over his fall from honour, her resolution was shaken; she could not wound, or, perchance, break a doting parent's heart, for the sake of one so worthless, so utterly undeserving love which should only be lavished on the brave; and, though she would have gladly buried herself and her sorrows in a monastery, duty forbade the indulgence of her wishes. With a dejected air, streaming eyes, and listless steps, she returned to her home, listened with mute indifference to the addresses of Count Bertrand, and allowed her father to promise that she would meet him at the altar at the expiration of six days, without offering a dissentient word.

Nothing was heard of the Burgundians, and if a faint spark of hope was ever rekindled in Jacqueline's breast, it was now entirely quenched. Vainly did returning love suggest an excuse for Waldenheim's conduct, or endeavour to point at the means by which he might retrieve a reputation now sunk below scorn; he had refused to meet Count Bertrand singly in the field, and even if at the head of a reinforcement he should, at some future

period, triumph over the arms of France, such a victory could not efface the indelible stain of cowardice, the disgrace branded upon him in that fatal retreat before the paltry force brought out by Montmorenci to oppose him. Jacqueline prepared for her approaching marriage,—for the sacrifice of every chance of happiness,—with a feeling of melancholy satisfaction. She knew that she was condemned to be the slave of a tyrannical and contemptuous husband; to misery which, under any other circumstances, would have been too bitter for endurance; but now, perfectly reckless of the destiny that awaited her, she experienced some consolation in the thought that the morbid feelings and blighted affections of a joyless heart would not destroy the happiness of one who, in seeking her reluctant hand, only strove to enrich himself. Could jewels and splendid apparel have reconciled Jacqueline to her fate, she must have been perfectly content. The taste and the magnificence of Count Bertrand were lavishly displayed in the bridal paraphernalia, and every citizen of St. Omer was employed under his immediate inspection in executing some new and brilliant device. The hour of midnight was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, and the spirits of the bride sank as the time approached; a thousand tender recollections crowded upon her mind, and subdued the stern determination which had hitherto supported her. As noon advanced, she stole away from her garden, and, under the friendly screen of a tall buttress, cast an anxious glance towards the Burgundian camp. But nothing, save the long grass and the boughs of the naked trees, was stirring in that quarter;

the rampart on which she stood was deserted; a postern gate left negligently open, and the guard dispersed about the town, surveying the preparations for the evening festivities. Jacqueline felt strongly tempted to seize the favourable moment for escape, and to fly from a union which, despite of all her efforts, she regarded with horror. Where, however, could she go, and for whom should she forfeit the treasure of an unstained name? Alas! Waldenheim was unworthy of the sacrifice; he had abandoned her, or, if still lingering in the vicinity of St. Omer, was too indifferent even to reconnoitre the place and take advantage of the carelessness of the garrison, to communicate with one so ready to listen to his justification and discredit the evidence of her senses against the warm and eloquent pleadings of the man she loved. Successfully combating her weakness, the afflicted Jacqueline quitted the dangerous spot, and sought for protection from her own rebellious heart under the paternal roof. Evening came, and with it the bride-maids and tire-women; the rich and massy chain, the satin robe lined with costly furs, the broidery of goldsmith's work, and the sparkling circlet inlaid with pearl and precious stones, vainly courted admiration from their unhappy wearer's averted and tearful eyes; but, rallying her failing energies, she prepared to accompany the procession to the church, and nerving her trembling limbs, advanced towards the altar with an unflinching step; but there Jacqueline's courage and fortitude melted away; she feared that she had been too precipitate in breaking those vows so solemnly pledged to Waldenheim, and she would have given worlds to have

recalled the promise she had made to her father. The nave of the cathedral was brilliantly illuminated, but the vast edifice presented many distant aisles and extensive recesses involved in deep gloom, and, as her eyes wandered restlessly around, she almost fancied she could perceive the frowning countenance of the man she had forsaken in each dark and empty space. 'Twas only the vision of a distempered imagination. The light danced upon waving plumes, glittering tunics, and faces beaming with joy. Pleasure seemed to rule the hour, and Jacqueline alone, pale, sad, and motionless, offered a contrast to the gay throng who crowded round the steps of the altar. The ceremony was about to commence, the officiating priest had opened his missal, and the bridegroom, anticipating the moment in which he should place the ring on the finger of the bride, had stretched out his hand to clasp that of his trembling companion, when a whisper ran through the outer circle: a short pause ensued, but the alarm, if such it were, subsided; all was profoundly quiet, and the solemnity commenced. In another instant, a shout, a din of arms, groans, shrieks, and cries of terror, were distinctly heard; but ere the bridal party could look around them, all other sounds were stifled in one wild acclamation. The doors of the church were burst open, and the whole of the interior filled with Burgundian soldiers: numbers of the wedding guests were stretched bleeding on the ground; De Montmorenci, torn from Jacqueline's side, would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of four assailants, but for the opportune appearance of Waldenheim, who, springing from a monument over the heads of his *landz-*

nechts, interposed his authority, and stayed the work of devastation.

"Now, Count Bertrand," he cried; "now shall my trusty sword vindicate the honour which you have dared to stigmatize; we meet on equal terms:" and throwing off his helmet, his coat of mail, and all other defensive armour (the bridegroom being arrayed in a vest and surcoat of velvet), the two knights drew their gleaming falchions, and encountered each other with deadly animosity;—fire flew from their clashing weapons, and every stroke seemed the herald of death. Jacqueline, speechless and clinging to her father's arm, gazed, with intense anxiety, on the sanguinary conflict. Both fought with untiring and desperate energy; at length the arm of the Burgundian appeared to relax, but, in the next moment, he charged again with redoubled fierceness, and Montmorenci, disarmed and beaten to the ground, received the boon of life from his generous antagonist. The terror-stricken bride saw not the termination of the combat; her senses fled ere Waldenheim had regained the vantage-ground which he had so nearly lost, and she was only restored to animation by the passionate exclamations of her lover, and the assurance that Bertrand still lived.

The strenuous exertions of Waldenheim preserved the town from pillage. On the following morning, after a solemn mass, he offered the blue banner at the altar of the cathedral, and received the hand of Jacqueline, who was now convinced that, with his slender force, it was only by lulling the garrison into security that he could have hoped to win the strong towers of St. Omer.

Alexander and Diogenes.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAND, ESQ.

SLOWLY the monarch turned aside :
But when his glance of youthful pride
Rested upon the warriors gray
Who bore his lance and shield that day,
And the long line of spears, that came
Through the far grove like waves of flame,
His forehead burned, his pulse beat high,
More darkly flashed his shifting eye,
And visions of the battle plain
Came bursting on his soul again.

The old man drew his gaze away
Right gladly from that long array,
As if their presence were a blight
Of pain and sickness to his sight;
And slowly folding o'er his breast
The fragments of his tattered vest,
As was his wont, unasked, unsought,
Gave to the winds his muttered thought,

Naming no name of friend or foe,
And reckless if they heard or no.

“Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,
Puppet, which mortals call a king,
Adorning thee with idle gems,
With drapery and diadems,
And scarcely guessing, that beneath
The purple robe and laurel wreath,
There's nothing but the common slime
Of human clay and human crime!—
My rags are not so rich,—but they
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

“And ever round thy jewelled brow
False slaves and falser friends will bow;
And Flattery,—as varnish flings
A baseness on the brightest things,—
Will make the monarch's deeds appear
All worthless to the monarch's ear,
Till thou wilt turn and think that Fame,
So vilely drest, is worse than shame!—
The gods be thanked for all their mercies,
Diogenes hears nought but curses!

“And thou wilt banquet!—air and sea
Will render up their hoards for thee;
And golden cups for thee will hold
Rich nectar, richer than the gold.

The cunning caterer still must share
The dainties which his toils prepare;
The page's lip must taste the wine
Before he fills the cup for thine!—
Wilt feast with me on Hecate's cheer?
I dread no royal hemlock here!

“And night will come; and thou wilt lie
Beneath a purple canopy,
With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed
Their feverish fragrance round thy bed,
A princess to unclasp thy crest,
A Spartan spear to guard thy rest.—
Dream, happy one!—thy dreams will be
Of danger and of perfidy;—
The Persian lance,—the Carian club!—
I shall sleep sounder in my tub!

“And thou wilt pass away, and have
A marble mountain o'er thy grave,
With pillars tall, and chambers vast,
Fit palace for the worm's repast!—
I too shall perish!—let them call
The vulture to my funeral;
The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,
Are all he leaves his fellow-men,—
Heedless how this corruption fares,—
Yea, heedless, though it mix with theirs!”

The Hero of the Coliseum.

BY M. J. J.

To the mind of a modern and an Englishman, monks and monasteries convey no very definite idea. Contemplated in the pages of romance, they acquire somewhat of consistency, and realize a splendid scene of Gothic grandeur, and ceremonial pomp. The sunlight streams through emblazoned windows, and rests on many a storied monument of the heroic dead;—gorgeous processions sweep through “long-drawn aisles,”—enveloped in clouds of incense, and hailed by music scarcely of this world. Then succeed darker visions, of penance, and gloomy vigil, ignorance, superstition, shame, and sorrow of heart—till the muser’s reverie is chequered, as the moonbeams chequered fair Melrose Abbey—

“Where buttress and buttress alternately
Seemed formed of ebon and ivory.”

Carrying his mind yet further back to an age of which we have few records and fewer relics,—the first days of the monastic institution,—the reverie assumes yet another

character. Disapprobation becomes strangely tempered by a sentiment of kindness; and the sincere austerities and self-denying labours of the early anchorites, not only appeal for pardon, but sometimes command respect. Here and there we behold a character, born as it were out of due time; an individual, fitted to guide and enlighten the world he forsakes; to become an exemplar, not of unmeaning penance and barbarous privation, but of active practical benevolence; to manifest a self-devotion, gentle, and kind, and wise, kindled it may be in solitude, but expatiating amongst the charities of life.

Towards the close of the fourth century, buried in one of those austere brotherhoods which the followers of St. Anthony had scattered over Egypt, dwelt the monk Telemachus. His fellow-anchorites esteemed him for the peculiar gentleness and simplicity of his manners, but his superiority of mind, his enlarged heart, his power of disinterested exertion, they knew not, nor, had they known, could they have appreciated. A hard mat, or a rough blanket spread on the ground, sufficed for his bed; the same bundle of palm-leaves served at once for a seat by day and a pillow by night; and his food was the coarse biscuit-loaf of the country, varied only by fruit and vegetables. The hours not occupied in study or devotion, were spent in the silent sedentary occupation of forming wooden sandals, or twisting the leaves of the palm-tree into mats and baskets, either for the use of the community, or for sale in some distant market, where superstition regarded them with reverence. The monasteries of Egypt differed essentially from the more refined and less rigid

ones of the West. Cells, or rather separate huts, low, narrow, and of the slightest fabric, were distributed into streets; a fountain of water, various offices, the church, the hospital, and sometimes a library, occupied the centre, and the whole was enclosed by a wall. Those who agreed in diet and discipline formed a fraternity, of which many varieties might exist in the same institution. From some motive or other, Telemachus mingled little with his companions. It might be, that his life, eventful and chequered before he assumed the cowl, furnished memories more interesting than the vapid converse of those around him; or it might be, that the future absorbed his mind, to the exclusion of petty and passing concerns.

A habitation in the desert did not in those days necessarily imply separation from the world; it was possible to "retire into notoriety;" and the reputed sanctity of the monastery in question, and a superb collection of relics, the least of which was efficient for a miracle, drew frequent crowds from the surrounding parts, and not unfrequent visits from individuals of a superior order. On these religious gala days, Telemachus kept more than ever aloof; and left to his brethren the task of edifying the multitude, and the pleasure of gleaning information concerning the world they professed to despise. In fact, the popularity of these good fathers was in no slight degree owing to their taste for gossip. But if the crowds of more vulgar devotees flocked elsewhere, many a visitant entered the lonely hut of Telemachus, or sought the grove of palm-trees, his private and frequent oratory. The buyers of relics and delighters in legends knew well

that father Felicissimus, or the holy monk Hilarion, would better supply their need; but the mother who sought advice for her sick child, the peasant whose ragged sheep-skin proclaimed his beggary, the broken in heart, and the troubled in conscience, the destitute, afflicted, and despairing, intuitively repaired to Telemachus. The traveller too, whom chance, commerce, or curiosity, made a temporary guest at the monastery, soon singled him out from his brethren; and if that traveller came from Rome, the monk in his turn discovered strong and unusual interest. Details of its buildings and basilica, its former and present history, the character and manners of its people, were listened to with eager interest; and such was the impression left upon his mind by these narrations, that his comfort was sometimes marred by a regret that he had not taken the vows at Rome. But Telemachus was habitually humble, and after a transient sigh, he returned placidly to his cell or his palm-grove, to weave mats, make sandals, or listen to the complaint of some sorrowful peasant.

Thus for nearly twenty years passed his tranquil but not useless life. Neither the errors which he shared in common with the rest of his age, nor the benumbing tendency of monastic seclusion could deaden his fervent, unaffected love for mankind; and if his sphere of influence was limited, like the fire-fly of the forest, he cheerfully employed his little light to irradiate and enliven it. Very unexpectedly, that sphere became enlarged. Throughout the Christian world of that period, there existed a popular prejudice in favour of the ascetic monks. Pilgrimages

were made to their cells; questions of spiritual, and even of temporal moment were referred to their casuistry; a favourite hermit was often dragged from his retirement and placed in the episcopal chair; whilst their presence was continually requested by distant monasteries, and sometimes by earthly dignities. It chanced that, on some one or other of the thousand points that continually arose to divide public opinion, a number of monks from the most celebrated brotherhoods in Egypt were summoned to Rome, for the purpose of holding a conference. Amongst them went Telemachus, less interested perhaps in his ostensible errand, than in the gratification of his secret and long-cherished desire to view for himself the city of the world. An easy and continual intercourse by sea and land connected the provinces of the Roman empire, and the company of Egyptian anchorites reached their place of destination in safety, if not with the speed of modern travellers.

From the stillness of a desert, and the austere habits of a lonely cell, the transition to a scene of imperial and religious pomp like that presented by Rome, was startling alike to mind and body. The glorious trophies with which art had embellished its pagan days, were not, as now, mournful and massy ruins, overshadowed by the cypress and the pine. Ancient temples once populous with gods, were changed into imposing basilicas; gorgeous palaces towered beside cloistered convents—and the Coliseum, which after a thousand years of pillage and decay, we still visit as a world's wonder, was standing then, in the pride, the grandeur, and the symmetry of its whole.

Beyond the city gates stretched the marble dwellings of the dead, in a long line of impressive majesty; while these and unnumbered other structures, mingling solemnity with splendour, but conducted the eye to natural and distant glories—to stately villas with their glowing depths of shade—to the Alban Mount with its extensive woods,—the purple bloom upon the Sabine hills,—and the glittering summits of the snow-crowned Apennines.

When, however, the first impressions of wonder and delight subsided, Telemachus had leisure to form a sober estimate of the surrounding objects, disappointment and sadness took possession of his spirit. Effeminate luxury characterized the inhabitants, in their houses, their dress, their pleasures, and even their occupations. The same corrupting influence was fast gaining ground in the churches and monasteries dedicated to a spiritual religion; and, though lodged in the monastery attached to St. John Lateran, called, *par excellence*, “the mother of churches,” he had so little taste or so much simplicity, as to mourn after “his lodge in the wilderness.”

“Brother Hilarion,” said he, one night, to a fellow-anchorite, whose Egyptian discipline was grievously impaired by his residence in Rome (we may presume he acted on the well-known proverb)—“Brother Hilarion, I would that coming hither to benefit the souls of others, may not bring harm to our own;”—and the worthy monk sighed in the sincerity of his heart.

“Dismiss that doubt as a temptation and a snare, good Telemachus,” replied his less sensitive companion. “I find it good both for soul and body to stay where I am.”

"To say that this city has been Christianized by law upwards of a century! I marvel how the people could be worse when it was heathen," continued Telemachus.

Hilarion stared in silence, to hear so heretical an assertion from the pious lips of his companion, but his indignation was cut short by the vesper bell; and Telemachus was not sorry to break off a conversation, which only deepened his regard for the simplicity of his own monastery; there, the sound of the rustic horn, breaking the silence of the desert, called him to a worship in which the seductive aids of outward pomp were utterly unknown. But if he grieved as a monk, he grieved more deeply as a man. The still continued love of gladiatorial shows, and the obstinacy with which the mandates of successive Christian Emperors for their abolition had been resisted by the people, weighed heavily on his mind. He had been equally aware of the fact in his seclusion; but when at a distance, and on the spot, there was a vast difference in his power of realization. Then, he sincerely lamented; but now, his days were spent in eloquent if unavailing remonstrances with all to whom he had access; his peace was embittered, and even his dreams were disturbed by the imaged horrors of the arena. It happened too, that during his sojourn at Rome, the subject was rendered prominently interesting. To celebrate the recent victory obtained over the Goths, and the honour of the Emperor's visit to the city, preparations were making for magnificent games, to include, as usual, scenes of human butchery; and Rome was alive with expectation.

The fondness of the subordinate ranks for pleasure pro-

vided at the public expense, appears natural; but the Roman plebeian had other sources of gratification. In the amphitheatre, like the senators, and even his Emperor, he sat upon a marble seat; the canopy, occasionally extended from the top of the building as a protection from the sun and rain, covered him likewise; the air, refreshed by fountains and impregnated with odours, contributed to his pleasure not less than to theirs; and if the division assigned him reminded him of inferiority, his pride was soothed by observing the still slighter estimation obtained by the female sex. A wooden gallery at the very summit of the edifice, the least agreeable station of the whole, was assigned to the women! But the absorbing interest, felt, with few exceptions, by both sexes, and by all ranks, dwelt in the cruel sports themselves, and in the human, far more than in the animal conflicts.

The day of festival at length arrived. Sunrise beheld, what to a modern must appear inconceivable,—eighty thousand citizens congregated in that stupendous building, which, lined with marble, decorated with statues, replete with all that luxury could invent, or wealth, the wealth of a world, command, was devoted to purposes more base and barbarous than the wars of savages.

The first day elapsed in diversions which usually pre-
faced the introduction of the gladiators. Hunters despatched wild beasts,—wild beasts tore their hunters,—and animals, brought from all parts of the Roman empire, differing in size and ferocity, were matched against each other. The arena, contrived to exhibit a change of scenes, represented on this occasion a vast desert, which

acquired a frightful reality from the roaring of the combatants, native as it seemed to the spot, whilst the sand with which it was profusely strewn, tended to heighten the illusion. But its sparkling surface was soon stained with blood; and long before the conclusion of the conflicts, severed limbs and mangled bodies, both of men and animals, lay scattered amongst the artificial rocks and thickets. On the day following, the arena assumed a new form. The desert, with its howling inhabitants and frightful carnage, was removed, and a scene substituted in its stead, equally perfect, and in its first aspect, more pleasing. Part of what had appeared a barren plain, was, by means of water conveyed through subterraneous pipes, converted into a winding river; which, with a colony of rude huts, backed by a dark and far-extending forest, suggested to the audience the country of their Gothic foes.

Clad only in a linen tunic, their long hair gathered into a knot at the top of the head, and unarmed, with the exception of a short sword and small round buckler, two young warriors of the Alemanni slowly advanced to the front of the arena. They were captives, who had been taken in the late war, and were reserved with many others, for the present occasion. The approach of the victims was hailed by a shout of applause, painfully contrasted with the sadness of their deportment. They placed themselves on opposite sides of the arena, and expectation hushed the waiting thousands. For some time, the unfortunate opponents exhibited only the harmless play of fencers; not from any dread of death, and still less of pain, but from a mutual and noble disinclina-

tion to slay a countryman and brother in arms. But the watchful audience soon perceived and resented the skill which avoided wounds, and with threats and expressions of contempt, commanded them to close. The devoted pair retreated a few steps backwards, cast a glance of unutterable scorn on the glittering ranks of their savage lords, and sprang vehemently forwards, each with the same desire, to throw himself on the sword of the other. One of them succeeded but too well, and sunk, mortally wounded at the feet of his unwilling conqueror.

But the last hour in which these spectacles were to outrage humanity, was at hand; and an humble monk of the desert was destined to achieve that to which emperors had proved unequal.

On the morning of the second day of the games, Telemachus, to the consternation of Hilarion, announced it as his intention to repair to the Coliseum, there to make an appeal to the people; and, if needful, descend at all hazards into the arena, and separate the gladiators:—a desperate, or, as Hilarion termed it, “a presumptuous enterprise,” but which, judging by results, we may term the inspiration of heroism.

That worthy father put forth a long list of dissuasives; he represented the unseemliness of the place for an anchorite, enlarged on the probability of danger, the certainty of disappointment, and strengthened his arguments by the authority of every saint and angel then extant—but all in vain.

Telemachus mildly repeated his resolution, and patiently explained the motives by which he was actuated,

not one of which was intelligible to Hilarion's less fervent spirit.—“Marvellous! marvellous!” ejaculated the poor monk, in a tone and with a countenance of unutterable perplexity and dismay.—“Yes, good brother, of a surety one ought to love one's neighbours as one's self,—but running headlong into death and danger, is not loving one's self at all. Can you not pray quietly in your cell, for the deliverance of these unfortunate beings who are forced to run each other through for pastime?—and can you not preach against the sin and shame of blood-thirstiness, when you are safe in some pulpit?—but oh! marvellous! marvellous! to think of going down into the arena, and provoking eighty thousand people in a breath! St. Anthony truly preached to the fishes,—but oh!—brother!—brother!—you are going to preach to wild beasts!”

“Hilarion,” replied Telemachus, with a sweet, if somewhat mournful smile, “our thoughts take different paths on this point; and to the outward eye, yours is the straightest and easiest to follow; but there is that within my heart, which urges me onwards, and gives me good hope of success, although between it and me there lies, perchance, a painful death. And now, dear brother Hilarion, farewell; and, seeing you cannot alter my determination, which, believe me, has not been formed on sudden or vain-glorious thoughts,—grant me one favour:—return with all speed to our own homely dwelling; for it is *not* good either for soul or body to stay where you are; and I would not our brethren should have cause to charge us with fickleness of purpose. Sometimes visit the palm-

grove, Hilarion : I have found it oft a sweet and sacred place ; and have a special care of the destitute mourners who resort to the monastery,—some of whom may inquire for Telemachus.”

With these words, and a fervently-bestowed benediction, he wrapped his cloak around him, and taking his staff, set forth on his way, with the steady step and serious aspect of one who feels that he has undertaken a great work, from the execution of which he may never return.

He reached the Coliseum just before the gladiator's death. The exulting shouts which then broke from the collected thousands stunned him with affright ; and for a moment, his heart recoiled from its noble purpose ; but a second glance at the manly form bleeding before his eyes, by appealing to his sympathy, invigorated his courage. There was not, however, time for deliberation. To the first, succeeded a second pair of combatants ; and as their encounter commenced with energy, they were hailed with corresponding applause. At that moment—calmly, cheerfully, determinately, with his life in his hand, and the spirit of Christianity strong in his heart—Telemachus descended into the arena, interposed between the astonished gladiators, and, in the presence of assembled Rome, denounced the sin, the cruelty, and the cowardice of such amusements. Simple amazement at the interruption prevented, for some moments, the exhibition of any other sentiment ; but, as Telemachus, gathering energy by exertion, proceeded to make a pathetic appeal to the Emperor, whose merciful inclinations were no secret to the multitude,—rage at the intruder's audacity, and

fear that he might prevail, succeeded. The numberless entrances and passages to the amphitheatre, so exquisitely contrived that the whole of this vast assemblage could collect and disperse with incredible ease and celerity, hastened the fate of their intended victim. As if the same resolution had, in the same instant, been formed by each, hundreds and thousands simultaneously rushed from their seats into the neighbouring streets, and in a few minutes returned to them again, laden with whatever missiles they had been able to collect. Their infuriated shouts, and menacing gestures, announced to Telemachus the doom he had anticipated. Making a signal to the gladiators to retire from the arena, he sank upon his knees, not to implore mercy of man, but to commend his spirit to God; and with folded arms, and head bowed meekly upon his breast, awaited and received that shower of stones which dismissed him to his rest—the noble martyr of humanity!

Wonderful revolutions of feeling have sometimes taken place in popular assemblies; and that effected in the present instance, was not more striking than it is authentic. Shame, remorse, and sorrow, succeeded to murderous rage; the destroyers bestowed funeral honours on their victim; and when, immediately afterwards, Honorius decreed the abolition of gladiatorial shows, they yielded an unresisting obedience.

It has been esteemed matter of regret that, amongst the benefactors of the human race, neither shrine, nor statue has been erected to Telemachus—a vain and needless feeling, since, while a single stone remains, the COLISEUM itself is his monument.

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JANUARY

SATURDAY

The Neglected Wife

Woman's Wrongs.

BY THE EDITOR.

If any feeling of the human heart deserves to be styled divine, it is the patient and long-suffering fondness, the enduring charity of woman's love. If there be earthly crime deserving an extremity of punishment—one upon which eternal justice well might close the gates of eternal mercy, it is the careless cruelty with which that love is often trampled.

That woman shares with us the common frailties of the species, is true, but that her natural tendencies to evil equal ours, all observation and experience disprove. Placed here as she is in a subordinate position, as the friend, adviser, comforter, companion of the lord of the creation,—made physically feeble, to give her the highest claim on our protection; and morally yielding, to incline her to dependence and obedience—styled “the religious sex” from her habitual reverence for the Creator, and elevating even her earthly love into a religion, till wife or daughter, unwarped by the poisonous atmosphere of society and unchilled by neglect, turns to the husband or the father with a heart responding to the beautiful lan-

guage of Milton's Eve, "God is thy law, thou mine!"—woman, under the control of man, is "as clay in the hands of the potter." Receiving with avidity from the highest source, the inspired rule of right—retaining it in the pure sanctuary of her very heart of heart, she yet looks with holy deference of judgment, to man as her interpreter—to his practice and example for the proper application of the rule. Woman is what man makes her. During the formative years of early life—during the equally plastic stage of early matrimony—her judgments and opinions are reflections of his own—in conduct, she becomes less the actor than the agent. God made her thus, for she was made as "*an help, meet*" *for thee*, thou man of many errors!

Should she retain the faultlessness of early life, the angelic purity of girlhood, where then were her meetness? That faultlessness would be a perpetual upbraiding—that excellence, an unending satire on thyself, till love would turn to hate, or calm domestic peace be wrecked in social revolution; for where the father or the husband sinks below the level of deserved respect, there can be no more peace, for the ruler, or for the ruled.

Even under the most cruel circumstances, when every hope is blasted, when some beautiful and lovely one has left the scenes of her childhood, and the endearments of a luxurious and happy home, to cast herself upon the bosom of the almost worshipped being with whom she has confided the key of her heart and the reins of her destiny,—and finds weakness where she anticipated strength, vice where she looked for virtue, neglect where she was

pledged devotion—how even then, she clings in fond affection, to her idol! She has been soiled by his contact, impoverished by his self-indulgence, perverted by his counsel, but, with a heart whose real purity is still intact, cheated by one whom love still represents as first among his kind, she is compelled at last to the conclusion that God has made man thus, and bows to the decree.

The man of pleasure shuns the home that his own vices render desolate. The midnight star bends from the zenith, but the wife still sits and watches. The tick—tick—tick, of the monotonous wheels of time, like the ceaseless dropping of water, wears her very soul away, as still she sits and watches. One, two, three is past—morning breaks through the casement, and its sickly ray, struggling with the thick atmosphere of the narrow alley, begins to overpower the still more sickly light of the flaring tallow candle, and casts a pitying smile upon the few remnants of former luxury, expended almost to the last farthing, that *he* may still keep up an appearance. She kneels by the torch of the pale dawn—the book of eternal promise lies open before her—from her all earthly hope has fled—yet still she prays—for what?—For him!

And where is he? Reeling from the late debauch, with the exterior of a gentleman much the worse for wear, he comes to waste upon that suffering one, the ribald wit and maudlin sentiment of a decayed young man of fashion, before he sinks into the idiotcy of mature intemperance. Yet, as he leaves the chosen band for whom he has deserted all he swore to cherish, he hears some sympathizing brother say, "Pity that such a sterling clever

fellow—such a good-hearted man, should have such a careless slattern for a wife! See his soiled linen and his threadbare coat!”

In courts of law, 'tis ruled that the accused shall have the advantage of all reasonable doubts—in the courts of society, bribed juries ignore every moral charge against their own, and, for the other sex, reverse the rule. Shame on the unmanly code that governs, in the last appeal, the judgment of woman's wrongs!—On whom, in the presence of eternal justice, will rest the chief responsibility, even of woman's errors?

Amy.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON,

*"Affection chained her to that heart,
Ambition tore the links apart."*

THERE is a shade upon thy brow,
Though grandeur's badge bedecks thy hair;
Ah, lady! far less blest art thou
Than when gay flowers alone were there.

Though jewels sparkle on thy vest,
That well might grace some mighty queen,
The costly gems can't make thee blest,
Or that proud mind again serene.

Nor sculptured hall, nor gilded dome,
Nor riches, power, nor empty state,
Can chase the thought of that sweet home
Thou hast abandoned to be great.

Though terraced gardens, hung in air,
Present thee flowers from distant climes;
The rich exotics seem less fair
Than the wild flowers of other times :

And music's tones but waken now
Thoughts, lady, thou wouldst fain forget ;
Each note brings sadness to thy brow,
And proves the past remembered yet.

How oft each strain an echo found
In a loved voice thou'lt hear no more !
But now, so mournfully they sound,
That thou canst never sing them more.

The haughty lord who calls thee bride
Resembles not the graceful youth,
The ardent lover, friend, and guide,
To whom thou vow'dst eternal truth.

Ambition burst the bonds of love,
And forged the galling chain of gold ;
Lady, it made thee fickle prove,
And thou for it thy peace hast sold.

Ambition is a fearful thing
To enter in a youthful breast ;
It leaves remorse's bitter sting,
And robs for e'er the soul of rest.

The Story of Edwin, the Exile of Deira.

BY S. C. HALL.

EDWIN, the rightful King of Deira, had been, from his childhood, a fugitive and an outcast from his throne and his country. Year after year, he had wandered with the few friends that neither want nor danger could rend from him, seeking safety and protection in every British kingdom but his own. The influence of his sister's husband—the usurper of his hereditary rights—was universally felt and acknowledged; and whoever was bold enough to afford him even a temporary shelter, found a powerful enemy in his kinsman Adelfrid, who, having dispossessed him of his crown, sought by every means to deprive him of his life.

His wanderings—for he was often a dweller in the woods and on the mountains—the hardships he had encountered; the perpetual watchings by which alone he preserved his life; the warlike habits he had acquired, by the frequent skirmishes of his party with the hirelings of his enemy, as well as with the various bands of freebooters that infested the country,—had made him careless of danger, hardy of frame, intelligent, energetic and

brave; while his occasional residence in the courts of many British monarchs, and the knowledge of his royal birth and high claims, had given to his manners a degree of refinement, and to his mind a consciousness of superiority, which at once spoke the descendant of a race of kings. His fine form, his gentle demeanour, and his misfortunes had gained him many friends: the tyrant by whom he had been deposed, therefore, felt and knew him to be dangerous.

Alarmed at the exaggerated accounts which at times reached him, of the prowess of the young Prince, and dreading the influence of his name and of his cause, Adelfrid denounced the bitterest threats of vengeance against any who protected him; and, for a long period, the fugitive had only met with powerless friends, or enemies who sought, under the garb of friendship, to betray him. At length he was induced to seek an asylum at the court of Redwald, the Uffinga of East Anglia.

Into this state, Christianity had been recently introduced; but it had to struggle with the darkness of paganism, and was strenuously opposed by the people, whose ideas of glory and whose warlike habits were so much at variance with the mild principles which the missionaries from Rome to Britain then taught. The Uffinga, however, was so far convinced of their truth and excellence as to foster their growth; and, although he set up a Christian altar in a temple dedicated to the deities of his country, and mingled prayers to the living God with sacrifices to idols under the same roof,—even by this act, he enabled his subjects to draw comparisons and to form

conclusions. The light of our blessed religion was, therefore, gradually, but surely, spreading over the kingdom of East Anglia.

Edwin was welcomed with sincerity by the Uffinga to the East Anglian court; a pledge of safety was given him; apartments were assigned him in the palace; and the Prince was happy in receiving a home from his wretched and dangerous wanderings.

By his conciliating manners, his military skill and courage, and his graceful address, he succeeded in gaining the love and esteem of the monarch and his queen, with that of the chief officers of their court. But his hopes and prospects were soon again clouded; for, within a short time ambassadors from Deira arrived at the court of the Uffinga intreating that, as a deadly enemy to King Adelfrid sojourned and dwelt familiarly, with all his company, in the kingdom of East Anglia, he might be delivered up to the embassy or put to death. The message was accompanied by rich gifts of silver and gold, and high offers of service and amity to the Uffinga,—but they prevailed nothing, and were returned. A second time, the ambassadors appeared at the court of Redwald, and brought with them bribes still more tempting; and again they were rejected. After awhile, the ambassadors arrived a third time, bringing with them still higher offers of wealth,—and then they bade the East Anglian monarch decide between the gold and the sword of the powerful sovereign of Deira and Bernicia.

Edwin, gazing from the lattice of his apartment, beheld the ambassadors from his enemy enter the court-yard of

his host—he lingered, in full confidence that they would be dismissed as they came. The hours passed heavily, and still the messengers continued in the audience-room of the king,—for he hesitated to return an answer which he dreaded would be his destruction, and after a contest with honour and generosity, his fears yielded;—he knew the power and the savage nature of Adelfrid, and he retained his ambassadors until he had formed the resolution, either to deliver up or to put to death the exiled and persecuted Prince.

Edwin was sitting in his chamber, sadly musing on the uncertainty of his fate, which left him so utterly at the will and mercy of others, and dreading the effect of the prolonged stay of his enemies,—when, at nightfall, a dear friend, an East Anglian Erle, entered and stood before him with a melancholy countenance.

“Well, Oswald,” said Edwin, “what is to be my fate? Will your sovereign be my protector, or must I be again a houseless wanderer among the wilds, where the wolf and the deer will be my companions by night and by day?”

Oswald made no answer.

“Your looks bode ill tidings,” continued Edwin; “but I have borne adversity too long to be corrupted by the sunshine that has gladdened my heart even in your happy court. Speak out, as a brave man should speak to one who is no coward.”

“The king is terrified by the *threats* of the tyrant whose *bribes* he rejected with scorn.”

“Then bid him farewell for me—and the blessing of

the gods of his country and of mine be with him. Would he had more spirit or more strength.—But bid him farewell for me.”

“Nay, nay, Prince,” said Oswald; “listen to me. The tyrant threatens destruction on our country, till not a breathing soul be left, nor one stone above another within its boundaries—unless—unless—the Uffinga deliver you up to his rage,—or—or—destroy you himself within these very walls.”

The resolute and bold countenance of Edwin changed, and its colourless expression spoke only of despair, as he faintly exclaimed—“And your king promised this?”

“To this he hath pledged himself.”

Edwin seated himself on the ground, covered his face with his hands, and appeared in bitter and hopeless agony;—but still it was the agony of a *man*. After a pause of a few minutes, he raised his head, and said—

“Is it for this, then, that I have for eighteen long years, since my kingly father died, been an outcast and a wanderer—enduring difficulties that men might shudder but to name, and dangers that sicken but to think upon—to perish now, when life hath most promise, and death most terror? Must I go down to the dust with no other fame than that of having chased the wolf from his forest lair, and driven the eagle from her mountain nest? must I *die*?”

“Not so, Prince of Deira,” said Oswald, “not so,—a noble steed is at the gate, and your trusty friends are with him,—before morning you will be far, far from our kingdom, where the Uffinga and your vile kinsman will

as vainly seek you, as when of old the bloodhounds of the tyrant sought you in wood and upon hill."

Edwin pressed his hand to his brow, and bent his head till it touched his bosom; while from the tremulous motion of his lips, it was evident that some severe struggle was passing within. He continued in this attitude for a few moments, while his friend stood gazing upon him with anxiety and impatience, for he knew that a trivial delay might render his exertions fruitless, and seal the death-doom of the man he regarded with more than brotherly affection.

"Come, come, Edwin," he exclaimed, "look forth towards the sky, and see how its darkness favours you;—haste, haste!"

Edwin started from his posture of deep thought, folded his arms, advanced his right foot, which he planted firmly on the ground, raised his head, and looked like one whose proud glance might well win a kingdom.

"No, Oswald," he answered hastily, "I will not go—I will not fly like a craven: and if I must die, it is better that I fall by King Redwald's mandate, than by the hand of a base serf, or the yet baser hireling of a bloody tyrant:—and where indeed should I fly?"—he continued, as his voice fell, and as he altered his position to one less bold but more thoughtful—"where should I fly now—I, who have so long wandered through this isle of Britain, herding among savage beasts, or men with more cruelty and less courage—shunned like one who brought with him a pestilence, or sheltered only till convenience could send the leper forth? Of whom shall I seek shelter, when the

dread of my vile kinsman chills even the heart of your good and mighty king? No, Oswald—the blessing of a poor, homeless, wretched Prince be with you, but I go not forth.”

“You will at least find protection where you have so often found it,” said Oswald; “the mountains and the forests where you have so often dwelt will be your refuge; and men are not there to slight or to betray you.”

“Oswald,” answered Edwin, “you little know what, for so many years, I have suffered and felt. By night and by day, to be exposed to open foes or to secret treachery,—to feel famine in its keenest sense, by seeing my few faithful followers endure it patiently for me,—to behold the wolves gather round the tree in which I rested, and to dread sleep lest I might fall from its branches and be their prey—to endure the storm and the lightning, houseless—to know that my native land groaned under the sway of an oppressor, and waking or dreaming, to fancy that his dagger was at my heart:—these are no common terrors; and I shrink from again encountering them, though I shrink not from death. What think you was my support under them?—*Hope*, Oswald, *Hope*—the companion of all my wanderings was HOPE—which I can no longer cherish. No, I will not wander hence.”

“But think,” replied his friend, “life is dear to all, and must be most dear to you, who have a kingdom, the kingdom of your forefathers, to struggle for.”

“Oswald, urge me no more! Besides,” said Edwin, as his countenance brightened, and the colour returned to his cheek, “the Uffinga hath my pledge that I do not

leave his court. He has been my friend, and by doubting him and breaking my promise, I should only blacken the name of one whose only crime has heretofore been his misfortune. Oswald, I go not hence."

Still the young Erle continued to press upon the Prince the policy and the necessity of at once leaving the court, and trusting to flight for safety. When he saw that all his arguments were vain,

"Well then," said he, "I go to glean farther intelligence of the Uffinga's intentions. Alas! I know that they are fixed—sadly and shamefully fixed: but nevertheless, I go. Meet me, Prince Edwin, at midnight, near the ancient and hallowed oak, whose branches shadow the outer palace gate. There is no watch set. From that gate you will find easy passage. Well, well," he continued, as Edwin shook his head, "meet me there, whatever be your determination; and I leave you to reflect."

Oswald departed, and the unhappy Prince was left alone. He paced his dreary chamber for nearly two hours, reflecting on his now almost certain fate. But his resolution remained unchanged; he was determined that no consideration should induce him to forfeit the pledge he had given to his royal host; he felt that the certainty of death was preferable to the daily and hourly anticipation of it; and he knew that if Redwald were unable or unwilling to protect him, he had no hope but that of passing a miserable existence among the woods and the wilds, surrounded on all sides by dangers which must sooner or later be his destruction. It wanted but an hour of midnight when he wrapt his mantle round him,

and went forth. The night was dark and stormy. He walked beneath the shadows of the ancient tree, whose branches spread over a vast extent of ground, and whose topmost boughs were lost in the dark clouds, and seated himself on the large stone at the base of its trunk, to wait the coming of his friend.

In the palace of his host, to which his attention was naturally drawn, all was silent as the grave; behind him was the outer gate, unguarded by a single sentinel; as he looked towards it, he saw, by the light of some solitary star, the extended plain, and thought that he could distinguish the sound of familiar voices. He knew that his sworn friends were within a short distance, that escape was easy, that pursuit was impossible until he was far beyond its reach, and he was strongly tempted to fly from his doubtful friends and certain enemies; once more to trust his safety to the forests and the mountains. The wind passing through the tree, bearing down its branches that rose again with a low moaning sound, and shaking from their leaves the heavy drops of rain; the silence and the gloom that pervaded all around, and, above all, the uncertainty of his fate, made a momentary dread come over him, which was increased when he recollected the various legendary tales that superstition had connected with the spot. The old tree had been consecrated by the ancient Druids, and was still considered as an object of veneration. It was believed that around its base the departed priests were permitted to assemble, and to repeat their sacrifices. And few could pass it, even in the daylight, without pausing to pay some tribute of

respect to those whom they imagined its guardians. Edwin was brave, and he had too often confronted danger in many forms to dread it under any; but the new belief that had found its way into Redwald's court, where it had to struggle with the horrors and the bitterest opposition of Paganism, had left his mind in that uncertain state—that "halting between two opinions," which made him now shudder when reflection was forced upon him. He rose and paced round the tree, glancing occasionally through the gate over the wide plain on which he knew was freedom, and endeavouring to recollect the few observations he had heard from the strangers who had brought those new doctrines into Britain.

He had been again seated for some minutes, while a variety of thoughts crowded upon him, when, suddenly raising his head, he beheld before him a strange figure, whose garb of perfect white was powerfully contrasted with the surrounding darkness. Edwin rose, shook off the rain-drops from his mantle, and unconsciously laid his hand upon his sword. But when he saw the mild and dignified attitude of his visiter he resumed his seat, and, with a mixed feeling of superstitious awe and of anger at being intruded upon at such a moment, gazed upon him in silence.

The stranger stood for a few moments, but spoke no word. At length he said, "Wherefore, at this dark hour of the midnight—wherefore, when other men are within and in their deep sleep—wherefore sit ye alone and sorrowful upon the stone, abroad, watching?"

"And what have you to do with me?" asked Edwin;

"and if I pass the night within doors or without, what have you to do therewith?"

"Think not," replied the stranger, "but that I know the cause of your heaviness, and why you watch here in this gloomy place, at this solitary hour. For I know, certainly, who you be, and why you be sad and sorrowful, and therefore know I well the danger you dread. Shall I tell him," he continued, in a low, moaning voice, as if he communed with himself rather than addressed a hearer; "shall I tell him of one who was sought by his enemy in the wilderness of Engedi, and pursued among the rocks where the wild goats had their dwellings; who was sheltered by the accursed, and who begged a morsel of bread from the hireling, and from the heathen a drop of water—for he was hungered and athirst? Yet was *he* the Lord's anointed, and him the Lord raised to be king over the thousands, and the tens of thousands of Israel's children. But no! The clay must be softened before it can be moulded." Then turning again to the Prince, he said, "Tell me now, Exile of Deira, what reward would you give to him that should rid you of this sadness and this sorrow, and show you that no danger can come near you? Tell me what you would give to him who should persuade King Redwald that he should neither hurt you himself, nor deliver you up to your merciless enemies?"

"If you know me," said Edwin, "you know that the means of recompense are not with me; but such reward as one, who is a prince in all but wealth and lands, could give, would I give for so good a turn."

"'Tis well," said the stranger; and again he paused,

and looked earnestly on the countenance of the young Prince.

"'Tis well," he repeated; "and now tell me if, beside all this, he shall warrant you that you shall be a king; that all your enemies shall be vanquished; and that not only so, but that you shall excel in wealth and power all who have gone before you, all who have ever swayed the sceptre of any British kingdom—tell me, what then?"

"What then!" exclaimed Edwin, rising and looking boldly and joyfully into the stranger's face; "then, when I had the power, what would I not do for such a one? Doubt not," he continued more tranquilly, "but that, at all times and in all places, I would be ready to give him such gratitude as a king could give."

"'Tis well," said the stranger; and again he paused for a few moments.

He spoke a third time: "But now tell me again. If, besides all this, he who now showeth you truly and unfeignedly that which surely and undoubtedly you shall hereafter be, can give you also better counsel—counsel more profitable for your soul's health and salvation than was heard by any of your parents or ancestors—tell me, would you hearken to his wholesome sayings and obey them?"

Edwin answered eagerly; "surely would I listen and obey the counsel of him who should deliver me from the straits and dangers that now surround me, and afterwards exalt me to be king over mine own country. Surely would I listen to such a one, for his counsel must be good!"

"'Tis well," said the stranger, a third time; and again he regarded, longer and with more attention, the countenance of Edwin—full of animation and hope as it had now become.

"'Tis well; and when these things have happened, remember the answer I have heard and taken; remember that your promise be fulfilled and accomplished; remember well this time, and this our talk; and remember *this*, which shall be for a sign between us."

So saying, he laid his right hand on the head of the young Prince.

When Edwin raised his eyes, the stranger was gone. A moment was scarcely passed; he felt as if the hand still gently pressed his brow; yet he saw no one. He gazed anxiously around, and listened to hear some departing step; he beheld nought but the boughs of the oak, that bent on all sides of him, and heard only the wind among its branches.

"Edwin, Prince Edwin!" It was the voice of the young Erle; and it was loud and fearless. Oswald drew near, and grasped his friend's hands, then bent his knee, looked upwards, and exclaimed, "Now blessed be the Good Being who prompted our King to virtue; blessed be the Unknown God!"

"*The Unknown God!*" murmured some voice near them. The friends started, and Oswald looked terrified around. "Surely," said he, "'twas but the echo of the decayed tree; there is no one near us: but let us hasten, and take counsel together within."

"Who is this *Unknown God*?" inquired Edwin. There

was no answer, and he passed on. The young Erle then briefly explained to the Prince, that the Queen had joined with many of the nobles, in effectually reasoning with the King against the infamy of delivering up their royal guest to certain destruction; that the Uffinga had resolved to preserve his honour, and to despise equally the gold and the threats of Adelfrid, whose ambassadors had received their final answer, and were to leave the palace of Redwald at daybreak.

Edwin and his friend sat together, in the Prince's chamber, until the gray twilight had passed from the face of earth, and the morning had risen calmly and beautifully after the last day's storm. They regarded the change in nature as a type of the wanderer's destiny; and while they spoke of the gloom that was gone, it was in happy anticipation of the sunshine that was approaching. The trampling of horses beneath the outer wall, soon announced the departure of the Northumbrian ambassadors from the East Anglian court, and the friends retired to rest.

When Edwin rose from refreshing slumbers and cheering dreams, he found that King Redwald and his principal Thanes were assembled in the council-room of the palace, and he soon ascertained the subject of their deliberations. The Uffinga knew that he had now no choice between war and destruction; and the ambassadors were scarcely gone when he summoned his officers together, explained to them the part he had taken, and called on them for assistance. So much loved was the exiled Prince, and so deeply hated was his oppressor, that an

immense army was raised to avenge the one and to punish the other, almost as soon as the messenger had arrived at the tyrant's court.

King Redwald knew that if he gave time to his enemy, the superior force and resources of the Northumbrian monarch must insure his success. He therefore instantly marched his army towards the Humber. Adelfrid advanced to meet him; but with an army hastily collected, ill provided, and discontented. A battle was fought on the east side of the river Idel, in Nottinghamshire, where a victory was obtained over the tyrant of Deira, who was killed almost at the commencement of the encounter. In this engagement Edwin held a distinguished post, and before the soldiers of his friend, as well as those of his own hereditary kingdom, conducted himself with so much courage and gallant bearing, that his oppressor had no sooner fallen than the battle terminated, and Edwin was proclaimed on the one side, and welcomed on the other, as monarch of Deira and Bernicia.

Thus, according to the prophetic words of the strange visiter who communed with him under the old oak tree, was Edwin not only saved from the malice of his deadly enemy, but given the crown of Northumberland.

For some years, Edwin governed his kingdom with justice and integrity, reclaiming his subjects from the licentious courses to which they had been accustomed; and giving an example of virtue and uprightness to the other monarchs of the island: so that "such was the peace and tranquillite through out all Britannie, that a weake woma might have walked with her new borne

babe ouer all the yland, euen from sea to sea, without anie dammage or danger."* But still Edwin was not a Christian. He had listened to the Missionaries who preached the faith of Christ, and he had reflected upon its nature; yet, although he offered no sacrifice to his idols, he hesitated concerning the new creed, and doubted whether it were holier and more worthy of the Deity, than the service of those gods whom he worshipped after the manner of his forefathers.

After some years of peaceful and happy reign, he obtained in marriage, Edilburga, a princess of Kent, into whose family and kingdom the light of Christianity had been successfully introduced. She was accompanied to her husband's court, by Paulinus, one of the earliest of the Missionaries to Britain. He is described by the venerable Historian, as being "in personne a taule man, somewhat crooked backe, and black of heare, lene in face, and having a hooked and thin nose; in countenance bothe dredful and reuerent;" and his mind was active, intelligent, and upright.

One day, when Edwin was sitting alone in his chamber, and brooding over the important truths that had been pressed upon his attention, this Paulinus entered, and approached him.

He stretched forth his right hand, and laid it upon the head of the King, while he said in an impressive but gentle voice, "Does the monarch of Northumberland remember this sign?"

The King started from his seat, as if a spirit had ad-

* The Venerable Bede.

dressed him, and fell on his knees, while his eyes were fixed on the Missionary, as if endeavouring to recognise, in his strange garb and his solemn countenance and bearing, the visiter who had so mysteriously accosted him under the old oak, during his exile in the kingdom of East Anglia. While he thus gazed and trembled, the Missionary pressed his hand more firmly on his brow, and repeated the question, "Does the monarch of Northumberland remember this sign?"

"I do well remember it," replied the King in an agitated and broken voice.

"And does the King remember the pledge he gave when this sign was passed?"

"So surely as I remember the one, do I remember the other!"

"Behold then," said Paulinus, raising him from the ground, "by the bountiful hand and power of our Lord and God, have you escaped the rage of your most deadly enemy; behold, also, by his grace and mercy have you obtained rule over your kingdom. Now, have not the promises made to you by the messenger of the Almighty been truly and faithfully fulfilled?"

"Most truly and faithfully!" replied the King, and again he knelt and bowed his head.

"Remember now," continued the Missionary, "the promise which you then gave, and let your promise also be fulfilled. And He who so delivered you, and so exalted you, shall deliver you from greater enemies and exalt you to higher honours; even to the saving you from

leave his court. He has been my friend, and by doubting him and breaking my promise, I should only blacken the name of one whose only crime has heretofore been his misfortune. Oswald, I go not hence."

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